THE FRIENDS.

A Sentimental Hiſtory:

DESCRIBING

LOVE as a VIRTUE,

As well as a

PASSION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

Printed for T. WALLER, oppoſite *Fetter-Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet.*

M.DCC.LIV.

In the Month of February *will be Publiſh'd,*

THE

SISTERS;

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

LUCY and CAROLINE SANSON,

Entruſted to a falſe FRIEND.

In TWO VOLUMES,

Printed for T. WALLER, oppoſite *Fetter-Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet.*

PREFACE.

THE Reaſons for employing my Pen upon the following Story are many. —— It may be called an Original; and no Part of it, or the Incidents, ſo far as I know, ever appeared in Print before. Its Subject and Characters are ſuch as reſcued me from the Neceſſity of ſwelling the Page with the Impletives of drawling Dialogue, and common-place Obſervation. The Reader here needs not fear that his Attention will be overpowered by the *Yawn of liſtleſs Love*, or

his Understanding affronted with the *Violence of frantic Passion*; yet, at the same time, the Story is such, as requires a higher Finishing of Language, and more Delicacy of Sentiment, than I have been able to give it.

I have always considered a History of the kind which is here presented to the Reader, as an *Epic* in lower Life; which ought to be stript of all the *Paraphernalia*, but not of all the *Properties* of Poetry; divested of *Numbers*, but not destitute of *Ornament*.

The introducing, within a small Compass of Time, *Variety* without *Confusion*, the *Surprising* without the *Marvelous*, *Events* that strike from the *Force of Probability*, and *Sentiments* that affect through *the Powers of Nature*, to keep in View one *moral Idea*,

Idea, and to inculcate one *important Leſſon*, has been my great Aim in this Work. I was furniſh'd from *real Life* with a Story, that, I thought, admitted of all thoſe Particulars; and, if I have ever deviated from the ſevere Rules of the Critics, it is becauſe I could not ſacrifice *my own* Veracity to *their* Decorum.

Notwithſtanding all I have ſaid of the Originality (the Reader will pardon the Expreſſion) of this Work, as to the Subject, yet it may not be intirely an Original, as to every Sentiment. For, tho' the Shapes are various in which good or bad Fortune viſits Mankind; yet it ſtill is the human *Heart* that *feels*, the human *Paſſions* that *reſent*, and the human *Underſtanding* that *reaſons*. There will, therefore, be an unavoidable Similarity in the Sentiments of Men under the Influence of *Suſpenſe* or *Surprize*,

Diſtreſs or *Joy*; and all that a Writer has to do, is to endeavour to vary his Manner, ſo as to make it *his own*, and to preſerve the Reader from being affected by a tireſome *Sameneſs* with what he has read, of a like Nature, in other Authors.

This unavoidable Similarity of Sentiment, when the Manner is vary'd, is far from deſerving the Name of Plagiariſm; a Charge of the moſt heinous Nature in Literature; but few there are who know where it begins, or where it ought to end. Let us ſee how the three Writers of the higher Epic ſtands with one another, and with the reſt of the World, in this reſpect; and I flatter myſelf the Reader will be of Opinion with me, that to reject a Sentiment, an Image, or a Reflection, merely becauſe they may be ſimilar to thoſe in other Works, would be as ridiculous

diculous as if a Man ſhould refuſe in Payment all Money, but what comes freſh ſtruck from the Mint.

We ſhall, for Argument ſake, ſuppoſe *Homer* to have borrowed from the Book of Nature only. The ſame Book lay open to *Virgil*; but the latter did not think himſelf precluded from introducing, into his *Æneid*, many Similies and Sentiments (ſome them literally tranſlated), which *Homer*, by his Advantage of Priority in point of Time, had already introduced into his *Iliad*, and his *Odyſſey*.

This Practice is ſo far from fixing upon *Virgil* the Charge of Plagiariſm, that nothing has been of greater Service to the Province of Poetry. It made him *put forth all his Strength*; more, perhaps, than he would have exerted, had he not been fired with

Emulation, by his Divine Original. We ſee him perpetually varying, moulding, and forming, every Beauty of Language to equal it, and ſtretching every Power of Numbers to ſurpaſs it. His Courſers ſtrain with equal Swiftneſs to the Goal, and his Floods break with the ſame Rapidity upon the Shore.

Milton was the next great Poet that appeared in the World. His *natural Genius* was, at leaſt, equal; his *accidental Advantages* were ſuperior to thoſe of his two immortal Predeceſſors; for he had, before him, the accumulated Stores of ſixteen intermediate Centuries.

A great Writer will endeavour to profit by every Work; but he will ſteal from none; and I have often wiſh'd to ſee a *fair* Collection of all

the Paſſages in modern Authors, of which *Milton* may be ſuppoſed to have availed himſelf. We ſhould then have an Opportunity to admire the creative Wonders of his Genius; and how his Touch can convert into Gold that which was Braſs, Copper, nay, Lead, in the Hands of others. We ſhould then be enabled to diſtinguiſh between what is *Senſe*, and what is *Sentiment*; between what is *Diſcourſe*, and what is *Deſcription*; between what is an *Image*, and what is an *Object*, in Poetry.

Having ſaid thus much, with regard to the Plan and Sentiments of this Work, it may be proper to ſpeak ſomewhat concerning its Manners and Characters.

The Author has endeavoured to preſerve the Character of an Original, by being, he believes, ſingle in the Con-

duct of his Story. He obſerved, that tho' this Manner of Writing has become much more frequent of late in *England* than any other, yet that no certain Rules have been laid down for it, as are for the Epic, and the Drama. He therefore propoſed to himſelf a Plan, which he has obſerved, and which, he flatters himſelf, the Reader, by the Diſpoſition of his Narrative, will perceive to be ſelected from the Rules of the moſt approved Critics, and adapted to this Species of Hiſtory.

But this is no more than the mechanical Part of Writing; and ſerves an Author only as a Rule and Compaſs do a Painter. The *Juſtneſs* of the *Drawing*, the *Diſpoſition* of the *Piece*, the *Gracefulneſs* of the *Figures*, the *Expreſſion* of the *Paſſions*, and a thouſand other Beauties, muſt be had from other Principles.

The

PREFACE.

The Author of a Hiſtory like this muſt write not from *Reading*, but from the *Heart*; he muſt *feel* every *Woe* he communicates; he muſt *ſhare* in every *Joy* he gives: He muſt draw human Nature with all its Beauties, and all its Blemiſhes, without attempting to heighten the one, or to aggravate the other: He is to give the Paſſions their Play, but to trace them through all their Motions, and obſerve them in all their Workings: He is not to tack together a Heap of impoſſible Cauſes, that lead to an improbable Event; and, above all other Conſiderations, Fortune ought to have no Share in unlooſing the Knot of Diſtreſs, however ſhe may have help'd to tie, or to perplex it.

The following Pages will, I hope, prove the Injuſtice of thoſe *French* Novels, which are every Day tranſlated or diſguiſed into our Language,

in making Love an unamiable Paſſion, the Author of every groſs Abſurdity, and the Perpetrator of every horrid Crime. Romances and Love-Poems were originally the Growth of thoſe Ages and Countries in which Loving and Fighting were all the Buſineſs of higher Life. There was, therefore, no *Merit* but in *Courtſhip*, and no *Virtue* but in *Courage*. Commerce was look'd upon as *mechanical*, and Learning *pedantic*: For nothing is more certain than that, ſo low as the Reign of *Henry* the Fourth of *France*, there was not in that Court a Man of Faſhion, excepting old *Biron*, who could diſcourſe with a *Poliſh* Ambaſſador in *Latin*; the only Language, beſides his native one, he underſtood.

Tho' Queen *Elizabeth*, on hearing this Story, had reaſon to thank God that was not the Caſe with her Court, yet

yet the People of Faſhion in *England*, tho' not ſo *barbarous*, were equally *Gothic*, till towards the End of the Reign of *James* the Firſt.

Whoever has been converſant in the Works of our old Dramatic Poets in Comedy, muſt obſerve how much all their Characters in genteel Life are overcaſt with the Notions that prevail in Novels and Romances; and even the public Manners of the People were not free from the ſame Abſurdities. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* are the two Authors who are moſt eſteem'd for the Eaſe of Manners in their Characters; but their Excellence, in that reſpect, is only comparative; becauſe they are leſs abſurd than others. The Truth is, the Manners of the Court of *England*, before the Time of *Charles* the Second, were very ill fitted for diffuſing through the People the true

Characters of genteel Life. The Reſtoration run them into a different, and a worſe Extreme. Their Men of Wit were Plagiaries from the *French*; their Men of Faſhion were Libertines; and I ſcarcely remember a Character, or indeed a Plot, in Comedy, during all that and the two ſucceſſive Reigns, that was not borrow'd.

In proportion as the Race of Wits who appeared after the Reſtoration rotted away, the Taſte for *French* Reading decay'd, and the public Manners of the People improv'd. *Somers*, *Godolphin*, *Halifax*, and the other great Noblemen, who had the Lead ſome Part of King *William*'s, and the greater Part of Queen *Anne*'s Reign, purged the Taſte of the Nation both of *Gothiciſms* and *Galliciſms*; and the Diviſion of the People into two Parties had the happy Effect, that the Heads of each vied with one another

other in their Patronage of true Wit, and reviving Taſte.

It was owing to them that Comedy * *raiſed her Voice*, and the Stage was adorn'd with the Scenes of genteel Life. Notwithſtanding this Improvement of the Drama, and the preſent Improvement of National Taſte, there is a Character, which can be drawn from living Manners only, that, I think, is ſtill imperfect, both in Comedy, and in Novel-writing; I mean the Character of a fine Gentleman.

By that Character I do not mean that of a *faultleſs Monſter*, but I mean ſomewhat that is leſs *formally eaſy* than *Steel*, ſomewhat leſs *agreeably*

* Interdum tamen et vocem Comœdia tollit. HOR.

wicked

wicked than *Congreve* has described; the *Morals* more *regular* than those of *Farquhar*; and the *Manners* less *fashionable* than those of *Cibber*: For a Dramatic Poet ought to do by his Manners what *Vandike* did by his Draperies; he ought to carry *Fashion* into *Taste*.

We may, perhaps, come a little nearer to the Knowlege of those Requisites that we want to the Character of a fine Gentleman, if we should enquire into the Reason why *Terence* still stands at the Head of Comedy, tho' he is destitute of those Properties that direct the Roar of our Gallery, and the Clap of our Pit.

One, and, indeed, the great, Reason, is, that, besides the Purity of his Stile, and the Chastity of his Sentiment, he wrote from no particular Caste of an Age, or a Country; for his Characters speak that Language that is felt

felt and underſtood at all Times, and in all Climates. Like the Monuments of antient Sculpture, he gives the true Dimenſions of thoſe Figures which others have cloath'd; and his Proportions are Standard rules for that Part of the Drama which he cultivated. In him are to be found the *Stamina* of all the Characters (excepting thoſe of *Shakeſpear*, who was the Maſter rather than the Diſciple of Nature), that have ſince obtained the greateſt Applauſe in Comedies and Novels. His Countrymen, however, when he wrote, had no other Idea of a fine Gentleman, farther than his being, in private Life, a *Philanthropiſt*, and, in public, a *Patriot*.

Terence had ſcarcely an Opportunity to introduce any Part of the latter Character into his Plays; but his Touches

Touches of the former are more warm, more ſtrong, and more maſterly, than any Dramatic Poet has ever yet come up to. Such, however, is the Force of *Faſhion*, that they have not been underſtood; and were they to appear in one of our Novels, or modern Comedies, his Philanthropy would be conſtrued into mere *mad Good-nature*. What a ridiculous Figure would one of our fine Gentlemen in Comedy make, if he ſhould declare to his Friend,

* *That he is a Man; and that there is no Affair that can relate to Mankind, in which he thinks himſelf unconcern'd!*

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* Homo ſum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.
TER.

How

How few Writers have tranſlated this Line in the Senſe I have given it! *I am a Man, and I think myſelf exempted from no human Frailty*, is the general Conſtruction given to the Words, againſt the Evidence of the Reproach, to which they are an Anſwer, and the expreſs Authority of *Cicero*.

Yet this great Out line of *Philanthropy* is far from implying, that its Author is either buſy or pragmatical; or that he has not, at the time he pronounces it, a proper Regard to his own Intereſts and Reputation.

Great Perception and great Reſolution, grafted upon *great Goodneſs of Heart*, are, as I take it, the Ingredients of a fine Gentleman, without one Bit of Faſhion: For true Politeneſs

neſs is the Emanation of a good Heart, and never can be ſeparated from ſuch a Character.

The Character of young *Bevil* is wrote upon the beſt Principle of any I know in the *Engliſh* Language; but the Author has given no Play to the *ſilent Virtues*, which ſpeak ſo forcibly in *Terence*. Inſtead of the Shade, in which all private Virtue delights to dwell, he has employ'd his Art in blazoning to the Audience thoſe amiable Qualities which ought to have ſpoken only by their Effects.

Boileau, tho' a *Frenchman*, could diſtinguiſh ſo well between *Taſte* and *Faſhion*, that he objected to the Inſcription of "THE WONDERFUL "*Paſſage* of the *Rhine*," becauſe the Wonders of the Paſſage ought to be

ſeen

ſeen in the Picture. In like manner, all Virtue ought to ſpeak by its Effects. But in young *Bevil*, his filial Piety, his diſintereſted Love, his Friendſhip, his Generoſity, his Reſolution, nay, his very Dreſs, are induſtriouſly obtruded upon the Reader's Obſervation; and little of that graceful Management is obſerved, by which he learns more from the Author's *Silence* than his *Expreſſion*. Notwithſtanding all this, the *Conſcious Lovers* is one of the beſt modern Comedies we have; and its Redundancies are owing only to the Author's Deviations from his Original.

All I have ſaid, with regard to Comedy, is applicable to the Species of Writing that employs the following Pages; and all I have obſerved concerning the Character of a fine Gentleman,

tleman, is no other than an Apology for my not attempting to introduce it into this Work; becauſe the Character that comes neareſt it here, is mark'd rather by *Amiableneſs of Manners*, than by *Goodneſs of Heart*.

My not *exhibiting* in this *Work* the Character I have *deſcribed* in the *Preface*, was owing to no Scarcity of Originals to draw from, but to my own Inability to do them Juſtice. *Goodneſs of Heart* is the genuine Growth of the *Engliſh* Soil; and the Opportunities of improving it are now greater in *England* than in any other Country; for, I believe, at this very time, the Practice of the habitual Virtues, and a *Taſte* for the fine Arts, are higher amongſt the *Engliſh* than amongſt any People in the World.

I wiſh

PREFACE.

I wiſh I could ſay, that the Execution of the fine Arts in *England* were, at preſent, equal to the *Taſte* that is for them. In that reſpect we are viſibly degenerating; and our Anceſtors have been our Maſters, while we are left to admire the Beauties we cannot equal.

This leads me to an Obſervation or two upon a * Writer (for an Author I cannot call him), who has advanced, and, to the Reproach of our Country, with Impunity hitherto, *That the* French are the ABSOLUTE LEGISLATORS *of all the fine Arts in* Europe. How ſhameleſs is this Aſſertion in the Face of a Country that gave Bread to *Holbein*, Dignities to *Reubens*, and Encouragement to *Vandike*; and that for Years before (even by this Writer's

* *Voltaire.*

own

own Acknowlegement) the national Taſte of *France* was form'd! While that Taſte was barbarous, *Johnſon* enrich'd his native Tongue with Comedies, wrote up to more than *Terentian* Regularity and Propriety, in point of Conduct; and, while *France* was ignorant of almoſt every Order of Architecture, *Inigo Jones*, in *England*, was rearing Houſes, and projecting Palaces, which all the boaſted Improvements of *France*, in that Art, have not yet equalled. I ſhall forbear to urge the Examples of *Spencer* or *Shakeſpear*; becauſe I am firmly and ſeriouſly of Opinion, that no *Frenchman* ever yet was able (ſuppoſing him to underſtand *Engliſh* equally as *French*) to taſte the Beauties of either of thoſe Poets. For the Truth of this I appeal to every *Engliſhman*'s Senſe, who has had the Misfortune to read the unwilling, ſcanty, ſtarv'd, and miſtaken,

taken, Encomiums, that *Voltaire* has beſtowed upon *Shakeſpear*.

This, I hope, will be thought no improper Digreſſion from the Purpoſe of this Preface; but, if it ſhould, I ſubmit to the Cenſure, rather than ſuffer the Reproach to continue.

THE

PREFACE.

THE FRIENDS.

BOOK I.

MR. *Townley* is the Name, which, for certain Reaſons, I chuſe to give to the Father of the Lady who is to make the moſt diſtinguiſh'd Figure in the following Narrative. He was the only Son of an honourable but decay'd Family; and having gone through a ſuperficial Education at *Eton*, and *Oxford*, he re-

turned to his native County about the Age of Twenty-one, to take Poſſeſſion of the ſmall Remainder of his Father's Eſtate. Tho' *Townley* was accounted to have Parts for Learning, and had perform'd Exerciſes, both at the School and Univerſity, with Succeſs; yet he no ſooner became the Maſter of Hounds and Horſes, and the Companion of Sharpers and Sportſmen, than all Traces of a liberal Education appeared to be effaced, and nothing ſeem'd to put him out of Countenance ſo much, as when he was ſuſpected of having Learning.

It happened luckily for *Townley*, that this Diſguiſe prov'd ſo troubleſome, that it did not ſettle into a Habit. The Expences it run him into, by his yielding to the conſtant Temptations of Gaming and Intemperance of every kind, ſoon affected his Fortune; and the Time which thro' rainy Weather, or other Diſappointments, was thrown upon his hands, hung ſo heavy, that he was obliged to have recourſe to Reading to divert Reflection. But the ſhatter'd Condition of his private Affairs was ever before his Eyes, and in a little time he came to indure his gaming and horſe-racing Companions, for no other Reaſon, but becauſe he was aſham'd to caſt them off. Being related to many conſiderable Families in the Country, he now began to liſten to the Remonſtrances

monſtrances of his Friends, that he ought to ſtrike into ſome way of Life which might retrieve his Fortune, and raiſe his Family. Some offered him their Intereſt at Court; others to take his Eſtate into their keeping, and allow him ſo much a Year, while he was applying himſelf to ſome Study which might enable him to appear in the World with Credit; and others gravely ply'd him with Texts of Scripture, ſerious Aphoriſms againſt Prodigality, and their own and their Fathers regular Oeconomy, and induſtrious Management. But, tho' *Townley* was by this time broken pretty much of his inordinate Paſſion for Dogs and Horſes, he could form no Plan of Application to Buſineſs; and he had good Senſe enough to know, that ſhould he hunt after Court-preferment, the ſmall Remainder of his Eſtate would ſoon melt away in the Experiment.

He therefore even took up with the Refuge of Inconſideration and Indolence, and fix'd his Eye upon Matrimony as a Hoſpital where he could wear out the Remainder of his Life; for tho' he was not at this Time above Four-and-twenty, yet the Exceſſes he had run into had added at leaſt twenty Years to his Age. In his Choice of a Miſtreſs he was quite indifferent, provided ſhe had Money; and he ſoon fix'd his Thoughts

upon Miſs *Charlotte Davis*. This young Lady liv'd about four Miles from *Townley*'s Houſe, with her Uncle and Aunt, who were reputed to be very rich; and her Parents, who had been dead for upwards of ten Years, had left her ſome ſmall matter of Money. She was about Fifteen; ſhe had lived with her Uncle ever ſince the Death of her Parents; and, before ſhe was ten Years of Age, ſhe was accounted a perfect Woman for the Smartneſs of her Diſcourſe, and the Juſtneſs of her Obſervations. The Truth is, her Uncle and Aunt having no Children, and no Proſpect of any, idolized this Niece to ſuch a degree, that there was no other way of paying Court to them but by diſcovering ſomewhat that was wonderful in her Behaviour and Diſcourſe. Miſs, on the other hand, had never been wanting in all the little Endearments that a fluent Tongue, a pretty Perſon, and extravagant Encouragement, produce; and having no Care, no Taſk, no Leſſon, but to pleaſe her Uncle and her Aunt, ſhe was look'd upon, at the Age of fifteen, as the Wonder of her Sex.

Charlotte was born with all the Qualities that are required to form both an amiable and a valuable Woman; tho' all of them were in Danger of being perverted into their Contraries, through a miſtaken Education. But, indeed, the Accompliſhments which,

in the Eyes of her Parents (for ſuch they were to her) made her more than Woman, rendered her leſs than a Child. She was void of all Ideas but thoſe of Vanity and Self-conceit. Her Suſceptibility of Heart was perverted into an Impatience of Contradiction; her natural Softneſs of Manners ran into an Affectation of Delicacy, and ſhe imagined thoſe tender Emotions, (which, when their Object is virtuous, are ſo amiable), to be Weakneſſes of Nature, that ought to be check'd in a fine Lady, who was to have nothing in common with the vulgar Race of Mortals. Thus *Charlotte*, with all the Entertainment of her Converſation, had no Senſations, no Feelings; ſhe had yet form'd no Wiſh that ſhe had not enjoyed; her Affections for every thing without her were ſo equally poiſed, that a very Trifle could turn the Scale; and ſhe was perpetually priding herſelf in this Indifference, as being the capital Virtue of Womankind, and the faithful Guardian of their Honour.

As *Townley* was well acquainted in the Family, he found no Difficulty in getting Acceſs to Miſs *Charlotte*, whoſe Uncle and Aunt had too good an Opinion of her Virtue and good Senſe to be afraid of truſting her in the Company of any Man. *Townley* ſoon perceived that the Con-

queſt was practicable, but the Approaches difficult; and that if he ſhould begin a regular Attack, his Miſtreſs would infallibly fortify herſelf with Pride ſo ſtrongly as to bid Defiance to all his Attempts, and perhaps force him to raiſe the Siege after a Loſs of Time which, in his Situation, was irretrievable. As this Part of our Story is but previous to the main Narrative, I ſhall not enter upon a Detail of all *Townley*'s Intrigue. It is ſufficient to ſay, that he followed his Miſtreſs to *London*, with her Uncle and Aunt, in the Winter, and won her by the loweſt, but the moſt craving of all all Paſſions, that of Curioſity. When he was in her Company, he threw out Hints which ſhe did not underſtand, and ſhe therefore often retired with great Decency, and a firm Reſolution never to give him the like Liberty again. But ſhe was betrayed by her Security. Being convinced that there was no Harm in being informed, were it only to ſhun the like again if it ſhould come in her Way, ſhe contracted an Intimacy with Mrs. *Simper*, her Aunt's Waiting-woman, who ſoon not only informed her of all ſhe wanted to know, but furniſhed her privately with Books that made Miſs ſpeculatively as learn'd as ſhe was herſelf. The next Viſit *Townley* paid her, ſhe received him with an Air, which to a diſcerning Eye ſufficiently indicated

dicated ſome Change in her Sentiments, but it was ſo far from giving any Encouragement to *Townley*, that he reſolv'd to make only another Attempt, and if it did not ſucceed, to throw up his Game. I ſhall not trouble my Reader with a Repetition of the Expreſſion he made uſe of on this occaſion: It was coarſe, but ludicrous; and tho' wrapt up in ſuch a manner as his Miſtreſs in Reality did not underſtand it, yet ſhe coloured up, and with great Indignation in her Eyes, and Dignity in her Geſture, ſhe abruptly left the Room, without beſtowing either a Word or Look upon her Lover. *Townley* at firſt gave all over for loſt; but, as ſhe was opening the Door, he could perceive that it was with the greateſt Pain ſhe prevented a Laugh from burſting out, and which, notwithſtanding all her Hurry, ſhe could not contain till ſhe got to her own Room, where ſhe inſtantly ſent for her Oracle Mrs. *Simper*.

Townley's Spirits, which had not been greatly diſcompoſed by the Frowns of his Miſtreſs, were redoubled by this caſual Obſervation. He became immediately conſcious, that ſhe was his own; and that very Conſciouſneſs carried his Point; for in a few Weeks after he and *Charlotte* were privately married.

Unjuſt Averſion is often the Conſequence of ill-grounded Affection: It requires Strength of Reaſon to guard againſt either; and when either gets the Predominance, it conſtitutes, what may be properly called, the *Impotence of Mind.* As *Charlotte*'s Uncle and Aunt had loved her imprudently, they now hated her unjuſtly. They were weak enough to imagine, that the Affection they had laviſhed upon her, ought to have guarded her Conduct, inſtead of betraying it. The Violence of their Reſentment was proportioned to the Prodigality of their Indulgences. They hated her for the Miſconduct which they chiefly had occaſioned, and puniſhed her for the Faults of which they themſelves were the Authors. Upon the Diſcovery of her Marriage with *Townley*, they firſt turned her out of their Houſe, and next, under Pretext of Board, Education, and Cloathing, they refuſed to pay him one Farthing of the ſmall Fortune left her by her Father.

As *Charlotte*'s Attachment to her Uncle and Aunt reſted upon no Principle, but that of unlimited Indulgence, their Diſpleaſure gave her very little Pain, and ſhe was ſo void of all true Knowledge of Life, that *Townley* could not make her comprehend ſhe was under any Diſadvantage in her having loſt all Proſpect of either her own or

their

their Fortune. But, in fact, her Unconcern was owing to her Inſenſibility. She could not form a Notion that it was poſſible for her to be unhappy; ſhe appeared to be as untouched with her own Diſtreſſes, as ſhe had been with thoſe of others; and ſhe bore her reduced Condition as eaſily, as if it had been an Undreſs ſhe was wearing thro' Conveniency, and not Neceſſity: Add to all this, that ſhe had been glutted with many expenſive Pleaſures, of which, as ſhe had not reliſhed the Enjoyment, ſo neither did ſhe regret the Loſs. In ſhort, ſhe bore her Misfortune for ſome time with great Unconcern, merely becauſe it was a Kind of Variety in her Life.

Townley had been born with good Nature, good Senſe, and generous Diſpoſitions, though hitherto they had been diſguiſed by faſhionable or accidental Levities. He never had loved *Charlotte*, and that Reflection wounded his Mind. He began now to look upon himſelf as a low Wretch, and a bad Man, for ruining, through mercenary Views, the Woman who might have been happy, had ſhe been married into that Degree of Life to which ſhe was ſuited by Education, and intitled by Fortune. Often did he wipe away the tender Tear, that imperceptibly ſtole from his Eye, whilſt his Wife amuſed him with her innocent Vani-

ties; and often did her thoughtleſs Inexperience draw from his Breaſt a Sigh, which he checked, for fear of giving Pain to her, and Suſpicion to others. It was Death for him to think of diſcovering his Diſappointment and Diſaſters, by altering either the Manner of his Living, or the Turn of his Converſation; but the Neceſſities of his Fortune, and his Vexations of Spirit, ſoon obliged him to do both, though with a Sullenneſs that intimated to all his Acquaintance, how much he ſuffered within. At firſt, he had recourſe to Wine, which, inſtead of ſupporting his Courage, affected his Mind. He grew peeviſh, paſſionate, and quarrelſome; he imagined all Mirth in Converſation to be levelled at his Misfortunes, and every Smile in Company to ariſe from a Contempt of his Poverty. At laſt, he forfeited the Tenderneſs that is due from the Humane to the Wretched, and became the Object of Reſentment rather than of Pity, to them who had been once his Friends.

Amongſt thoſe was Mr. *Maintree*. He had particularly obliged, and for that very Reaſon, was particularly hated by, *Townſley*, who imagined that every Look and Word of *Maintree*'s reproach'd him for his Inability to repay his Favours, ſome of them were pecuniary, to the Amount of fifteen hundred Pounds. *Maintree*, tho'

far

far from being a good-natur'd Man, had committed more good-natur'd Things thro' Pride and Whim, than others do through Principle or Diſpoſition. The Return he look'd for, was the Tribute of perpetual Obſequiouſneſs to his Pleaſure: But nothing pleaſed him ſo much as his being contradicted in ſuch a manner as gave his Opponent an Opportunity of becoming his Convert, and of acknowleging the irreſiſtible Force of his ſuperior Faculties. *Townley* neglected this Art at the time when he ought to have cultivated it the moſt carefully: He treated *Maintree* on all Occaſions as an Uſurer who expected Adulation as the Intereſt of his Money, and Homage in Proof of his Superiority, till at laſt he did not behave towards him with good Manners. Even Injury is not ſo exaſperating to a Man of *Maintree*'s Caſt, as Contempt is; and he ſought to be revenged of *Townley*, not ſo much on account of his Debt, as his Preſumption. He wanted, by the Means which the Law had put into his Hands, to ſhew *Townley* how great a Fool he was, in ſuppoſing him to be a Fool; in ſhort, *Maintree* took out a Writ againſt the unhappy *Townley*; of which the other having Intelligence, he ſecreted himſelf in his own Houſe.

Maintree had a great Fortune, great Intereſt, and ſtrong Reſentments. He found Means to repreſent *Townley* as an Enemy to the Government; and ſome diſaffected Practices breaking out at that Time, he procured a Warrant from a Secretary of State for his Commitment; finding all other Means to attatch him ineffectual. *Townley*, who was conſcious to himſelf of no Demerit of that Kind, had not the leaſt Suſpicion of this Charge, till one Morning he was alarmed by his Doors being broken open, and the Outcries of his Servants. Upon this, he retired to a Room where he had ſome Fire-arms; and the Door being forced open, he ſhot the firſt Man dead who enter'd it, and who happen'd to be an Aſſiſtant to the two Meſſengers. It was eaſy during the Conſternation which this Accident occaſioned, and thro' the Shew of Reſolution which *Townley* put on, for him to eſcape; which he did, to a Friend's Houſe, not ſuſpecting that he had killed any other than a common Bailiff, whom the Law could not warrant for breaking open his Doors. It was not long before he was inform'd of the Truth; which threw him into great Amazement. His firſt Thought was to go and ſurrender himſelf to the Meſſenger, or to the Secretary of State's Office: But a very little Reflection made him alter that Reſolution.

tion. The Deceaſed happened to be a Conſtable, whom the Laws of *England* conſider as a powerful and an uſeful Miniſter of Juſtice. He had been killed in the regular Exerciſe of his Duty, and, whatever alleviating Circumſtances might attend the Fact, yet the Juncture of public Affairs was ſuch as obliged the Governmen to proſecute it as far as the Law would permit. When the Coroner's Inqueſt ſat upon the Body, it was poſitively ſworn, that when the Door was broke open, one of the Meſſengers called out to *Townley*, that he had a Secretary's Warrant againſt him; and declared to him the Office of the Deceaſed: Upon this the Coroner's Inqueſt brought in their Verdict, *Wilful Murder againſt* Townley. The Truth is, when the Meſſenger made the Declaration ſworn to at the Coroners Inqueſt, *Townley* either did not hear it, or believed it to be a Trick of the Bailiff to arreſt him with the leſs Oppoſition; and poſſeſſed of this Belief he had committed the fatal Action.

Notwithſtanding the Verdict of the Coroner's Inqueſt, *Townley* was ſo perfectly conſcious of his own Innocence, that he reſumed the Thoughts of ſurrendering himſelf into the Hands of the Government. His Friend, who belonged to the Law, was a Man of Senſe, and ſtrongly oppoſed this

Meaſure;

Meaſure, by repreſenting to *Townley*, that notwithſtanding his Innocence, it was very uncertain in what Light the Fact might appear to a Jury at the *Old Bailey*; and if he was caſt there, he could reaſonably expect no Favour from the Government. "But, "ſaid he, I have a very different Conception of this Affair from what you have. "It is eaſy at a Time like this to procure "ſuch a Warrant as that which was obtained againſt you; and I have known "ſeveral taken up by ſuch Warrants, who "have been honourably diſcharged, upon "the firſt Examination, without being "twenty-four Hours in Cuſtody: But, "continued Mr. *Laymore* (for that was the "Lawyer's Name), ſuppoſing that had been "your Caſe, as I believe it would have been, "had you been taken into Cuſtody you "have, as you are conſcious of your Innocence, the ſtrongeſt Reaſon in the World "for thinking, that you no ſooner muſt "have eſcap'd the Hands of the Meſſenger, than you would have fallen into "thoſe of the Bailiff; and that the whole "is a Contrivance of ſome mercileſs Creditor, who found that he could not arreſt "you by any other Means."

Townley perceived, there was Senſe and Reaſon in all that *Laymore* ſaid; but he was dreadfully puzzled how to behave.

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To withdraw from Juſtice, took Guilt upon himſelf; and, as he thought, was a tacit Acknowlegement of the Charge againſt him. On the other hand, ſhould he ſurrender himſelf, and even be acquitted with Honour, he knew that *Maintree*, and his other Creditors, were ſo exaſperated againſt him, that he had nothing before his Eyes, all the Days of his Life, but the Miſeries of a loathſome Gaol. When he had cooly weighed all theſe Conſiderations, he found no Expedient ſo proper for him to purſue, as to turn all his remaining Effects into ready Money, and to retire to *France*. He accordingly made out Bills of Sale, in Truſt to his Friends, who ſoon converted his Effects into Caſh, to the Amount of near Two thouſand Pounds; and he landed about the Beginning of *November* at *Bologne* in *France*.

Charlotte all this Time remain'd in a State of Inſenſibility, which had been encouraged by *Townley*, who did not chooſe to have his other Afflictions embitter'd by the Complaints of a Wife whom he had made miſerable. In fact, *Charlotte*'s Inſenſibility now became habitual to her. Ever ſince her Marriage, ſhe had lived in the full Enjoyment of all the Neceſſaries and Comforts of Life, but in perfect Ignorance of her Huſband's Situation. She therefore became gradually

gradually reconciled to her State, in which ſhe was not a little aſſiſted by the Aſſiduities of *Townley*; and at laſt, ſhe conceived for him ſomewhat that was ſo like Love, that ſhe bore with great Compoſure the News of his Misfortunes, becauſe ſhe underſtood that ſhe was to follow him to *France*. *Townley* was extremely affected with her Softneſs and Behaviour on this Occaſion, but was divided between Tenderneſs and Prudence. It was barbarous to leave the Woman who had no Friend but himſelf; and no Joy, but in his Company. When he was gone, he knew ſhe could be no longer kept in Ignorance of her real Situation; and what a melancholy Life muſt ſhe then lead! On the other hand, he had received many Intimations of the returning Tenderneſs of her Uncle and Aunt, who had more than once declared, that if ſhe would promiſe never again to ſee the Murderer her Huſband, as they called him, they they would take care of her, and bring her home their own Houſe again. Here *Townley* chiefly experienced the Misfortunes ariſeing from his Wife's Education. It had been ſo very liſtleſs, that he could not at this Time awake her into that Activity and Addreſs, which might have ſerved and ſaved both him and herſelf. There was little Doubt that if ſhe had returned to her Uncle's

cle's Houſe, ſhe could eaſily have regain'd all her Aſcendency over him and her Aunt, and perhaps have reconciled them to *Townley*. This he wanted of all things ſhe ſhould endeavour to do; and her Compliance would have delivered him from the ſtinging Reflections of being the Author of her Ruin: But, unhappily for him, his Wife could not be brought to reliſh any of his Arguments. This was not owing ſo much to her Affection for him, as to her Diſlike for her Uncle and Aunt. The unhappy Turn of her Education, and, the Manner in which they had always behaved to her, had made her always believe that ſhe was their Superior; that they were born to pleaſe her; and that they had done no more for her than they were obliged to do in Duty, and in Conſcience. *Charlotte* therefore, thinking them guilty of the higheſt Breach of both, when they turned her out of Doors, had ever ſince conſidered them as the moſt ungrateful Monſters in Nature; and there was no Hardſhip or Puniſhment that ſhe was not ready to undergo, rather than to return to their deteſted Company. *Townley* was generous enough not to do any Violence to her Inclinations on this Occaſion, and ſuffered her to come over to *France*, in hopes that Time, and prudent Management, might get the better of her Prejudices: Nor was

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he deceived. *Townley*'s Money enabled him to live for ſeveral Years in a genteel manner in a cheap Part of *France*; but the Capital being then near ſpent, and Mrs. *Townley* proving with Child, they began very ſeriouſly to conſider how to provide for themſelves, and a growing Family which they had reaſon to expect. Mrs. *Townley* was now in a great meaſure cured of the Prejudices ſhe had received thro' her Education. The Company of Strangers, in a ſtrange Country, had preſented her with a new View of Things, and every Day added to the Remembrance of the Proſpect ſhe had loſt. She now recollected the fond Endearments of her Uncle and Aunt. Dreſs, Equipages, and high Living, brought hourly to her Mind what ſhe might have been; and the unſubſtantial Gaieties of *France* had no other Effect upon her, than to make her the more earneſtly long for the ſolid Delights of *England*. She ſincerely and tenderly loved *Townley*, and her Affection more and more diſpoſed her to do all ſhe could for preventing the Miſeries that he muſt ſuffer, as they were in a Country where they could have no Recruit of Money, and not above Five hundred Pounds now remained of all their Stock.

Townley ſaw and cheriſhed theſe Diſpoſitions in his Wife. He had ſeveral Debts

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of Honour owing him in *England*, which were far from being deſperate; and his Intelligence from thence gave him great Encouragement to believe, that another Eſſay upon the Affections of his Wife's Uncle and Aunt, in her Favour, would be ſucceſsful. In ſhort, it was concluded on between them, that Mrs. *Townley* ſhould go over to *England*; where *Townley* committed the Care of every thing to her Management.

The firſt Thing Mrs. *Townley* did upon her Arrival in *England*, was to write a moſt ſubmiſſive Letter to her Uncle and Aunt, acknowleging the infinite Obligation ſhe owed to them; her own ungrateful Requital of them; her Unhappineſs in her having by her Folly deprived herſelf of Parents in her preſent Condition, when Nature calls out the moſt tenderly for their Affections, and pleads the moſt ſtrongly for a Reconciliation.

Mrs. *Townley* ſent this Letter by an *Engliſh* Lady, with whom ſhe had made an Acquaintance in *France*, and who happened to be a Woman of Senſe and Virtue, and very intimate with her Aunt. The Letter, being back'd by this Lady's pathetic Remonſtrances, had all the Effect in Mrs. *Townley*'s Favour that could be expected. The Uncle and the Aunt melted at what they heard; but their Averſion for *Townley* roſe

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in proportion as their Compaſſion for their Niece increaſed. They conſidered him as the Author of all her Misfortunes; and the Uncle ſent a Meſſage by the ſame Lady to inform her, that ſhe was again welcome to his Heart and Houſe, if ſhe would promiſe never again to ſee her Huſband. Mrs. *Townley* rejected this Condition with generous Diſdain; and the Aunt, relenting ſomewhat with the Conſideration that *Townley* durſt not return to *England*, brought her Huſband not to inſiſt upon his Terms. Thus, in a few Days the Reconciliation between them and their Niece was completed, and ſhe was carried home to her Uncle's Houſe, where ſhe was brought to Bed of a Son.

This Event awakened in the Uncle and the Aunt all their former Tenderneſs for Mrs. *Townley*, whom they ſtill called by the Name of *Charlotte*; but they appeared ſo rreconcilable to *Townley*, that ſhe wiſely forbore to preſs them on that Head. According to the Intelligence ſhe received, it was in vain for her to think to obtain a Pardon for her Huſband, which was the only Service that could be done him in his then Situation, excepting that of ſupplying him with Money. She had the good Fortune indeed to be ab e to remit to him about Three hundred Pounds; and *Townley*, underſtanding

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in what Light he ſtood with her Uncle and Aunt, adviſed her by Letters, to hazard nothing on his account, but to affect as much Indifference with Regard to him, as it was poſſible for her to put on. She acted her Part ſo well, that her Uncle, in a fond Fit, one Day told her, that nothing hindered him from making her his Heir, but the Fear leſt that Wretch her Huſband ſhould enjoy his Eſtate. As this Difficulty was inſurmountable, while *Townley* was alive, Mrs. *Townley* bore it with infinite Uneaſineſs; and after living ſome Years in *England*, ſhe conceived ſo violent a Paſſion to ſee her Huſband, that ſhe determined to gratify it, whatever might be the Conſequence. She reſolved, however, to do all that was poſſible to reconcile her Intereſts to her Inclinations, and to obtain Leave from her Uncle and her Aunt to return to *France*. She found this impoſſible to be effected without ſome better Pretext than that of ſeeing her Huſband, and the old People to be inflexible on that Head. Her Trouble was increaſed at ſome Letters ſhe received from *Townley*, hinting that his Finances were wearing low; and, upon the Whole, ſhe reſolved to practiſe an innocent Deceit. The Phyſician who attended her Uncle's Family, happened to be a good-natur'd Man, and an intimate Friend of *Townley*'s. She therefore

fore went to work, partly by truſting, and partly by deceiving, him. As her Deſire to ſee her Huſband ſtill increaſed, it did not coſt her much to appear to be in a languiſhing State of Health. The *Bath* Waters were tried in vain; all Remedies proved ineffectual; and ſhe plainly told Doctor *Myrtle*, (for that was the Phyſician's Name) in Confidence, that ſhe was determined to baffle all his Skill; for there was but one Remedy to reſtore her to her Health. The Doctor, who had a ſincere Regard for Mrs. *Townley* on her own account, heard this Declaration with great Humanity. "Madam, ſaid he, I cannot ſay, that I am ſo much of a Doctor as to pretend to be equal to the Cure of every Illneſs; and by what you have hinted juſt now, yours ſeems to be of the moſt obſtinate kind, and to lie rather in your Will, than the Diſeaſe. But, Madam, continued the Doctor (obſerving Mrs. *Townley* bluſh), I will aſk no Queſtions; only, if you will let me know that Remedy of yours, I will ſerve you as far as is conſiſtent with my Honour and Reputation." Mrs. *Townley* was ſo much encouraged by this good-natur'd Manner of the Doctor, that ſhe frankly told him, ſhe had been at ſome Pains to bring herſelf to be really what ſhe appeared to be; and that ſhe was determined nothing could do

her Service but the Air of *France*, which was no unuſual Remedy for Phyſicians to preſcribe in conſumptive Caſes. The Doctor was at no Loſs to account for the Reaſon of this Speech, and after a little Reflection he was ſo candid as to tell Mrs. *Townley*, that he acknowleged her for once to be be a better Phyſician than himſelf; and that whether her Diſeaſe was real, or pretended, he was ſure the Air of the *South* of *France* would do her Service. "Doctor," reſumes Mrs. *Townley*, "your generous Behaviour "on this Occaſion is no more than I "expected from your Humanity: But I "muſt make you my Friend, as well as my "Phyſician. My Uncle and my Aunt are "invincibly bent againſt my Huſband. To "live without him, endangers my Life; "and by living with him, I muſt loſe my "Fortune; which will be an Injury "done my innocent Babe, and diſable me "from ſupplying *Townley*, whom I love "more than I do myſelf. Should I pro-"poſe, in the moſt diſtant manner, to my "Uncle and my Aunt, that I ſhould go to "*France*, I tremble for the Conſequences, "as they would imagine my Requeſt to "proceed only from a Deſire to ſee my "Huſband; which might give them a very "unfavourable Impreſſion of me, and per-"haps prevent them from doing what they

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" intended for me and my Child. Ma-
" dam," interrupted the Doctor, " you
" need to explain yourſelf no further: I un-
" derſtand your Meaning, and will become
" anſwerable for the Management of this
" Affair." He then took his Leave of Mrs. *Townley*, and went directly to her Aunt's Apartment, where he found both her and her Huſband.

The Doctor no ſooner entered the Room than they eagerly inquired after the Health of their Niece; but he anſwered them by ſhaking his Head; which prognoſticated ſomething worſe than what they feared. This alarmed them; they grew more and more importunate in their Inquiries, till the Doctor, at laſt, told them with ſeeming Reluctance, that he could be anſwerable for the Succeſs of no Remedy for their Niece but the Air of the *South* of *France*. The old Couple were ſtartled at this Declaration: They looked upon one another with viſible Concern, but without ſaying a Word; while the Doctor, to relieve them a little, told them, he hoped that they would not take any Reſolution upon the Strength of his ſingle Opinion; but that he would venture all he had in the World, there was not a Phyſician of Reputation and Practice in *England*, who would not agree with him, if he was fairly informed of the Lady's Caſe. This

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Declaration increaſed the Perplexities of the Uncle and the Aunt; but, without coming to any Reſolution, they told the Doctor, when he was taking Leave of them, That they would conſider of the Matter, and let their Niece know in a Day or Two.

It happened lukily for Mrs. *Townley*, that, according to all Appearances, the Remedy ſhe had preſcribed for herſelf was, in reality, the beſt that could have been offered; and the Doctor hazarded nothing of the Succeſs he had promiſed to her, when he propoſed, that other Phyſicians ſhould be conſulted upon her Caſe. The old Couple, however, had ſo good an Opinion of *Myrtle*, that they conſulted only one other Phyſician, who approved intirely of *Myrtle*'s Advice; and, after Three or Four Days Converſation between themſelves, they came to a Reſolution, that their Niece ſhould go to the South of *France*, but that they themſelves ſhould go along with her, to keep her out of the Hands of the Rogue her Huſband. Next Morning they communicated this wiſe Reſolution to Mrs. *Townley*, who received it with all the Appearance of Surprize and Unwillingneſs. She could not think of expoſing Two ſuch valuable Lives to the Dangers of the Sea; it would be worſe than Death for her to be torn from her dear Babe; and though ſhe

was happy at preſent, ſhe did not know how long it might be ſo, ſhould ſhe come again into her Huſband's Power, which ſhe was apprehenſive of, ſhould ſhe return to *France*. She owned, that ſhe had been weak enough to have had a ſort of Kindneſs for him, which was no more than natural, and therefore ſhe hoped it was excuſeable; but that their Affection, their Care, and their wiſe Remonſtrances, had intirely weaned her from all Thoughts of that kind. "But," continued ſhe, hanging down her Head, and as it were concealing a Bluſh, "I am aſhamed to expreſs what I feel on "this Subject; for though he is an unwor-"thy Man, yet ſtill he is my Huſband, "and I am afraid that I am in the wrong "to hate him ſo much as I do."

Upon the Whole, Mrs. *Townley* played her Part ſo well, that her Uncle and her Aunt, who had not for Twelve Months before mentioned her Huſband's Name to her, were charmed with her Behaviour, and all their Care now was to reconcile her to the Journey. Her Uncle was about Sixty, and he never had been out of *England*. He had, in his Youth, been famous for Boxing and Cudgel-playing, and was ſtill one of thoſe *Engliſhmen* who think themſelves invincible, when they are Maſters of thoſe athletic Exerciſes. When Mrs. *Townley*

ley again mentioned her Husband, the old Man ſtarted to his Feet, took Three Strides, which made the Room ſhake, and laying hold of his Stick, brought it parallel within an Inch of his Niece's Noſe, and ſhook it, without ſpeaking a Word: At laſt his Paſſion ſuffered him to ſay, "*Charlotte!* "you ſee this;" brandiſhing the Cudgel— "O! the Dog."—— This was followed by other Three or Four tremendous Strides along the Room, and both the Ladies almoſt fainted away with the Apprehenſions of the good, dear, Man's Danger, in caſe he ſhould kill *Townley*: But he quieted them, by telling them, they were a Couple of weak ſilly Women; "for I know, ſaid he, "(clinching his Fiſt, and rapping upon the "Table), what I have to truſt to——Let "me alone for that!"——

Nothing now remained but to prepare for the Journey. It was agreed, that this ſhould be done with all poſſible Secrecy, for fear of its getting into the News-Papers; and that Mrs. *Townley* ſhould change her Name upon her Arrival in *France*. But ſhe had prepared a Game they little dream'd of. She continued to raiſe a thouſand Objections to the Journey; ſometimes ſhe was afraid of the Health of her dear Uncle and Aunt, ſometimes ſhe was affrightened at the Danger of the Sea, and alarmed for the

ſweet Babe ſhe was to leave behind. But all thoſe Objections were anſwered by the abſolute Neceſſity ſhe was under to go on Account of her Health. At laſt ſhe told her Aunt, with a Sigh, That ſhe had ſtill one Objection, which ſhe was aſhamed to mention; and that her Life was not of Value enough for them to think it worth their while to remove it. Upon her Aunt's preſſing her earneſtly to know what this mighty Objection was, ſhe was forced to tell her, That the Ladies of Faſhion in *France* dreſſed in a much richer manner than thoſe in *England*; and that as ſhe was to appear there in the Character of their Niece, ſhe would rather die than diſgrace them, by not appearing as ſhe ſhould. Her Aunt inſtantly knew her Meaning, and, without ſuffering her to proceed, told her, That ſhe would talk on that Head to her Huſband, who, ſhe was ſure, would furniſh her with every thing ſuitable to his and her Rank. The Huſband happening to come into the Room at this time, the Wife expatiated very feelingly upon what Mrs. *Townley* had ſaid; and how much they were obliged to their dear Niece, for the Regard ſhe had for their Honour in a ſtrange Country. The Huſband, who had a great Share of Vanity, was eaſily convinced, that the Things Mrs. *Townley* had to wear, though they might do

do in *England*, were not good enough for *France*, where ſhe was to appear as his Niece, and not as the Wife of ſuch a Scrub as *Townley* was. Upon this, the old Man ſtept to his Strong-box; and, preſenting Mrs. *Townley* with Two Bank-Bills, the one of Five hundred, and the other of Two hundred Pounds, he told her, he expected ſhe would lay the firſt out upon Jewels, and the other upon Cloaths; and that he and his Wife left the Choice of both intirely to herſelf, as ſhe was beſt acquainted with the *French* Taſte and Faſhions.

Mrs. *Townley* had now completely obtained her Ends; and next Morning, under Pretence that ſhe could buy much cheaper, if ſhe appeared without any Equipage, ſhe went abroad in a Hackney-Coach, to lay out her Money. Towards Evening ſhe returned, with a moſt magnificent Set of Jewels, which were mightily admired by the Uncle and Aunt, as being vaſtly pretty, and exceſſively cheap. But the Truth is, Mrs. *Townley* did not lay out above One hundred of the Five hundred Pounds, the chief Part of what ſhe bought being falſe Stones, but ſo extremely well counterfeited, that it was no Wonder the old People miſtook them for true ones. Nothing now ſtopp'd their Departure but the Opportunity of a Ship, and a fair Wind, both

which preſented in a few Days; and they landed ſafe at *Bourdeaux*, about the Beginning of *May*.

They reſted there for a Fortnight, that they might recover from the Fatigues of the Voyage; and, as neither the Uncle nor the Aunt could ſpeak *French*, every thing was left to the Managment of Mrs. *Townley*, who hired a very handſome Equipage to carry them to *Montpelier*, with an Intention to ſpend the Remainder of the Summer at that delightful Place; and ſhe took care, for fear of Accidents, to conceal about her own Perſon a Box, in which all her Jewels were contain'd.

The old Gentleman and his Wife were all this time hugging themſelves with the Succeſs of their Precaution, in making their Niece change her Name into that of *Meanwell*. They had made ſeveral diſtant Inquiries about *Townley*; but being able to hear nothing of him, they concluded him to be either ſtarved or hanged. As they were in no Hurry, they intended to ſee all the Places worthy of Note, that lay near the Road they were to travel, and propoſed to have a great deal of Pleaſure at *Cahors*, *Mont-Auban*, *Thouloufe*, and other Cities, of which they had heard a great deal: But as they were entering *Mont-Auban*, their Coach was ſuddenly beſet, and ſtopt by Officers

Officers of Juſtice, Four of whom laid violent Hands upon Mrs. *Meanwell*, who ſcream'd out moſt powerfully, to her Uncle and her Aunt, for Relief, while the Fifth (putting off his Hat) addreſſed himſelf very reſpectfully, with a Paper in his Hand, to the Uncle, who, deaf with Rage, did not hear One Word he ſaid, and had the Mortification to ſee his Niece forced into a Poſt-Chaiſe, which, the Moment it received her, drove off like Lightning. This Sight quite ſubdued the old Gentleman's Rage, and he fell into a Flood of Tears, begging to know of the Officer the Meaning of the Proceeding. The Officer, by the Help of an *Engliſh* Gentleman, who underſtood *French*, and had come along with him, made ſhift to let him know, that he and his Niece had been ſeen at *Bourdeaux* by her Huſband, who, having procured proper Depoſitions, as to her Perſon, from thoſe who had ſeen her in *France*, had obtained a Warrant from the Governor of the Province for ſecuring her, where-ever ſhe ſhould be found, and for taking her into his own Cuſtody.

The old Gentleman, not at all ſuſpecting that his Niece was concerned in this Affair, made all the Inquiries he could to learn where ſhe had been carried: But all was to no Purpoſe; and he and his Wife

ſpent that and the next Day, bitterly bewailing the Loſs of his dear Child. But finding their Sorrows quite ineffectual, they proceeded to *Montpelier*, where they determined to ſtay ſome time, in Hopes of hearing from their Niece. When they had continued there for about Three Weeks, they received a Letter from her, by the Poſt, containing a moſt frightful Deſcription of her Situation, from the Barbarity of her Husband, and informing them, that ſhe was writing with the Danger of her Life, which he certainly would take away, if he diſcovered, that ſhe kept any Correſpondence with them: But that, as her Situation was worſe than Death, ſhe would take the firſt Opportunity of leaving him, if they ſtill would be ſo kind as to receive her: She added, That ſhe had prevailed with an *Engliſh* Gentleman, who lived at *Bourdeaux*, where ſhe then was, and who had Compaſſion on her Sufferings, to convey any Letter that might be ſent to her, unknown to the Wretch her Huſband; but that it would be impoſſible for her to keep out of his Hands, if ſhe remained in *France*.

The old Couple were overjoyed with this Letter, and returned her an Anſwer, full of Affection and Tenderneſs, acquainting her, that, before theirs could come to her Hand,

Hand, they would be ſet out for *Paris*, upon their Return to *England*, as they had now no further Occaſion to remain in *France*: That, at *Paris*, they would throw themſelves at the Feet of the *Engliſh* Embaſſador, if ſhe did not eſcape before that time, to implore his Interceſſion for her Relief; and that if ſhe ſhould be ſo lucky as to eſcape, ſhe ſhould certainly hear of them at his Houſe. They accompanied this Letter with a ſmall Bill of Exchange, payable for her Uſe, to the Gentleman at *Bourdeaux*, to whom ſhe deſired her Letters to be addreſſed, in order to defray any little Expences ſhe might be at in providing what was neceſſary for her Eſcape.

The Reader, no doubt, eaſily conceives the Grimace of all this Management; the Whole of which was, in fact, concerted between Mrs. *Townley* and her Husband, who had privately correſponded together. *Townley*, by his Wife's Addreſs, was now poſſeſſed of Four hundred Pounds; for ſhe had taken care to ſecure that Sum, which ſhe had ſaved out of the Jewel-Money, in an *Engliſh* Bank-Note, which he eaſily negotiated at *Bourdeaux*. They could have lived very happily together, had it been conſiſtent with their Circumſtances; but the great Expectations Mrs. *Townley* had from her Uncle, forced them upon the Violence

of another, and it proved to be a final, Separation. Every thing was conducted ſo as to give Mrs. *Townley*'s Journey to *Paris* the Air of an Eſcape; and the old Couple had not been Two Days there before ſhe arrived at their Houſe, muffled up, and diſguiſed, and threw herſelf at their Feet. The old Gentleman and Lady, raviſhed to have their dear Niece again in their Poſſeſſion, melted into Tears at the lamentable Tale of what ſhe had ſuffered from the Rogue her Huſband; and it was reſolved to ſet out the very next Day for *Calais*, that they might prevent a Purſuit. This Reſolution was happily executed; and they returned to *London* in about Two Months after the time they left it.

Mrs. *Townley* ſeemed ſo greatly re-eſtabliſhed in her Health by the Journey, and her Uncle and Aunt were ſo pleaſed with her Eſcape from the Hands of he unnatural Huſband, that they ſcarcely beſtowed a Thought upon the fine Jewels he had ſtripped her of. But, in Four Months, ſo remarkable an Alteration happened upon her Perſon, that Mrs. *Townley* found ſhe could no longer conceal her being with Child. She confeſſed, to her Uncle and Aunt, that Life was ſweet; that, for Fear of Death, ſhe had at one time been forced to endure the naſty Man; that now ſhe wiſhed

wiſhed ſhe had died rather than have done it; and that ſhe hoped ſhe never would live to bring the Brat into the World. In ſhort, ſhe diſſembled ſo completely, that her Uncle and Aunt believed every Word ſhe ſaid: They pity'd her Misfortune, but condemned her impious Wiſh; and at the End of Five Months, from that time, ſhe was brought to bed of a fine Girl, to whom, in the enſuing Narrative, we are to give the Name of *Charlotte*, after her Mother. The older an aged Couple grow, they grow the more fond; and the Birth of this Child endeared Mrs. *Townley* to her Uncle and Aunt more than ever. They now lived in the North of *England*, and Mrs. *Townley* along with them; but the old Gentleman's Averſion to *Townley* was ſuch, that they lived in this manner ſeveral Years longer without his making any Will in Favour of his Niece, for fear her Huſband might obtain his Pardon, and return home, to diſturb her in the Enjoyment of their Eſtate. Mrs. *Townley* knew the Temper of the old Couple too well for her to think of dropping the ſmalleſt Word in favour of her Huſband, whom ſhe was obliged to rail againſt upon all Occaſions; and ſhe managed ſo artfully, that the old Gentleman reſolved to go up to *London*, in the Term-time, to take the Opinion of the

moſt learned Lawyers about the Settlement of his Eſtate. But, in the mean while, it happened unfortunately for Mrs. *Townley*, that the old Lady, her Aunt, died.

By this time *Townley*'s eldeſt Son was about Nineteen Years of Age. He had received all the Education that befitted a young Gentleman; but his Temper and Diſpoſition were very ill ſuited for requiteing the Kindneſs and Expences his Grand-uncle had beſtowed upon him. As he had ſeldom or never lived at home with them, and had always been encouraged to think himſelf their Heir, and that they could not diſappoint him of their Eſtate, he had not the ſmalleſt Notion of his being under any Obligation to them; and when he came to underſtand what an Averſion they had for his Father, he conceived an equal Averſion to them: He was, at laſt, even imprudent enough to acquaint his Grand-uncle, by a Letter, that, as he intended very ſoon to go to *France*, to ſee his Father, he hoped he would remit him the neceſſary Sums for defraying the Expence of his Journey. The old Gentleman, before this time, had been often piqued at the Indifference and Extravagance of his Grand-nephew, but he had, in Tenderneſs to his Niece, forborn to let him feel the Weight of his Diſpleaſure; and

he was ſtill in Hopes, that the young Man might be reclaimed, by a few Years, and a little more Reflection: But the Receipt of this Letter put him all in a Flame of Paſſion, which was rather increaſed than abated by his Niece's throwing herſelf at his Feet to appeaſe him. At firſt he loaded her, and her Family, with the moſt bitter Reproaches; which ſhe bore with the greateſt Patience and Temper; for, not having her Aunt to interpoſe in her behalf, ſhe ſuffered him to rail himſelf out of Breath. In a few Days after, his Tenderneſs for his Niece returned; he ſeemed aſhamed of what he had done, and ſent for her to his Room, where he accoſted her in the following manner: "*Charlotte*, ſaid he, if a Six-pence "would ſave your Huſband from D——n, "he ſhould not have it from me; but you "know, *Charlotte*, what I have done for "you, and your Children—— Well, I "always thought, that this young Fellow "would turn out like his Father; but "don't be diſcouraged, Child—Don't cry; "it ſhall not be worſe for you and your "Daughter— Come, you ſhall go along "with me to *London*, and there we ſhall "ſee what can be done." He kiſſed his Niece at the Cloſe of this Speech, and told her, he would give no Anſwer to the young Fellow's Letter, till he ſhould ſee him in Perſon.

Perſon. Mrs. *Townley* was no Stranger to her Son's Diſpoſition, which had often given her great Affliction; and ſhe was very well pleaſed to underſtand, that ſhe was to go to *London* with her Uncle, where ſhe was in hopes to give her Son ſuch Inſtructions as might bring him in favour with the old Gentleman.

About the Beginning of *November* they arrived at *London*, a Houſe being taken for them ready furniſhed; and the firſt thing the old Gentleman did, was to make all the Inquiries he could into the Character and Conduct of his Grand-nephew. The more he inquired, the more he ſuſpected, that he had but little Cauſe to be ſatisfied; and, notwithſtanding his Niece's prudent Admonition, the young Fellow confirmed all his Suſpicions, by his diſreſpectful Behaviour to himſelf in Perſon, till at laſt the old Gentleman abſolutely refuſed to ſee him, or to defray his extravagant Bills, which flowed in upon him in great Plenty.

But though he had now laid aſide all Thoughts of giving him any Part of his Eſtate, he had retained the ſame Affection for Mrs. *Townley* as ever; and, after many Conſultations with his Lawyers, he found the ſafeſt Way to prevent either of the *Townleys* from having any Benefit by his Eſtate, was to veſt the Whole of it, after his

his own Deceaſe, in Truſtees, for the Uſe of young *Charlotte*, but ſubject to an Annuity of Five hundred Pounds a Year, payable to the Mother, during her Life. Mean while young *Townley*'s Creditors, underſtanding upon what ill Terms he ſtood with his Grand-uncle, arreſted him; and he lay for a Fortnight in a Bailiff's Houſe.

Mrs. *Townley*, ever ſince the time of her being in *France*, had found means to keep a ſecret Correſpondence, by Letters, with her Huſband; and being intruſted with the laying out all the Money which her Uncle allowed, upon himſelf, and Family, ſhe had taken care to remit to her Huſband as much as, with good Management, ſerved to maintain him like a Gentleman. But this had drained her, ſo that ſhe had nothing left to ſpare to the Neceſſities of her Son, whom ſhe could not bear to ſee in a Goal. She therefore fell at her Uncle's Feet, conjuring him to take Compaſſion upon her Miſery, and to complete all the Goodneſs he had ever ſhewn her, by relieving her Son, at leaſt for this time, tho' he never ſhould ſee him again. The old Man could not reſiſt the Force of his Niece's Importunities; and immediately ſent for a Liſt of her Son's Debts, which amounted in the Whole to about Six hundred Pounds. He then call'd Mrs. *Townley* into his Room, and told

told her, he was willing to defray all her Son's Debts; but, with the expreſs Condition; That he ſhould accept of an Enſign's Commiſſion, which he ſhould buy for him, in an *Engliſh* Regiment lying at *Minorca*; and that he ſhould immediately embark on board a Ship, which was ready to ſail for that Place. Mrs. *Townley* carried thoſe Conditions to her Son, who accepted of them with Joy. The Money was immediately paid down by the Uncle, both for the Debts, and the Commiſſion: An Hundred and Fifty Guineas more was advanced by the old Gentleman, to buy him Cloaths and Neceſſaries, and to enable him to join the Regiment; and, at the Time appointed, taking Leave of his Mother, he went on board the Ship for *Minorca*.

He had not been gone Two Days, when a Gentleman, who had, for ſome time, reſided in *France*, and had been intimate with the elder *Townley*, called upon the Uncle; and, being admitted, preſented him with a Letter, informing him of *Townley*'s Death, and ſigned by Two *Engliſh* Gentlemen in *Boulogne*, deſiring him to communicate the News, in the moſt prudent Manner he could, to Mrs. *Townley*. The old Gentleman had no ſooner read the Letter, than, filling out a Bumper of Wine to the Stranger, and one for himſelf, he drank

to

to his Health, for the good News: He then rung his Bell, called for his Niece, and, with a brutiſh kind of a Triumph, threw her the Letter, that ſhe might read it.

Mrs. *Townley*, ever ſince her laſt Arrival in *London*, had been in a very ill State of Health; and the Manner of her parting with her Son had diſordered her ſo much, that nothing but her Uncle's poſitive Commands could have brought her into Company. Notwithſtanding that, ſhe was, at this time, a fine, deſireable, Woman; and, as ſoon as ſhe came into the Room, Mr. *Medley* (for that was the Stranger's Name) beheld her with great Emotions in his own Mind. But ſhe had no ſooner read the Letter, than ſhe ſunk, ſenſeleſs, upon a Couch. Mr. *Medley*, being more nimble than the Uncle, ran and catched her in his Arms; and, in giving her Air, he had an Opportunity of ſeeing and touching the fineſt Neck, and the faireſt Breaſt, in the World. The Truth is, our Lover's Paſſion did not ariſe merely from the Charms of his Miſtreſs. He was one of thoſe Gallants who, after running through a Life of Riot, Luxury, and Gaming, in *England*, ſpend the Remainder of their Days upon a thin Diet, with mighty Expectations, and in faſhionable Company, in *France*. His Reſi-

Reſidence had chiefly been at *Boulogne*, the Sink of the *Britiſh* and *Iriſh* Spendthrifts; and, at this time, he ventured over to *England*, upon the Credit of one of his Friends, who held a Poſt under the Government, and had promiſed *Medley* his Intereſt for a ſmall Place in one of the *Britiſh* Settlements abroad. *Medley* was of a Diſpoſition that never is daunted by the boldeſt Attempts in Love: He conſidered Mrs. *Townley*, whom the Servants, by this time, had carried off to her Bedchamber, as an Object which, in all reſpects, was worthy his Ambition; and, without conſidering the Conſequences, to which he was no Stranger, he immediately reſolved to pay his Addreſſes to her. He was ſomewhat encouraged to this by the Civility of the Uncle, who invited him to ſtay, and finiſh the Bottle, and who could not help railing at his Niece, for the Concern ſhe ſhewed in receiving the News of her Huſband's Death. *Medley* laid hold of this Opportunity to practiſe upon the old Gentleman's Foible, by praiſing his Generoſity, his good Senſe, and good Nature, and loading the Memory of *Townley* with the moſt villainous Calumnies. At laſt, when the Bottle was almoſt at an End, the Uncle told *Medley*, he ſhould be glad to ſee him again; which the other promiſed

miſed as faithfully he ſhould; and they parted very good Friends.

Next Morning, the old Gentleman went to his Niece's Apartment, intending to upbraid her for the Concern ſhe had ſhewn for ſo worthleſs a Fellow, as her Huſband was, and to propoſe a Match between her and the Son of Mr. *Maintree*, whom we have already mentioned for his good Offices to her Huſband. But, when he came to her Room, he found her attended by Dr. *Myrtle*, who pronounced her Caſe to be ſo dangerous, that it was proper he ſhould call in the Advice of another Phyſician. Though the old Gentleman loved his Niece to Diſtraction, and intended, if her Marriage with young *Maintree* had taken place, to have made her his ſole Heireſs and Executrix, yet he could not help falling into a Paſſion, inſtead of Pity, when he underſtood how ill ſhe was, which he attributed intirely to her Concern for her Huſband's Death. Mrs. *Townley*, who dreaded the Conſequences to her Children, had juſt Strength enough to tell him, that her Illneſs was owing only to the Surprize ſhe was under, at the unexpected manner of communicating to her the News; and ſhe repreſented this ſo pathetically, that ſhe turned the Whole of her Uncle's Anger upon himſelf. During her Illneſs, he ſeldom

dom left her Room; and, in Two Days time, her Fever roſe ſo high, that, being given over by her Phyſicians, ſhe expired in a few Hours after.

Her Uncle appeared inconſolable at her Death; he declared himſelf to be weary of living, and refuſed to ſee any Company: His Sorrows were imbittered with the Reflection, that, by his brutal Behaviour, he had been the chief Cauſe of her Death; and though this was merely Imagination, yet the Impreſſion that it made upon his Spirits, together with his old Age, carried him off, in leſs than a Month after his Niece's Death.

The End of BOOK I.

THE

THE FRIENDS.

BOOK II.

THE young *Charlotte*, by her Grand-uncle's Death, became intitled, when ſhe was of Age, to a Fortune of Forty thouſand Pounds, in Money; and a Land-Eſtate, of Five hundred Pounds a Year. As to her Brother, ſhe had heard of him, and that was all, by an Officer of the ſame Regiment, who was, in a few Days, to ſet out for *Minorca*, and who was his particular Friend. *Charlotte*, young as ſhe was, ſhewed great Senſibility, when ſhe found ſhe had a Brother; and had

ſaved

ſaved as much out of her little Allowances as made Two Mourning-rings, one of which ſhe reſerved for herſelf, and ſent the other, with a Letter, to her Brother, by this Officer. She had her Education in an eminent City in the North of *England*; and, about Seventeen, ſhe came to *London*; where ſhe boarded in the Houſe of a Relation, whoſe Circumſtances had obliged her to be a kind of Tutoreſs to young Ladies, who lived with her rather under the Notion of Friends, than of Boarders.

As I write a Hiſtory, not a Romance, I ſhall not raiſe the Reader's Expectation, with regard to her promiſing Beauties in the Dawn of Life. *Charlotte* was not without the narrow Prejudices which Education inſtils. When ſhe firſt came to *London*, ſhe was apt to think no Place ſo polite as that which ſhe had left; and ſhe meaſured all her Notions of Wit, Worth, Beauty, Senſe, and Dreſs, by the Models ſhe had ſeen in the Country. She had about her a Tincture of Pride, but none of Vanity; ſhe had an Opinion of her Fortune, but none of her Perſon: She appeared virtuous through Ignorance of Vice; and religious through the Force of Example: She was yet inſenſible of Tenderneſs, becauſe unacquainted with Misfortune: With her, Faſhion appeared to be the higheſt Recommendation

mendation to Friendſhip; and Good-breeding the ſtrongeſt Attractive of Regard: She had improved little by Company, and leſs by Reading: She ſeemed to encourage the Exerciſe of Reaſoning, but to decline the Fatigue of Thinking; while the Decency of her Conduct, and the frequent Proofs ſhe gave of her good Senſe, filled the moſt obſerving with Eſteem, inſtead of Cenſure.

I have, in this Character of *Charlotte*, drawn her as ſhe came from the Hands of Education, not as ſhe came from the Mint of Nature. She had within her, unknown to herſelf, more noble Principles; but they had not been duly cultivated, and they lay concealed, till they unfolded into Action, when the Strength of Nature, and the Force of Affliction, purified and ennobled her Sentiments. Thoſe had been left untouched by the Inſtructors of her Youth, who ſought to form her rather to Decency than to Virtue.

Her Air appeared, at this time, rather gay than graceful. The fine Proportion of her Shape took from her Part of her Tallneſs, in which ſhe exceeded the common Rate of her Sex: Her Beauty was faultleſs, but the Reſult rather of the Diſpoſition, than the Form, of her Features; it was of the *Greek* kind, ſomewhat that touched

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the Mind more than the Eye; yet the Eye could ſee nothing more lovely, nor the Mind deſire ought that was more unaffected.

If the Circle of Acquaintances, which *Charlotte* had hitherto made, did not improve her Capacity by their Converſation, they were far from tainting her Morals by their Example. She lived in a kind of chearful Unconcern about every thing that paſt without the Sphere of her own Company; ſhe ſeldom partook in the Gaieties, and always declined the Extravagancies, of Life. But we cannot ſuppoſe a young Lady, ſuch as I have deſcribed *Charlotte*, to have long continued in ſuch a State of Indifference, balanced between Indolence as to Virtue, and Ignorance as to Vice: This is a State in which Women, of her Form and Fortune, cannot long remain in *London*. *Charlotte*, in the Summer, ſpent a few Months with a young Lady, for whom ſhe expreſſed a more than common Friendſhip; which was kept up, during the Winter, by continual Intercourſe of Viſits, and Converſation, in Town.

The Name of this Female Friend was *Henrietta*. She was about Three Years older than *Charlotte*; but their Education had been very different. *Henrietta*'s natural Virtue was improved by an exquiſite Sen-

Senſibility, which ſhe had acquired from Reading, and from the Company of Parents, whoſe chiefeſt Care ſhe was, and who had great Experience in all the Arts of Living. She knew what Paſſion meant, from Books, but not from Experience; and the daily Wrecks of Honour and Reputation, which ſhe ſaw floating in the Current of Life, ſtrengthened her Reſolution to avoid the Rocks upon which others had ſplit. She knew a Pleaſure in Offices of Tenderneſs and Humanity; and often, when ſhe could give nothing elſe, ſhe gave Tears to the Diſtreſſed. She was ſeldom alarmed, becauſe ſhe imagined ſhe could not be ſurpriſed. She was too apt to think herſelf as ſuperior to Weakneſs as to Vice; and to pity, when ſhe ought to have profited. She appeared a Garden adorned with every Product which Culture can beſtow; and *Charlotte* a Field, in which, if no rank Weeds appeared, it was owing leſs to the Hand of Induſtry, than to the Quality of the Soil. *Henrietta* was the Example, *Charlotte* the Subject, of Improvement. Care had diſplayed the Accompliſhments of the one, and Neglect had concealed the Beauties of the other.

The Ties of Friendſhip may proceed from a Difference, as well as a Similarity, of Manners. We ſeek in another the Per-

fections we want in ourſelves; and the Eagerneſs of the Purſuit, or the Difficulty of ſucceeding, leads us into a Paſſion for acquiring them. *Charlotte* admired Gracefulneſs in *Henrietta*; and *Henrietta*, Nature in *Charlotte*. Each ſtudied to acquire the other's Beauties; and each thought ſhe would be completely finiſhed, if ſhe could gain what the other poſſeſſed: In this Search, each unlock'd the Secrets of her Breaſt; and the Purity of both gave, to either, Confidence, which improved into unreſerved Converſation, and ended in diſintereſted Friendſhip.

Every Day added to *Charlotte*'s Knowlege of Life, and to *Henrietta*'s Diſtruſt of the World. *Charlotte* grew, every Hour, more valuable to *Henrietta*, and *Henrietta* more indifferent to herſelf. She found in *Charlotte* what ſhe could not find in Books; and, through her, *Charlotte* loſt all the confuſed Notions which confined Education and ruſtic Flattery had inſpired. Their Obſervations were ſeldom attended by Cenſure, or their Cenſure by Ill-nature, and both were applied rather to the Follies, than the Vices, of the Human-kind.

And now *Charlotte*, ſtrengthened with ſuch a Friend, durſt venture more abroad, than ſhe had hitherto done, into the World. This gave a Reliſh to Retirement, as Retirement

tirement did to Society. Amongſt other Friends who viſited *Henrietta*, in the Summer Seaſon, while ſhe lived with *Charlotte* in the Country, about Twenty Miles from *London*, was *Eugene*. As he is a Perſon who is to make a chief Figure in the following Pages, it is neceſſary that I ſhould let the Reader into his Character, and ſome Part of his Hiſtory, as I have into thoſe of the Two Ladies; and I ſhall obſerve the ſame Simplicity in all.

Eugene was about Four or Five-and-thirty Years of Age, when his Acquaintance with *Charlotte* commenced. He was the younger Son of an ancient Family, and had every Part of Education, both at home and abroad, that could enable him to enter upon the Stage of Life, with Advantage. But *Eugene*'s natural Parts outſtripped the Cares of his Tutors; he ſeemed to comprehend Things by Intuition, rather than Inſtruction; he was learned, without Study; he was ſenſible, without Art; and witty, without Pertneſs. He underſtood thoroughly, though he ſeemed to read ſuperficially; becauſe his Diſcernment was ſo juſt, that, in all Authors, he knew how to extract what was beautiful from what was indifferent, and to ſeparate Utility from Impertinence. His Taſte was equal to his Learning, and he had a full Command of

Language. His Knowledge of Mankind was equal to his Knowledge of Books. When he pleaſed, the Charms of his Converſation were irreſiſtible; his Diſcernment was not to be impoſed upon, and he underſtood, to great Perfection, the Weakneſs of human Nature.

But, with thoſe Excellencies, *Eugene* was the Dupe of his own Accompliſhments. He was addicted, naturally, neither to Gaming, nor any Intemperance; yet he had a Propenſity to Pleaſure, ſo violent, that he had neglected all Application to Buſineſs; and his Patrimony was exhauſted, without any means of recruiting it. Tho' his Heart was good, yet his Indolence was attended with the ſame Effects, as if he had been the worſt of Men. With half the Pains which he took to make himſelf admired by thoſe, whoſe Company diſgraced his Reputation, and never could ſerve his Intereſt, he could have been uſeful to himſelf, an Honour to his Family, and an Ornament to his Friends, if his frequent Imprudencies in Life had left him any. When he was impoſed upon, it was not through want of Diſcernment, to ſee the Cheat, but becauſe it would have coſt him too much Trouble to detect it. When he impoſed upon others, it was with no Deſign to harm them, but to keep himſelf in-

indolent. He was always willing to purchaſe a Moment of preſent Eaſe with a Month of future Diſquiet; and never thought how to avoid a Misfortune, till it trod cloſe upon his Heels.

Eugene never was married; and his Form was ſuch as was capable to inſpire neither Love nor Averſion. He had been engaged in ſeveral Intrigues, from a Principle, rather, of Vanity, than of Pleaſure; far leſs of Love. He thought his Honour at ſtake, if he did not ſucceed in every Attempt he made; and therefore he was as earneſt in his amorous Purſuits, as if he had been inſpired with real Love, and had felt all the Paſſion he pretended. He long had an Intercourſe with *Livia*, the Wife of *Tape*, a cunning, mercenary Lawyer. She had been acquainted with *Eugene* before her Mariage, and the Conveniency of indulging her Paſſion had prevailed with her to take Refuge, againſt its Conſequences, in the Arms of a Man whom ſhe neither loved nor eſteemed.

Tape was the Perſon moſt truſted in private Buſineſs by *Eugene*, becauſe he ſupplied his Extravagances, without putting him to the Trouble of looking into the State of his Affairs. While *Eugene*'s Fortune laſted, *Tape* never ſuffered him to be without Money, at an exorbitant Intereſt;

and the frequent Occaſions of Buſineſs that were between them, ſerved as ſo many Pretexts for the Viſits which *Eugene* paid at *Tape*'s Houſe. *Livia* ſaw, at firſt, with Concern, the wide Steps which *Eugene* was making towards his own Ruin. She could not help expreſſing it both to him and to *Tape*. But *Eugene* always laugh'd her Apprehenſions off, and turned the Diſcourſe ſo quickly on another Subject, that *Livia* ſaw he was reſolved to be undone. She was, however, generous enough to ſpeak of it to her Huſband, with ſo much Warmth, that *Tape* began firſt to open his Eyes, and then to be ſurpriſed at his long Ignorance of that, which he imagined was plain to all the World beſides.

He was nettled, but not enraged, at the Thought of the Wrongs that had been done him; he concluded with himſelf, that, as it was impoſſible to repair his Honour, or to recall what was paſt, the moſt prudent Method he could purſue, was to make the beſt he could of what was to come. This was about Two Years before *Charlotte*'s Acquaintance with *Henrietta* commenced, and when ſuch a Competency of Fortune was ſtill remaining to *Eugene*, as might have enabled him to live with Decency, though not with Splendor.

Tape

Tape had no Proof of what he more than ſuſpected; but every Viſit which *Eugene* paid to his Houſe convinced him more and more of the Truth. He was now able to diſcern every little Intimation of conſcious Paſſion, and to interpret every Sign that drops from reſtrained Impatience. Being no longer in Doubt, he ſeriouſly deliberates with himſelf how to proceed. At laſt, he fixed the Plan of his Operations. Under Pretences of Buſineſs, he was more frequently than ever from home, and gave *Eugene* more Opportunities, than ever, with *Livia*. *Eugene* had too quick Diſcernment not to perceive this, and not to ſuſpect ſomewhat of its Conſequences; but he had not the Reſolution to prevent them. He even neglected to open his Apprehenſions to *Livia*, leſt ſhe ſhould be ſo much alarmed, as to be upon her Guard, and thereby render the Enjoyment of his Pleaſures more ſeldom attainable. That he might avoid Difficulty, he ſhut his Eyes upon Danger; and thought no Inconveniency equal to the Trouble of coolly reflecting upon the dreadful Situation he was in.

Livia, on the other hand, trembled at Danger, but durſt encounter Difficulty, becauſe it enhanced Enjoyment. It was from that Principle ſhe had ſo long taſted

Pleaſure in the Arms of *Eugene*, and, perhaps, knew ſo little in thoſe of her Huſband. But repeated Security in her criminal Intercourſe began to pall her Paſſion, and diminiſh in her Eyes the Charms of *Eugene*.

Tape grew quickly ſenſible of this, by an Alteration of her Behaviour, both towards himſelf and *Eugene*. He perceived that *Livia* endured him with leſs Reluctance, in proportion as her Regard for *Eugene* abated. He redoubled his Aſſiduities to pleaſe her; he gratified her Vanity beyond what his private Circumſtances could well bear; and was ſo reſpectfully ſubmiſſive to her Pride, that ſhe even embolden'd his Addreſſes; and, at laſt, ſtudied to take off from the mean Opinion which he profeſſed of his own Unworthineſs to poſſeſs the Happineſs of her Affection. In ſhort, ſo artfully did *Tape*, who knew Womankind, work upon the Foibles of his Wife; he made ſo many Pretences of Buſineſs, for depriving himſelf of the only Pleaſure which, he ſaid, could give him Happineſs; he expreſſed ſo much Concern, that neither his Perſon, his Fortune, nor his Education, was equal to her Merits, that *Livia* hoped to find a Lover in a Huſband. An Acceſſion of Fortune, which, through her, had fallen to *Tape*, gave the latter a natural and convenient

nient Pretext of Gratitude; and the Reconcilement of ſome Family Differences, in which, *Tape* induſtriouſly put himſelf in the wrong, diſguiſed the Alteration of his Behaviour, which might otherwiſe, to *Livia*, have appeared affected.

Livia was not ſo much Miſtreſs of Diſſimulation, as to be able to impoſe upon *Eugene*, who perceived the Abatement of her Fondneſs; but he was far from being cured of his guilty Paſſion. He would not break with *Livia* all at once; that would have been doing Violence to that Indolence of Diſpoſition which was his Failing, if not, his Crime. He put off the Rupture from Day to Day, ſtill truſting that ſome Accident might happen which would part them, and that then Abſence would, without any Diſquiet on either Part, finiſh their Intercourſe. This was what *Tape*, of all things, dreaded. Both his Avarice and Revenge were intereſted to retain *Eugene*; his Aim was to make thoſe Paſſions go hand in hand together; and he knew, that the approaching Ruin of *Eugene*'s Fortune, from other Extravagancies, would diſappoint both, if he did not ſpeedily reſolve and execute.

It was abſolutely neceſſary, that *Livia* ſhould be in the Secret; but the Difficulty was, how to break to her his deteſtable

Deſign. He knew, from many Intimations, that *Livia* was not yet wicked enough for his Purpoſe, but that artful Management could ſoon confirm her Weakneſs into Guilt. All her Affections had the ſame Root, which was Vanity; but he was in ſome Doubt, whether her Stock of it could admit the Ingraftments which he meant to give it, and which he intended ſhould produce every Fruit of Shame, Guilt, and Perfidy. To know how far he could venture, he began with diſtant Hints of *Eugene*'s low Circumſtances, and of his approaching Ruin, which, he ſaid, was inevitable, from his Creditors. He hinted, that others would profit by his Wrecks, if he did not; and that they were ſufficient to maintain her in ſuch Splendor as would make her, all her Life after, the Envy, and the Admiration, of her Acquaintances. At laſt he told her, there was one, and but one, Way to raiſe her Fortune, and that was at *Eugene*'s Expence.

Livia, wicked as ſhe was, would have ſtartled at this Propoſal, had not her Huſband broken her Surprize, by the Bait which he threw out for her ruling Paſſion. While her Ideas were ſporting with that, her Mind was unſuſceptible of Horror; and *Tape* knew that her Heart was more diſengaged than before of Affection for

Eugene,

Eugene. She pauſed; ſhe inquired; ſhe doubted; ſhe pitied, and yet ſhe wiſhed; ſhe wiſhed to become greater and finer than ſhe was, but could not think of the Ruin of poor *Eugene.* Her Huſband, from thoſe Symptoms, ſaw her ſmall Remains of Good-nature (for ſhe had none of Virtue) beginning to melt before her Vanity; and he ply'd her with warmer Hopes, and brighter Proſpects, of Grandeur and Happineſs. Her Kindneſs for *Eugene* was now ſtagger'd, and, at length, it vaniſhed, upon her Huſband perſuading her, that ſhe was about to commit no bad Action, ſince, if *Eugene* was to periſh, as he inevitably muſt, it was reaſonable that ſhe, rather than another, ſhould profit by his Ruins.

This ſhallow Argument cancelled all *Livia*'s Scruples with regard to *Eugene*, and her only Queſtion now was, in what manner to proceed. Here *Tape* afreſh was puzzled. It was too ſhocking for him to propoſe his Wife to be the Inſtrument of her own Infamy, and to operate in expoſing her own Wickedneſs; but, even in this, he ſucceeded, beyond his Wiſhes. He put on an Air of Frankneſs towards *Livia*; he caught her in his Arms; he praiſed her Beauty; he affected to pity the Temptations to which it muſt have expoſed her; he enter'd upon the almoſt Impoſſibility of

Reſiſtance under ſuch Circumſtances, and into Invectives againſt Huſbands who knew not how to make Allowances for the Frailty of human Nature, and the Strength of artful Deluſion. He next drew *Livia* into Diſcourſe upon the Subject; and ſo well did they agree in their Sentiments, that he ventured, all at once, to put it to her Conſcience, whether ſhe had not been ſometimes inclined to repay the Aſſiduities of *Eugene*, which, he ſaid, were too viſible to be concealed, but which he had, for her Peace, overlook'd?

Livia colour'd at this abrupt Queſtion, and fell into Confuſion; when *Tape*, redoubling his Careſſes, ſwore, That he would ſave her farther Bluſhes; and that, though he was no Stranger to the Truth, yet that he could forgive all, if ſhe would again encourage *Eugene* in his Addreſſes. *Livia* was more amaz'd than before; and her Diſorder was redoubled, when *Tape*, changing his manner, told her, in an imperious Tone, That he had, for ſome time, wink'd at her Frailty; that it was in vain for her to deny it; and that the only Reparation he deſired, or ſhe could make, was, to comply with his Requeſt. A thouſand Thoughts and Suſpicions now crouded into *Livia*'s Head, and ſhe immediately concluded, that *Tape* had, in ſome unguarded Interview between her

her and *Eugene*, ſeen enough to confirm his Jealouſy. She ſigh'd, ſhe dropt a Tear, but was ſilent; and her Silence imported Conſent to all that *Tape* had ſaid, or demanded. The mercenary Huſband ſaw this Behaviour with Pleaſure; he underſtood its Meaning, and ſeemed to reſume all his former Tenderneſs; he told her, That he would preſs her no farther, but that he abſolutely expected her Compliance, as the only Means of effecting his Deſigns upon *Eugene*; and he promiſed, at the ſame time, to manage ſo, as that her Honour ſhould not ſuffer in the Eyes of the World.

Livia had now no longer Love, but Avarice, to gratify; and when ſhe began to reflect, by herſelf, upon her preſent Situation, compared with her paſt Danger, ſhe had no Averſion at complying with her Huſband's ſcandalous Injunction; and ſhe was ſtrengthen'd in her Reſolution, by the Aſſurances which *Tape* had given her, that ſhe ſhould not be expoſed to public Cenſure. *Eugene* had never given over his Viſits; he behaved with the ſame Regard as formerly to *Livia*; and was weak enough to think of puniſhing her Coldneſs, by regaining her Affections, and then leaving her. This Refinement of Pride upon Revenge kept him ſtill aſſiduous; and *Livia*

gave him ſeveral Hints, that ſhe was on the point of reſuming all her former Tenderneſs, which ſhe had only ſeem'd to lay aſide, for Reaſons which ſhe would communicate to him the firſt Opportunity which *Tape*'s Abſence ſhould preſent. *Eugene*, upon this Declaration, again had within his own Breaſt a faint Preſage of what afterwards happen'd. The Eyes of *Livia* no longer darted thoſe contagious Glances that fed his guilty Flame; her Tongue had loſt the bewitching Softneſs which his Soul ſo well underſtood; nor did her Boſom longer heave with Emotions that beat the Alarms of mutual Love. But *Eugene*'s Pride and Curioſity ſtifled Reaſon. Why ſhould I lead my Reader through the Scenes of Darkneſs, and the Windings of Perfidy? Why be particular upon Facts which diſgrace human Nature, and have in them nothing peculiar from what is to be found in Characters of low Intrigue? It is ſufficient to ſay, that *Eugene* kept the Appointment, and was undone. He was ſurprized by *Tape*, in Circumſtances, which obliged him to give Notes under his Hand, payable at different Times, for the greateſt Part of his remaining Fortune, that he might be free from the Perſecutions of Law, and avoid the Ridicule of the Public.

Thus

Thus did the deſpicable Tools of Intereſt and Infamy over-reach the Boaſt of Nature and Learning. But, what is Reaſon, when unſupported by Virtue, or Parts, when deſtitute of Prudence? They are wandering Meteors, that lead to Precipices; they are illuſtrious Failings, that make us more eminently miſerable. *Eugene* loath'd all Reflection upon what had happened to him. He fled to Groves and Books, to avoid the hated Remembrance; for *Tape* would now no longer ſupply him with the Means of loſing it in Crouds of gay Companions, or drowning it in a Whirl of hurrying Pleaſures.

While, retired and recollected, he was admiring thoſe Virtues he had diſgraced and diſregarded; he grew acquainted with *Charlotte*. His Family and that of *Henrietta* had long been upon a friendly Footing, from Tyes both of Blood and Intereſt; and all his Friends were raviſh'd at his Retreat into the Country (which they aſcribed to Satiety of Living in a Croud), and with the Thoughts of engroſſing to themſelves the Company of a Man whom Mankind admired. The Behaviour of *Eugene* was far from undeceiving them. He was always gay, always entertaining, always inſtructive. *Henrietta* received him as a Brother, and, without any formal Introduction, recom-

commended him, as her Friend and Relation, to *Charlotte*. In their Firſt Two Interviews, nothing particular happened, by which *Eugene* diſtinguiſhed *Charlotte*. But her Modeſty, her Reſervedneſs, her Beauty, which grew as he gazed, and the tender Regard which *Henrietta* expreſſed for her, prompted *Eugene*'s Curioſity. He threw out many Hints upon indifferent and trifling Subjects, to engage her into Converſation; but received no Satisfaction, whether *Charlotte*'s Capacity merited the Diſtinction which was paid her by *Henrietta*, whom he knew to be a Judge of Merit. *Charlotte* had ſo well improved by the Converſation of her female Friend, that ſhe conſider'd herſelf as but juſt entering upon a Stage, where the Footing was ſlippery, and required Caution, Recollection, and Experience, to act her Part with tolerable Grace. She bluſh'd at her paſt Weakneſs, in imagining that ſhe poſſeſs'd any Advantage, but what ought to make her more humble; ſhe conſidered Fortune as the Bait of Ruin; ſhe ſtill indeed continued ignorant of Vice; but that Ignorance alarm'd her Fears, becauſe ſhe now knew ſhe had ſomewhat to dread; ſomewhat, that if it ſhould happen, would be too ſhocking for her Nature to endure. She did not find even Virtue a ſufficient

Guard

Guard to her Happineſs; nor, with all her Purity, could ſhe be certain, whether what ſhe took for the Goodneſs of her Heart, was not the Pride of her Mind.

She often pour'd her Apprehenſions into the Boſom of her Friend, and *Henrietta* as often ſtrove to diſpel them. She purſued her Arguments as far as her Reaſon, prompted by generous, diſintereſted Friendſhip, could go; but ſtill there remained in the Breaſt of *Charlotte*, a powerful Advocate for ſome more ſolid Foundation to Happineſs, than Virtue ariſing from the Senſe of Shame, or the Inſenſibility of Conſtitution. "How can I know," ſaid ſhe to *Henrietta*, "the Meaſure of my Forti-"tude againſt Temptation? How can I "truſt my Nature, that it will continue the "ſame, when ſurrounded by other Circum-"ſtances of Life, than it is now, when I "am happy in the Company, and ſtrength-"ened by the Example, of my dear *Hen-"rietta?*" *Henrietta* uſed to ſmile, not without ſome Mixture of ſecret Pity of her Friend's Apprehenſions, which, ſhe thought, would wear off, by a little more Knowledge of the World. But all was unable to diſpel the Uneaſineſs of *Charlotte*; and the Thing which ought to have been firſt in her Thoughts, was the laſt that ſuggeſted to her Reaſon.

The

The Example of *Henrietta* had given her a ſtrong Reliſh for Books; her own fine Underſtanding had led her to chooſe what were beſt; and, in a ſhort time, ſhe became a tolerable Judge of Writing. *Charlotte*'s Education had been gloomy: She had, in her younger Days, conſidered the Exerciſe of Religion as a Taſk, not as a Duty; it was a Thing ſhe did not love for its own Beauty, but ſhe endured it through her own Fears: The Practice of ſome, whom ſhe deſpiſed, had render'd it unamiable; and the Example of others, whom ſhe eſteem'd, had made it indifferent in her Eyes.

Of the laſt Number was *Henrietta*, who had received a virtuous, though not a religious, Education. She was indeed regular in her Attendance upon the public Service, but had not yet taken Leiſure to conſider true Piety as the only Guide to Virtue, and Revelation as the beſt Directreſs of Reaſon. It was not therefore from her that *Charlotte* received the Firſt Hint of the thorough Change that was ſoon made upon her Sentiments, but from Providence, which often operates by Cauſes ſeemingly accidental, but ever wiſe. In the Courſe of her Reading, ſhe had learnt, that the Scriptures contain'd all the Excellencies of fine Diction and Compoſition; and that the moſt beautiful

tiful Paſſages of profane Writing, antient or modern, were as much outdone by the ſacred Penmen, as Inſpiration outdoes Learning; or Genius, Study. Such, as ſhe has often declared, were the real Motives that induced *Charlotte* to make the Scriptures Companions of her Retirement. But they ſoon ſunk from the Head into the Heart; ſhe felt all ſhe deſired to know, and long'd to practiſe all ſhe felt. In ſhort, ſhe found in them all ſhe had ſought from Reading, Reflection, and Friendſhip. She bluſh'd at her own Ignorance; there ſhe fix'd the Standard of her Happineſs; and there ſhe reſted, but did not reſign, the Exerciſe of her Reaſon.

But, penetrated as *Charlotte* was with divine Truths, ſo ſtrongly did the Force of Example, ſo powerfully did the Habits of Life, work upon her, that ſhe had not the Courage to own them, even to her Friend. She had not Reſolution to ſtand the circulating Joke; ſhe had not Courage to combat the faſhionable Raillery.

Charlotte was in this State of Mind, while *Eugene* continued his Viſits to her and *Henrietta*. One Day he took Occaſion, while *Charlotte* was retired, to make her the Subject of his Diſcourſe with *Henrietta*; and, by her Account of her Friend, he concluded her to be a Treaſure rich enough to employ,

employ, and to repay, all his Aſſiduities. He had not, as yet, the leaſt Suſpicion, that his Heart was touched with her Charms; but he knew, that his Pride was piqued by her Coldneſs. He waited, with Impatience, for an Opportunity to make one great Effort for diſcovering the Mine where ſo much Wit and Senſe lay conceal'd, and he reſolved to employ all his Art and Addreſs in the Purſuit. The Opportunity quickly preſented; nor was *Eugene* wanting to improve it. He did not, as a Suiter of leſs Judgment would have done, apply Flattery to her Perſon; he ſought to engage her in Converſation, by a Profuſion of whatever could awaken her Attention, or excite her Curioſity. He ſuceeded ſo far, that *Charlotte*, at laſt, aſked him ſome Queſtions; but he manag'd his Anſwers ſo, as that they raiſed, within her, freſh Doubts, and ſerv'd but to perplex her the more. The Subject of their Diſcourſe was Taſte; for which, *Eugene* maintained, "Nature had laid down a Cri-
"terion, that had prevail'd in all Ages, in
"all Countries, and in all Arts. The dif-
"ferent Taſtes of different Nations," he ſaid, "were no Argument againſt this;
"becauſe Mankind's Error, upon this
"Head, was to miſtake Faſhion for Taſte;
"and that the *French* were, of all Nations,
"the

" the moſt liable to this Miſtake; that " Mankind might differ in Affections and " Faſhions, but never could in Taſte, " when applied to the intellectual Judg- " ment of what was great or beautiful. " Theſe," he ſaid, " were only other " Words for Truth, which was ſimple, " eternal, and univerſal." He attempted to prove all this by the Works of the Antients in Poetry, in Architecture, and in Sculpture, which are now the nobleſt Monuments of Taſte, in all thoſe Arts; while thoſe of Faſhion have almoſt always periſh'd with their Authors, and ſometimes before them.

This was a Field of Diſcourſe fruitful in Paradoxes; and *Eugene* artfully applied all he had ſaid of the fine Arts, to Dreſs, Beauty, and Behaviour. *Charlotte* could not, notwithſtanding all the Diſtruſt ſhe entertain'd of her own Capacity to expreſs herſelf properly before ſo great a Judge as ſhe knew *Eugene* to be, reſiſt the Temptation of being inform'd in what ſhe deſired to know. But there was ſuch Knowledge in her Ignorance, and her Doubts were thrown out to ſo much Purpoſe, that it required all *Eugene*'s Wit and Learning to maintain what he had undertaken to prove, even with the Advantage of Truth on his Side.

This

This Converſation being over, *Eugene* took his Leave of the Ladies, and retired, with Sentiments very different from what he had ever known before. The Modeſty, the Goodneſs, and the agreeable Figure of *Charlotte*, dwelt upon his Mind, and haunted all his Thoughts. In vain he fled to Diverſions, to Books, and, at laſt, to the Bottle, for Relief. Her Idea mingled with the Beauties of the Fields; Reflection on what he read ſlided, inſenſibly, into Remembrance of what he had ſeen; he was ſolitary amidſt his Companions; and his Thoughtfulneſs return'd with double Force from Wine. From all thoſe Symptoms, *Eugene* concluded he was in Love; but he, who knew others ſo well, was a Stranger to himſelf.

Impatience was one of *Eugene*'s chief Failings. He had not Courage to continue long in Suſpenſe, and he had, all his Life, prefer'd the Certainty of Misfortune to the Diſtraction of Anxiety. His Reſolution was too weak to extricate himſelf in that manner, which Prudence pointed out. He therefore reſolved, inſtantly, to declare his Paſſion to *Charlotte*. We ſhall ſpare to the Reader the Detail of his Courtſhip, and his Advances. If the fineſt Addreſs, the moſt delicate Wit, and the moſt graceful Behaviour, can add ought to Sentiments of

Love,

Love, as the politeſt Writers have deſcribed it; ſuch was the Courtſhip of *Eugene*.

This open'd a new Scene to *Charlotte*. She was void of Affectation, and therefore did not diſſemble, when ſhe firſt told *Eugene*, that ſhe was ignorant of his Meaning, that ſhe never had beſtow'd a ſerious Thought upon Love, and, of late, it had been farther from her Thoughts than ever. But *Eugene* knew ſo well how to arm his Eyes with the Language of Softneſs, and to guide his tender Meaning to the Heart, that *Charlotte* was alarm'd. At firſt ſhe was confounded, then troubled, then aſhamed, as if ſhe had been the Cauſe of *Eugene*'s Fall from Virtue, and from Happineſs. Her Uneaſineſs was redoubled, when ſhe found herſelf at a Loſs how to unboſom herſelf to her Friend, upon ſo delicate a Subject. As her Soul loved Sincerity, ſhe laid it open to *Eugene*; ſhe made him the Confidant of all her Fears, and all her Perplexities; but he found them of ſuch a Nature, as took from him all Proſpect of Succeſs. The driven Snow is a common Simile for the Coldneſs of a Maiden's Breaſt; *Charlotte*'s was not only as pure and as cold as the Snow, but as much expoſed. She was grateful to his Merit, but inſenſible to his Addreſs; ſhe gave Death to his Hopes, while ſhe expreſs'd

preſs'd Eſteem for his Perſon; and while her Anſwer rejected his Suit, her Manner inflamed his Paſſion.

Eugene found her too ſedate, too ſincere, to flatter himſelf with the Thoughts, that her Coldneſs was one of the Arts which her Sex makes uſe of, to engage Affection. He apply'd to her with every Argument that could touch her, but he found her inacceſſible on all Sides. His Addreſſes were too viſible not to be perceived by *Henrietta*, to whom *Charlotte* had now the Courage to diſcloſe the Whole; and though he had but little Reaſon to hope, yet his Pride would not ſuffer him to deſpair.

It was now the Middle of *October*, and the Seaſon call'd *Charlotte* and *Henrietta* to *London*, whither *Eugene* follow'd them. Though he had other Affairs there beſide thoſe of Love, yet, as the Two Ladies were entirely ignorant of his private Concerns, they could not help ſuſpecting, that Love was all his Buſineſs. The Thought of this render'd *Charlotte* more reſerved than ſhe was before; *Eugene*'s Acceſs was more difficult, his Reception was more formal, and ſhe avoided giving him any Opportunity of entertaining her alone. All thoſe Obſtacles ſerved but to make *Eugene* the more obſtinate in his Addreſſes; and he who in Matters that could ſerve his real

Intereſt,

Intereſt, was the moſt indolent Man alive, was the moſt active in thoſe that fed his deſperate Paſſion. He had, in that Purſuit, trifled away the Summer, without thinking of providing againſt the Ruin of his Fortune. The Figure which he had hitherto made in Life, had diſguiſed from the Public the Situation of his Affairs; but they became now too clamorous to be longer conceal'd. The malicious Whiſper went round; the Report gather'd in its Progreſs; the Cenſure of his Conduct was imbitter'd by Pity for his Misfortunes, and the Notoriety of Facts was propagated by the Affectation of Secrecy.

Bad Company is like bad Money. If the Stamp and the Metal is well counterfeited, it may long go from hand to hand, without Prejudice to any. *Livia*, with all her Worthleſſneſs, wore the Reſemblance of Virtue, and had long been acquainted with *Henrietta*, whom ſhe viſited. She had, by this time, paid dearly for her double Infidelity to her Huſband and her Lover. *Tape*, having gain'd his End of *Eugene*, loſt all his ſmooth Behaviour to *Livia*. He was now her Tyrant; every Meal was embitter'd by cutting Reproach, and every Hour brought her ſome Variety of Mortification. This, in *Tape*, was not the Effect of ſudden Paſſion; it was the

Reſult of fix'd Averſion, which her Company increaſed, and Reflection upon her Conduct had inſpired. The Time was now at hand for the Payment of *Eugene*'s Firſt Note. *Livia* had heard of his Addreſſes to *Charlotte*; *Tape*'s ill Treatment of her revived her former Inclinations; but Remorſe, Diſappointment, and Deſpair, now interpoſed between her and what ſhe took for Happineſs. She ſought Eaſe where ſhe was almoſt ſure to meet with Pain. She renew'd her Acquaintance, and even courted a kind of Intimacy, with *Henrietta*, which gave her Freedom enough to make *Eugene*'s Addreſſes the Subject of their Converſation. As he had never uſed any Precaution to conceal his Eſteem for *Charlotte*, *Henrietta* could not take this amiſs. She was, however, extremely reſerved as to Particulars, and ſeem'd to treat the Whole as a Matter of Complaiſance, rather than Love. *Livia*, though ſatisfied of the Truth, ſeem'd overjoy'd at this, and expreſs'd ſo great a Satisfaction, that *Henrietta* could not help aſking her, Whether ſhe had any particular Objections to a Gentleman of ſo much Merit as *Eugene?* *Livia* aſſured her, not; ſhe enlarged upon his Virtues; ſhe extoll'd his Genius, his Wit, his Politeneſs, and Good-ſenſe; but ſhe wiſh'd that Fortune

were as kind to him as Nature had been. *Henrietta* had heard ſomewhat of *Eugene*'s Misfortunes; but did not imagine, that they had extended beyond a few Inconveniencies, that are retrievable by more cautious Conduct. *Livia*'s Earneſtneſs, however, made her uneaſy till ſhe knew more; and, after ſome affected Tenderneſs on her Part, *Henrietta* learned almoſt all the Particulars of *Eugene*'s Circumſtances; and, amongſt other things, that he owed *Tape* Two thouſand Pounds.

Henrietta took a generous Concern at this Information, which ſhe the leſs doubted, as ſhe knew *Tape* had long had the Management of *Eugene*'s Affairs. When *Livia* was gone, ſhe began to reflect upon the lucky-Eſcape which her Friend had. She had watched *Charlotte*'s Sentiments, and ſhe thought ſhe knew them as well as ſhe did her own. She was convinced, that there was not in her Breaſt the ſmalleſt Tenderneſs for *Eugene*; but before ſhe would communicate to her the diſagreeable Information, ſhe reſolved to receive from herſelf the ſtrongeſt Aſſurances that Friendſhip can give, or require. She flew to *Charlotte*'s Lodging; ſhe told her, that ſhe had come to ſpend the Evening with her; and Orders were given, that all Acceſs to other Company ſhould be denied.

Henrietta began with all the Frankneſs of unreſerved Friendſhip. She told *Charlotte*, that ſhe had one Proof of Eſteem and Confidence to require of her; and that it was ſuch a Proof as, if not ſincere, would endanger both their Quiets. *Charlotte* was aſtoniſhed at all this Formality, and trembled through Anxiety, when ſhe ſaid, that ſhe neither had, nor ever ſhould have, ought within her Breaſt that ſhe would diſguiſe from *Henrietta*. The latter then conjured her, by all the tender Ties of Friendſhip, to declare whether, in her inmoſt Soul, in thoſe Thoughts which Virgin Fears often endeavour to veil from Conſciouſneſs, ſhe felt any Inclination for *Eugene*.

In aſking this Queſtion, *Henrietta* rivetted her Eyes upon thoſe of *Charlotte*; but perceived no Emotion in her Look, no Change in her Colour. She did not even bluſh at the Queſtion; becauſe it came from a Friend who ſhe wiſh'd ſhould know her moſt retired Sentiments; but anſwer'd with an Indifference that could not be affected, that whatever Eſteem ſhe might have for *Eugene* as a Gentleman, ſhe had not the ſmalleſt Inclination for him as a Lover. But, continues *Charlotte*, laying her Hand upon *Henrietta*'s Breaſt, ſuffer me to have my Queſtion in my Turn, and anſwer me; How fares it here? Can

Henrietta

Henrietta ſay, with the ſame Sincerity as I do, that all is calm within?

Henrietta, with admirable Quickneſs, immediately reflected, that there is no Spark of Love ſo latent as not to be called forth by Jealouſy. She affected a Confuſion, and a kind of Peeviſhneſs at *Charlotte*'s Curioſity. Upon this, *Charlotte*, as if ſhe would ſpare her Friend farther Uneaſineſs, embraced her, and even congratulated her upon her Choice of *Eugene*, who was now unhappy only in his Ignorance of his good Fortune. *Henrietta*, to prove her Friend the more thoroughly, ſuffer'd her to continue near Half an Hour in her Miſtake; and all the while watch'd her very narrowly. But *Charlotte*, far from betraying any Uneaſineſs, ſeem'd to have received new Spirits from the Diſcovery. Her Manner was ſo unaffectedly calm, her Behaviour was ſo gracefully natural, that *Henrietta* could not help congratulating her on the Situation of her Mind, and undeceiving her as to the Motives of her Firſt Queſtion. She then open'd to her Friend the whole Truth, without diſguiſing any Part of *Eugene*'s Misfortune; who, ſhe ſaid, within a Month, unleſs ſome ſignal good Fortune ſhould interpoſe in his Favour, was in Danger of being thrown into a Gaol.

There is in the human Breaſt a Maſter-key to human Paſſions, and the Hand of Heaven alone can touch it. *Charlotte* was inſenſible to Wit, to Learning, to Eloquence, and to Love; but ſhe was conquer'd by Compaſſion. No ſooner was *Henrietta* gone, than ſhe began to reflect upon *Eugene*'s Fate. She figured, in her own Mind, all his amiable Qualities buried within a Priſon; ſhe ſaw him pine in the Summer of Life; ſhe ſaw him, in the Height of Health, languiſhing for common Neceſſaries, and cover'd with loathſome Diſeaſes. A ſudden Reflection, as ſhe afterwards often confeſs'd, came athwart her Mind;—How grateful, how conſtant, would *Eugene* be to one who ſhould be generous enough to prevent his feeling ſo much Calamity! It was now in her Power to bind him with Tyes more tender than thoſe of Duty, if he loved her, as ſhe thought ſhe had Reaſon to believe he did; ſhe could now not only prevent his Ruin, but inſure his Happineſs.

When Inclination opens the ſmalleſt Breach in the human Mind, it is ſoon widen'd by a Flood of Paſſions. The ſame Thought return'd to *Charlotte* with the returning Day; ſhe was now no longer the cool, the ſedate, the inſenſible Fair, who ſurvey'd every Conſequence of Action,

and

and guarded againſt every Inconveniency of Conduct. But ſhe again and again aſk'd her own Heart, whether Inclination had not a greater Share than Reaſon had, in her Change of Sentiments. Her Heart, for the Firſt time, deceived her, by anſwering in the Negative. It treacherouſly ſmooth'd every Doubt, and diſguiſed every Difficulty. Far from ſuſpecting her Alteration of Sentiments to proceed from Love, ſhe imputed it to Charity; and even Religion became the Veil of Inclination. *Eugene* now appear'd in a different Light to *Charlotte*. All the Charms of his Converſation dwelt with redoubled Force upon her Mind. His Wit and graceful Deportment appear'd new to her Thoughts, becauſe ſhe ſaw them through a Medium unknown before. She began to wonder at her own Inſenſibility; and ſhe imagined, that Heaven, as a freſh Mark of its Favour, had put it in her Power to reſcue ſo much Merit from Miſery; ſo ingenious is Affection in diſguiſing itſelf; and ſhe no ſooner was dreſs'd, than ſhe went to *Henrietta*'s Apartment.

Henrietta little ſuſpected there was any thing particular that brought her Friend to viſit her, and the Diſcourſe naturally fell upon the ſame Subject that had entertain'd them the Night before. *Charlotte*, how-

ever, appear'd more inquiſitive; ſhe learnt all the Circumſtances ſhe could of *Eugene*'s Ruin; ſhe ſaid, *'Twas Pity*; in ſaying that, ſhe ſigh'd, unknown to herſelf, nor did *Henrietta* impute her Concern to aught but generous Compaſſion for the Misfortunes of a Fellow-Creature. She ſtrove to divert the Diſcourſe; but ſtill *Charlotte* inſenſibly ſlided into the Subject of *Eugene*'s Misfortunes. *Henrietta* pitied her tender Nature, but even yet did not ſuſpect the Truth. She ſtrove to cauſe *Charlotte* to believe, that *Eugene*'s Friends might yet fall upon Methods to make his Circumſtances eaſy. *Charlotte* haſtily catch'd at this; ſhe aſked, *As how?* with a viſible Emotion, which was inſtantly calmed, when *Henrietta* told her, ſhe ſpoke only from Conjecture, and as ſhe wiſhed. But *Henrietta* was not to be long impoſed upon. Towards the Evening, ſhe began to reflect upon the Difference of the Entertainment of that Day from others; and ſpoke of it to *Charlotte*, whom ſhe perceived to bluſh, and to be under a Concern, which ſhe had never ſeen her ſubject to before. The aukward Manner in which ſhe ſtrove to recover herſelf, the viſible Diſorder which attended her moſt indifferent Actions, and the perpetual Return of the ſame Subject, notwithſtanding their repeated Reſolutions

to

to leave it off, at laſt amazed *Henrietta*. She could not ſuſpect her Friend, and ſhe knew too well to believe, that her indifferent Behaviour the Night before was the Effect of Art;—and yet,—from whence could ſo ſudden a Change proceed? She obſerved *Charlotte* farther; being unwilling to touch upon ſo delicate a Point, without the fulleſt Certainty. Every Action, every Word, increaſed her Wonder; every Breath her Friend fetched ſtruggled with a Sigh; her Eyes were no longer mild, but languid; her Diſcourſe ſeemed to rove, but ſtill to have a Meaning where it wiſhed to ſettle: This affected all her Motions; ſhe was calm and reſtleſs, ſhe was thoughtful and ſprightly, ſhe was pleaſed and peeviſh, by Turns; and *Henrietta* told her, in plain Terms, that ſhe ſuſpected either her Head, or her Heart, was out of Order.

Charlotte was too young a Diſſembler to withſtand her Friend's Reproach. She confeſſed, that ſhe ſhould be ſorry to ſee ſo fine a Gentleman as *Eugene* was, reduced to Miſery; but ſhe ſtill denied, that Love had any Share in her Compaſſion; and ſaid, that ſhe would be equally concerned for another, equally deſerving her Regard, as ſhe was for *Eugene*. As a Proof of what ſhe aſſerted, ſhe farther told *Henrietta*,

that ſhe could with Pleaſure ſee *Eugene* extricated from his Difficulties by any other means than by her. Were there no more, anſwered *Henrietta*, gravely, but what has fallen laſt from you, to convince me that *Eugene* is no longer indifferent to your Mind, it is ſufficient; ſince you have been incautious enough to own, in effect, that you are reſolved *Eugene* ſhall be delivered by you, if no other Means preſent. Ah! *Charlotte*, it was not in vain that the Poets gave ſo many Shapes to *Jupiter*, when they wanted he ſhould ſucceed in Love. The tender Paſſion has entered your Breaſt, in a Form as incredible as any they ever made *Jove* aſſume. Love, in the Shape of Pity, has betrayed the Heart which Religion and Virtue ſo long guarded: Where the gay, the witty, the polite, and the happy *Eugene* could not enter; *Eugene*, when ſunk, dejected, beggared, and miſerable, has prevailed.——I know (continued ſhe, ſeeing *Charlotte* redden anew), that, even within yourſelf, you imagine Affection to have no Share in your kind Concern; but, believe me, my Friend, you are deceived. Ten thouſand Circumſtances, ſhould they happen, are yet behind, that would give you Diſquiet, and would alarm that Heart of thine, which you now imagine to be calm and undiſturbed. Already you cannot

not hide the Tenderneſs of your Fears, and the Delicacy of your Suſpicions——they eſcape your Obſervation, but they cannot mine.

Charlotte, upon this, aroſe; ſhe walked about the Room in a thoughtful Poſture; and ſitting down, ſhe dropped her Head upon *Henrietta*'s Boſom, but without ſpeaking a Word. *Henrietta* kindly ſtrove to ſooth her into her wonted Chearfulneſs; ſhe embraced her with all the Affection of a Friend and Siſter; ſhe wiſhed her to combat the fatal Paſſion, while it was yet young, before it ſhould gather Strength, and prove too powerful for her Quiet. But, continues ſhe, ſhould Heaven and Nature diſpoſe otherwiſe, *Charlotte*, in all Circumſtances of Life, ſhall ever know where to kind a Friend; ſhe ſhall ever find *Henrietta* the ſame. I perceive, replies *Charlotte*, from what you have ſaid, that I cannot anſwer for my Inclination, but I can for my Virtue. I therefore promiſe, upon my Honour, by all that is dear in Friendſhip, rather to pine away, the Sacrifice of concealed Paſſion, than to take One Step to gratify it, without the Knowledge and Conſent of *Henrietta*. And now, ſince I have made this Promiſe, than which, I know no Vow more awful, and more binding, I feel my Spirits more light; my

Mind is more eaſy. I cannot now be miſerable, becauſe I cannot now deſerve to be ſo. *Henrietta*'s Prudence ſhall ſtrengthen the Weakneſs, and hide the Follies, of her Friend.

Eugene was, all this while, in a dreadful Situation. He had not received the ſmalleſt Encouragement from *Charlotte*, who he found had now the abſolute Poſſeſſion of his Heart; and he dreaded, leſt every Day ſhould bring her to the Knowledge of his Circumſtances, which, he thought, would ruin him with her for ever. In all former Attacks of Love, he had fought for Victory; but in this, he ſtruggled with Pain. Even the diſmal Reflection upon the State of his own private Affairs, which now hurried to a Criſis, was loſt in the Pangs he felt of diſappointed Paſſion, and irremediable Deſpair. Inſtead of courting *Charlotte*, he was almoſt aſhamed to ſee her; ſo low were his Hopes; and ſo confounded was he at the ill Succeſs of his baffled Addreſſes. At laſt, he ſummoned all his Courage to make one deciſive Effort. But ſtill he was without any fixed Plan to go upon. Though the Fourth Part of *Charlotte*'s Fortune, ſeaſonably applied, was yet ſufficient not only to ſave him from Ruin by the Canker of the Law, but to have retrieved his Affairs; and though

his

his Relations, with the ſmalleſt Proſpect of his applying himſelf to Buſineſs, were ready to have put him in a Way of Life, which could have deſerved *Charlotte*'s Fortune; yet ſo entirely was he engroſſed by Love and Indolence, that he did not give one cool Hour to Buſineſs. He was above tempting with Views of Intereſt, the Breaſt that was inſenſible to the Emotions of Love. He knew too much of Womankind, to flatter himſelf with the ſmalleſt Hopes of her having the leaſt Reſerve of Favour for him in her Breaſt. He imputed the late Difficulties he had met with of Acceſs to *Charlotte*, to her being appriſed of his deſperate Circumſtances. He could not bear the Reflection, that *Charlotte* ſhould be mercenary; he could not endure to think, that ſhe, who had the Fulneſs of Happineſs to beſtow on others, ſhould require any mercenary Addition to her own. Thoſe Reflections threw him off his Reſolution. He conſidered, that *Charlotte*'s Indifference could not proceed from Inſenſibility of his Paſſion; and he knew that he had her Eſteem. He did not ſuſpect her Heart to be otherwiſe engaged; and therefore he concluded her to be the more inexcuſable, to ſuffer Intereſt to get the better of ſo many powerful Motives for Gratitude. *Eugene* would have ridiculed another

other Man reaſoning in this manner; but Love touches the Brain as well as the Heart. His Pride, his perpetual Succeſs, his conſcious Merit, would not ſuffer him to reflect with Coolneſs, with Prudence; they worked him up into what was next to Frenſy, and he took a Reſolution to leave *England*, his Love, and his broken Fortunes.

This Reſolution being fixed, the Miſt of Paſſion began to diſpel; he felt his Spirits in a calmer Flow, and his Heart more at Eaſe. Deluſive Security! He reſolved, as the laſt, the ſevereſt Proof, of this Firmneſs, to leave *England* without ſeeing *Charlotte*; but he thought it but decent to take his Leave of her Friend *Henrietta*, and to lay before her the Reaſons of his Conduct, and the Ingratitude of *Charlotte*. Scarcely had he formed this Reſolve, when he reflected within himſelf: Why ſee *Henrietta?* Would I wiſh to ſee *Henrietta*, but on *Charlotte*'s Account? Can *Charlotte* then be indifferent to my Heart? Yet but to upbraid her——Upbraid her! for what? She never wronged me; ſhe never encouraged me. Does not therefore this Deſire to talk with *Henrietta* ſpring from a lurking, an unextinguiſhed Inclination for *Charlotte?* But why for *Charlotte?* My Reſolution is fixed; Reaſon approves of it; Reaſon has borne me out

out in the mighty Struggle, and applauds my Conqueſt: Can I not now leave her without a parting Pang? Then, as a Proof that the Victory is complete, give over the Thoughts of talking with *Henrietta*.

While *Eugene* was in this Plunge of Thought, his Feet inſenſibly were carrying him to *Henrietta*'s Lodgings; and he knocked, unknown to himſelf, at her Door, while he was reſolving to fly her Company. The Door was opened; *Henrietta* was at home; *Eugene* ſends in his Name: But what has *Eugene* to do there? was the Queſtion he put, in the mean time, to his own Breaſt. He might, even before the Return of the Servant, have made ſome Excuſe for not ſeeing *Henrietta*; but there was a Principle within, which infected every Reſolution. It impoſed upon every Effort of Judgment; it damped every Sentiment of Pride; it fooled every Return of Reſentment. At laſt, after a long Conflict, he reſolved, or thought he reſolved, to ſee *Henrietta*, but not to mention *Charlotte*'s Name.

Eugene, who waited all this time in a Parlour, had Leiſure to make Reflections, before the Return of the Footman to ſhew him in to *Henrietta*. *Charlotte* had not yet left her, and *Eugene* ſending in his Name, at the very critical Period after the great

Diſ-

Diſcovery was made, put them both into ſuch Confuſion, that *Henrietta* ordered to acquaint *Eugene*, ſhe would wait upon him immediately. When the Servant returned, *Eugene* aſked, Whether any Company was with *Henrietta?* and the other anſwered, None but *Charlotte*. That Name, like the Arrow of Death, palſied every Faculty of *Eugene*; every Fibre felt it, every Senſe was confounded; it was not Love, it was not Hope, it was not Fear, it was not Hatred, it was not Indignation, but all thoſe Paſſions together, that ſhook his Frame, and beat within his Boſom. He enter'd the Room with a Concern that grew more and more viſible, the more he ſtrove to ſtifle it; he faultered in paying the common Compliments; he bluſh'd for having faultered; he ſtrove to recover himſelf; he endeavoured to re-aſſume his Eaſineſs of Converſation, but he fell into Aukwardneſs of Behaviour; he ſought his wonted Gaiety of Humour, but diſcovered an unuſual Affectation of Wit. In a little time a Servant, as it had been before concerted, called *Charlotte* out, and, pretending an Appointment, ſhe took her Leave of the Company.

When *Charlotte* was gone, *Eugene* ſat, for ſome Minutes, without ſpeaking a Word; and *Henretta*, notwithſtanding the

ſincere

ſincere Concern ſhe had for her Friend, could not help burſting out in a Fit of Laughter, in *Eugene*'s Face. All the Force of Language could not have conveyed to *Eugene* a clearer Expreſſion of what ſhe thought, and what ſhe knew, of his Behaviour. But he imagined, that her Manner did not diſcover a Triumph over his Weakneſs, ſo much as an Applauſe of her own Diſcernment. It had not that Levity which characterizes Contempt or Inſolence; it ſeemed to proceed from the Force of Obſervation, and to give him a gentle Hint, that ſhe knew the State of his Mind, notwithſtanding all his Care to diſguiſe it; that he needed not to fear to open his Heart to her; and that, if he did not open it, ſhe ſhould be obliged to laugh again. *Eugene* had not then the Recollection about him to purſue the Advantage, which, at any other time, he would have made of this Diſcovery. All the Uſe he made of it was to hope *Henrietta*'s Behaviour to be an Omen, that *Charlotte* had decreed nothing irrevocably, nothing ſeriouſly ſevere concerning his Fate. I ſhall not tire my Reader with every little Raillery that followed. Upon the Whole, *Eugene* acted wiſely, tho' not artfully. He made *Henrietta* the Confident of his Soul; he laid it as open to her Sight, *as if*, to uſe the Poet's Expreſſion,

be

he had been purging himſelf of his Sins to Heaven. He told her of his Deſign to leave *England*, of the Struggles that ſucceeded within his own Breaſt; he confeſſed, that the Sight of *Charlotte* had ſtaggered his Reſolution, and that the ſmalleſt Ray of Hope would deſtroy it. *Henrietta* heard all with unaffected Attention. She gave him no farther Hopes expreſly; but *Eugene* thought he ſaw ſhe ſtudied to avoid it, and that her Words diſcovered ſome Caution, leſt ſhe might ſpeak too much upon the Subject, and in a Friend's Concern. This encouraged *Eugene* to redouble the Profeſſions of his Sincerity. At laſt *Henrietta* ventured to ſay, that ſhe believed him to be too much of a Gentleman to diſſemble, and that ſhe thought his Paſſion carried with it every Mark of Sincerity; that ſhe was no Stranger to his Merit, and that it ſurely muſt be the Force of Love alone which could drive him ſo much from his natural Character. But, continued ſhe, my Friend is not at her own Diſpoſal. *Eugene* was ſomewhat ſtartled at this; but *Henrietta* ſoon relieved him, by explaining the Nature of her Engagements. She told him, that *Charlotte* and ſhe had made a ſolemn Agreement, which each was reſolved to keep, that neither ſhould marry without conſulting the other; and that, in plain Terms,

Terms, *Charlotte* could not be come at but through *Henrietta.* Madam, replied *Eugene*, if Love and Reſignation to the Pleaſure of your Friend could intitle me to be her Adorer, no Man could have ſtronger Pretenſions than I have to that Honour; but alas! thoſe are all the Qualifications I can plead—I will not deceive you—I have acted a mean and an ungenerous Part; I have preſumed, when I knew myſelf to be a Beggar, to lift my Eyes to *Charlotte*, without giving her to underſtand what a Wretch ſhe had at her Feet—My Friend's Views, interrupted *Henrietta*, are not mercenary; neither ſhe nor I are Strangers to your Situation; but, ſuppoſing I could prevail with her to get over all other Conſiderations but that of Fortune, what Security can ſhe have againſt Want and Miſery, if ſhe ſhould be married to a Man whoſe Affairs are in ſuch Diſorder, as I have Reaſon to believe yours to be? Ah! Madam, ſaid he, could I conquer *Charlotte*'s Averſion as eaſy as I could remove that Difficulty—Leave it to me, interrupted *Henrietta*, to conquer her Averſion: Remove me but that Difficulty, and ſhe ſhall be yours. Why will you ſport with my Miſeries? replied *Eugene:* It is barbarous. Upon my Honour, ſaid ſhe, I do not; you ſhall be ſenſible, before we part, that I do not, if you

you will tell me, with the Sincerity of a Man of Honour, what Sum will be ſufficient to extricate you from your Difficulculties. I don't mean that you ſhall be exact, but ſo far as you can gueſs, within Two, Three, or even Five hundred Pounds. I believe, anſwered *Eugene*, that about Five thouſand Pounds would diſcharge all my Debts. Then, replied *Henrietta*, meet me To-morrow Evening at *Charlotte*'s Lodgings, and bring with you an exact Liſt of all you owe.

Eugene was punctual to the time appointed; and he perceived, with Pleaſure, an Alteration in the Behaviour of his Miſtreſs, which he conſtrued in his own Favour. *Henrietta* took the Lead in the Diſcourſe: She told him, that ſhe had been his Advocate with her Friend; and that there was now no Objection to his Succeſs, if he could ſatisfy her in what he mentioned laſt Night. *Eugene*, upon examining the Eyes of his Miſtreſs, found they did not diſapprove of what her Friend had declared. He expreſſed both his Love and Gratitude, in the humbleſt, but moſt affecting manner; and preſented *Henrietta* with a Liſt of his Debts, as nearly as he could recollect, ſigned by his own Hand. He had, when he went home, conſidered whether he ſhould not put the Two thouſand Pounds he owed to

Tape,

Tape, amongſt the reſt; but he unpardonably omitted it, leſt the Largeneſs of the Sum ſhould produce an Inquiry, which might terminate all to his Diſadvantage with *Charlotte*. *Henrietta*, however, upon peruſing the Liſt, aſked him, Whether he was not acquainted with *Livia?* This Queſtion brought the Blood into *Eugene*'s Face: I have had that Misfortune, Madam, replied he; and that Acquaintance is, perhaps, the greateſt Reproach of my Life. But, Madam, if you have heard the unhappy Story, I hope you will not upbraid me with it now, as it was attended with Circumſtances which would be very improper for me to explain on this Occaſion. But, ſaid *Henrietta*, from what ſhe told me, I expected to have ſeen her Huſband make a conſiderable Figure in the Liſt of Creditors. Ah! Madam, replied *Eugene*, her Malice knows no End: And it is owing to her, and her Huſband, that my Fortune now makes ſo poor a Figure in your and my adorable *Charlotte*'s Eyes. Well, replied *Henrietta*, I will not inquire into Particulars between you and her: As you tell me, upon the Word of a Man of Honour, that this is a full Liſt of your Debts, I am willing to believe all ſhe ſaid againſt you to have proceeded from Malice.

The reſt of the Evening was ſpent in all the Raptures and Endearments which unexpected Happineſs could inſpire in *Eugene:* It is true, when he went home, he began to reflect on concealing the Debt he owed to *Tape*; but it ſcarcely coſt him a ſecond Thought, far leſs a Pang; in his uſual manner, he truſted to Incidents to bring him off; and whenever the Remembrance of it recurred, he loſt it in the Idea of *Charlotte*'s Beauty and Perfections.

Charlotte ſpent the Night in the moſt ſerious Reflections upon what had happen'd. Notwithſtanding ſhe thought all ſhe had done, or agreed to, to be founded upon Religion and Virtue; notwithſtanding the laſt Behaviour of *Eugene* gave her a greater Opinion of him than ſhe had ever yet entertained; yet her Boſom panted with Fears unknown to her Reaſon, and her Heart fluttered with Deſires that were Strangers to her Thoughts. All her Recollection could not diſpel thoſe Senſations. She no longer poſſeſſed the Serenity of Mind that, till of late, had formed her chief Happineſs; Sleep ſeemed to be baniſhed from her Eyes. She had recourſe to Writing, but found herſelf unable to fix her Attention; ſhe received neither Relief nor Inſtruction from Books; and yet ſhe could accuſe herſelf neither of Imprudence

nor

nor Raſhneſs. She endeavoured to find out the Cauſe of all this Perturbation; but ſhe ſought it from falſe Principles, from Principles founded in Speculation and Philoſophy, but not in human Nature. She flattered herſelf, that *Eugene*'s Perſon, far leſs any Impulſe of Inclination, but what was grounded upon the diſintereſted Force of Virtue, had no Influence upon her Reſolution. But then, (ſhe reaſoned with herſelf), if that is the Caſe, whence this Flutter of Spirits, whence this Diſorder of Blood, this Wandering of Attention, this Impatience of Moments, this Indifference for what I know I have, and this Uneaſineſs for what I do not think I want? Can aught that ſprings from the Purity of Intention have all theſe Conſequences? Muſt there not be a Relation between Cauſes and their Effects? Thoſe Reflections brought her to a more cloſe Examination of the State of her own Mind; and ſhe put this ſhort Queſtion to her Heart, Whether ſhe could bear to ſee *Eugene* relieved, in the ſame manner, by another, and entering into the ſame Engagements? After long Reaſoning, ſhe began to be afraid, that ſhe could not; that ſomewhat was wanting to re-aſſure her Happineſs, which none but *Eugene* could beſtow; nor he either, unleſs ſhe poſſeſſed his Heart as well as his Hand, without a Rival.

Rival. In ſhort, ſhe found, that the *Platonic* Love, which her cooler Thoughts and calmer Moments had ſo often, and with ſuch Raptures, indulged, was the Traitor that had betray'd her Soul to the Enemy of its Reſt.

Next Morning *Eugene* viſited *Charlotte*. He wore ſuch ſweet Compoſure in his Eyes, and ſuch a decent Gaiety in his Mien, that *Charlotte* could not avoid obſerving it with Satisfaction. He told her, that he had not, for ſome Years before, known what Happineſs was; ſuch Happineſs as he then felt. He then, with that bewitching Candor, which he ſo well knew how to aſſume, run over the Story of his ill-ſpent Life; he mentioned his repeated Falls from Virtue as the Inlet to the Ruin of his Fortune; and the Ruin of his Fortune as the invincible Obſtacle of his Return to Virtue. He concluded, upon the Whole, with a Compliment to his Miſtreſs, who could beſtow Happineſs which Fortune could not take away, nor Beauty communicate; and that ſhe approached to Divine Nature, not more in the Manner than the Motives of her yielding to bleſs an inferior Being. *Charlotte*'s native Charms were heightened by the graceful manner in which ſhe heard her Lover's Language; and *Eugene*'s artful declining to praiſe her Beauty, proved the ſtrongeſt

ſtrongeſt Flattery to her Mind. She could not, notwithſtanding all her Diffidence of herſelf, notwithſtanding all the Lowlineſs of her Sentiments, reſiſt the Pride of thinking, that ſhe had done an Action the more meritorious, in that it was not better intended than it was well plac'd; and ſhe was ſometimes ſtrongly tempted to imagine, that ſhe had now anſwered all the Ends which Heaven propoſes in communicating the Advantages of Nature and Fortune to Mortals.

Shallow, becauſe preſumptuous, Reaſoning! How far does the greateſt human Merit lag behind the ſmalleſt Indulgence from Heaven! Diſappointment bears up the Train that bedecks mortal Pride; we perceive her not becauſe we cannot look behind us; and ſhe never is more ſucceſsful in fixing the Chain that rivets us to Calamity, than when our Thoughts are towering towards Happineſs. The Diſpenſations of Providence, not the Conduct of Mortals, conduct Meaſures to Events. But I ſhall no longer detain my Reader with Reflections, nor with a Detail of all the little Circumſtances which preceded the Marriage of *Eugene* and *Charlotte*. The latter conſulted *Henrietta* in every Step ſhe took, and it was reſolved, that the Ceremony ſhould be performed as ſecretly as

poſſible, without any Witneſſes but *Henrietta*, and *Lamoine*, her favourite Waiting-woman.

This Servant had attended *Henrietta* almoſt from her very Infancy. Her Father was a *Frenchman*, and being turned out of Service by the Maſter, who had brought him from his own Country, his Wife, and Daughter, and he, were left to ſtarve. He, however, made a Shift to give the Girl a pretty good Education; ſhe could talk *French*, and played upon ſeveral Inſtruments, when ſhe was only Eleven or Twelve Years of Age; about which time ſhe loſt her Parents, and Fortune threw her into the Hands of a Company of Strolling-Players, where ſhe ſucceeded very well in the Parts that ſuited her Youth and Stature. As ſhe grew up, ſhe appeared tolerably handſome; and ſome of her Male Companions laid a Plot upon her Virtue; but *Lamoine*, who had not loſt the Sentiments ſhe had learned from her Parents, gave them ſo little Encouragement that ſhe drew upon herſelf a great deal of bad Treatment; which made her reſolve to take the firſt Opportunity to run away. That happened when ſhe was only Thirteen Years of Age, and as ſhe was going to perform the Page in the *Orphan*. For being dreſſed in Boy's Cloaths, ſhe made her Elopement, and diſcovered herſelf

herſelf to *Henrietta*'s Father's Gardener, who had been an Acquaintance of her Father, and who, after ſending back her Cloaths to the Company, and dreſſing her as a Girl, took her under his Protection. It was not long before *Henrietta*'s Father heard of the Adventure, and underſtanding her Qualifications, gave Orders ſhe ſhould be admitted into his Family, and placed about young *Henrietta*; and her Parents taking a particular Liking for her, ſhe was educated with her young Miſtreſs, who was about Two Years younger than her Maid, for when ſhe grew up, ſhe waited on her, as her Woman; and, though treated as a Friend, ſhe never forgot her Diſtance as a Servant.

Eugene and *Charlotte*, however, were a little ſtartled when *Henrietta* propoſed *Lamoine* to be, beſide herſelf, the only Witneſs of their Marriage. They thought it was putting too much in a Servant's Power; and *Charlotte* had a Maxim, That the Moment a Servant knew a Secret, ſhe commenced Miſtreſs. *Henrietta* had ſo long Experience of *Lamoine*, that ſhe was under no Pain in anſwering for her, but offered to drop her Propoſal, if either of them could find out any one more proper. None could be agreed upon; and *Henrietta*'s Motion was accepted of.

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As *Charlotte*'s Fortune was now abſolutely in her own Power, and neither *Henrietta* nor ſhe had any Parent or Friend to oblige them to account for their Actions, every thing relating to *Charlotte*'s and *Eugene*'s Concerns of Intereſt was eaſily tranſacted, and *Charlotte*'s Fortune ſettled ſo as that it could in no Event be affected. It was not, indeed, without ſome Difficulty that ſhe could be brought to this. She thought it abſurd to think a Man worthy her Eſteem and Love, yet not to truſt him with her Fortune. She began to fear ſhe had gone too far with her Friend in her Profeſſions of Affection, abſtracted from Paſſion, and built upon Benevolence alone: She now ſuſpected that, with different Sexes, in the Bloom of Youth, and Enjoyment of Nature, there was no ſuch Principle in the human Conpoſition. But ſhe durſt not diſcover to *Henrietta* what ſhe ſuſpected. She was afraid of her Friend's Raillery; and was contented to give her ſuch Hints as might ſhew *Henrietta*, that, if the latter ſhould make uſe of the abſolute Power ſhe had over the Diſpoſal of her Fortune, ſhe would not be diſpleaſed that it ſhould be more advantageous to *Eugene*. *Henrietta* underſtood, though ſhe would not ſeem to underſtand, her Friend's Meaning; but ſhe faithfully promiſed *Charlotte*, that ſhe would repay

repay her the Compliment as ſoon as either Love, or Marriage, or Pity, or call it what ſhe would, ſhould take her in the Head.

In ſhort, the Marriage was celebrated in *London*, and in the moſt private manner; no Licence was taken out, and the Ceremony was performed by one who would have done the ſame Favour to a Brother and Siſter, had he been as well rewarded. It was in the Summer-time, and both Parties, to avoid Suſpicion as much as poſſible, had turned off their Servants, and retired with *Henrietta* to a Country Place, where their Lodgings were ſo conveniently diſpoſed, that their Tranſports were unmix'd with any Alloy from prying Obſervation. If the Reader here loves to be entertained with a Deſcription of Raptures and Pleaſures, let him have Recourſe to the common Places of Romances and Poetry. It was more than Rapture that *Eugene* felt; a new Life dawn'd within his Soul; he now experienced all he had read of; each Senſe was gratified as much as it ought to bear, and no more; and all was equal, all was calm, as the Soul of *Charlotte*; yet all was excellent, all was fair, as her Form. His Stream of Life did not now foam along with thoſe impetuous Pleaſures which deluge every Faculty of Soul and Body; and when ſubſiding, leave Life itſelf upon the

ſolitary Shore of Remorſe, Repentance, and Anguiſh of Spirit. Thoſe are not the Senſations which attend the Enjoyment of Virtue, embelliſh'd by Beauty; the Flow of *Eugene*'s Pleaſures was directed by that of his Spirit; the Eyes of *Charlotte* ſmil'd Tranquillity, which had been long a Stranger to his Breaſt; and her Company taught him Virtues that had been long unpractiſed in his Life.

As to *Charlotte*, it would be next to profanation to invade the Receſſes of her Breaſt, it would be Preſumption to attempt to deſcribe the State of her Mind. Her happy Change of Life, and the more happy Change in *Eugene*'s Diſpoſitions, ſerved only to render her more humble, more recollected, and more guarded, leſt Heaven, in pouring out ſuch a Meaſure of Indulgence, deſigned to prove the Extent of her Virtue. With this Reflection ſhe often check'd Tranſport as it was riſing in her Soul; her Taſk was to examine her own Heart; and her Pleaſure, to find it pure from every Paſſion but thoſe which Religion, Virtue, and Friendſhip, inſpired.

The End of BOOK II.

THE

THE FRIENDS.

BOOK III.

Eugene's Buſineſs called him to Town, after a Stay of ſome Weeks with *Charlotte* in the Country. For a few Days he was ſo wrapt up in the Remembrance of *Charlotte*, that he could not think of Buſineſs, but at laſt it intruded upon his Breaſt, though it could not divide it with Love. His firſt Reflection was upon the mean diſingenuous Part he had acted in denying the Debt he owed to *Tape*, and which was to become due in a few Days. Had *Charlotte* been leſs excellent than ſhe was, *Eu-*

gene would not have heſitated a Moment upon the Courſe he was to hold. He could have employed the tender Blandiſhments of Love, and all the winning Arts of Endearment, which he was ſo much Maſter of, to have prevailed with her to forgive and relieve him. But the more divine *Charlotte* appeared in *Eugene*'s Eyes, the more afraid he was to diſcover to her his low Diſingenuity. He thought that he could ſuffer Impriſonment, Chains, nay Death itſelf, rather than that ſhe ſhould know him to be guilty of ſo much Meanneſs. But how could he prevent it? He knew that *Tape* would not ſpare him a Moment, and he feared that the firſt Place *Charlotte* ſhould hear from him, would be a Gaol.

While he was diſtracted with thoſe Apprehenſions, his Servant, who had been left behind, to take care of his Lodgings, all the time *Eugene* was in the Country, came in one Morning before *Eugene* was out of Bed, and told him, that a Lady waited for him in the Dining-room. *Charlotte* inſtantly preſented to *Eugene*'s Reflection, but neither could he conceive what ſhould bring her thither, nor did the Deſcription the Servant gave of the Lady ſuit with *Charlotte*. *Eugene*, however, aroſe, and went into the Dining-room. Scarcely had he

enter'd

enter'd the Door, when he felt himſelf entangled by the Arms of a Woman, who threw herſelf upon the Ground, embraced his Knees, and ſeemed to pour out her Soul in a Flood of Tears. He ſtoop'd to raiſe her up, and in ſo doing he beheld the deteſted Face of *Livia*. Ten thouſand Horrors ſeem'd to ſeize his Mind, and Reflections crouded ſo faſt upon him, that he loſt every Faculty of Action. This gave *Livia* time to begin her mournful Part. She provoked his Indignation; ſhe ſaid, that his Reſentment never could riſe up to her Guilt, nor her Puniſhment be equal to her Crimes. She own'd her mean, her mercenary Conduct; but yet, fallen as ſhe was, abandoned by God and Man, ſhe had a Satisfaction in repeating one Truth, in which ſhe would ſpend her dying Breath, That, amidſt all the Infamy which attended her Conduct, amidſt all the Perturbation which Vanity, Folly, and Envy, raiſed in her Mind, the Love of *Eugene* was ever uppermoſt in her Soul.

Deceitful is the Reſentment that is truſted to the Heart. Ten thouſand Paſſions lurk in Ten thouſand Corners of it, which are unknown to ourſelves. The lighteſt float above, and we therefore think them the ſtrongeſt. *Eugene* firſt took a Pleaſure in the Grief of *Livia*; for ſome time he

ſeem'd to enjoy it; but he ſoon began to love its Expreſſion; he felt the Poiſon of her Words. Becauſe he thought them artleſs, he imagined them harmleſs; becauſe he knew *her* to be falſe, he conſidered *himſelf* as firm. He took all ſhe ſaid to be inſpired by the Agony of her Heart, and that therefore there could be no Flattery upon her Tongue. In the main, he thought he might fairly and ſafely indulge the Vanity of reflecting, that he had inſpired a Paſſion, which, though ſtifled, never could be extinguiſh'd by ignoble Motives; and that the Griefs, nay the Failings of *Livia*, were ſo many Trophies that witneſſed his Triumph. She continued all this time clinging to his Knees, and *Eugene* beginning to think, that, for his own ſake, he could not ſuffer her to remain longer in that Poſture, was forced to lift her up, and place her upon a Couch. She graſped his Hand, ſhe preſs'd it to her Breaſt, which her Heart was ready to burſt; at laſt, the Violence of her Paſſions ſeem'd to work them into a Calm; and *Eugene* was apprehenſive of her ſwooning away.

Any other Man but *Eugene* would have alarm'd the Family where he lodged; and have delivered over to the Care of her own Sex, a Woman whom he had ſo much Reaſon to hate and deſpiſe: But—Shall we ſay it?

it?— *Eugene* was weak enough to want to hear ſome more of that bewitching Flattery, which he imagined Nature alone dictated. He impoſed upon his own Reaſon, with many ſpecious Pretexts for this. The Noiſe which ſuch an Adventure might make in the World—The ill Conſequences, conſidering what had already happened, that might attend it, ſhould it come to *Tape*'s Ears—The worſe, ſhould it come to thoſe of *Charlotte*; the almoſt Impoſſibility of concealing it from either, if diſcovered to a goſſoping Family. — He begged of *Livia* to compoſe herſelf, which ſhe did, ſo as to recover both her Speech, and her Reaſon. She ſeemed, through conſcious Guilt, to avoid his Eyes; but to take every Opportunity of fixing hers upon *Eugene*, when he did not ſeem to mind them. *Eugene* knew Love too well to be ignorant of its Symptoms; but he thought himſelf ſecure of his own Heart, and therefore that there was no Danger in ſporting in the deceitful Stream; which enticed him at laſt into the Gulph where all his Honour, his Happineſs, and his Fortune, were endanger'd.

The firſt fatal Step he made, was in ſuffering himſelf to hear *Livia*'s Story, ſince the laſt time of his ſeeing her. She told him of all the ill Uſage of her Huſband, which ſhe imputed to the Remorſe ſhe had

diſcovered for her Treachery to *Eugene*; ſhe ſaid, That her Paſſion for him got ſo much the better of every Meaſure of Prudence, which ſhe ought to have preſerv'd, in order to have procur'd her ſome Quiet under her uncomfortable Circumſtances, that he had ſtripped, confined, and abuſed her, ſo that ſhe was obliged to fly from his Houſe, as ſhe had before avoided his Bed, to which ſhe vow'd ſhe had been a Stranger ever ſince the unworthy manner in which ſhe had, with the Danger of her Life, been forced to treat *Eugene*: That ſhe had been indeed obliged, for a few Days paſt, to give *Tape* ſome faint Hopes, that her Averſion might be brought, by good Uſage, to abate in time; but that ſhe had done that only the better to work her Ends, and to facilitate her Eſcape. She then repeated all the Advantages both of Fortune and Buſineſs, which *Tape* had by his Marriage with her, and the great Probability, that, had ſhe ſued him by Law, ſhe might have procured a ſeparate Maintenance, upon the Proofs ſhe could bring of her ill Uſage. "But, conti-
" nued ſhe, what Peace could that have
" brought to my Conſcience, what Plea-
" ſure to my Heart? I had wrong'd *Eu-*
" *gene*, had wrong'd the Man I loved; I
" knew *Eugene*, through my Perfidy, to
" be in Danger of Want and Miſery:
" Could

" Could I bear the Thought of this with-
" out Diſtraction? Could I ſuffer the leaſt
" Concern of my own to touch my Breaſt,
" before I had atoned for his Wrongs? I
" often thought, let me but once do that,
" let *Eugene* know, that Infamy and Death
" itſelf would be welcome to me, could
" they purchaſe the ſmalleſt Relief to him,
" then welcome whatever may happen; let
" me but compaſs this End, no matter by
" what means; Virtue will warrant Reſti-
" tution; O may Love ſeal Forgiveneſs!"

At thoſe Words *Livia* pulled out of her Boſom *Eugene*'s Notes to *Tape*, which ſhe ingenuouſly owned ſhe had ſtolen from her Huſband, who had given her the Opportunity, upon the Proſpect of a Reconciliation with her—This was a dreadful Trial to all that was Man about *Eugene*.—His Conſtancy to *Charlotte*—his Gratitude to *Livia*.—his Gratitude to *Charlotte*— but then the Danger of *Livia*, for his Sake—the Wrongs he had ſuffered— the Atonement ſhe had made— the Looſeneſs of her Conduct— the Weakneſs of her Sex;— her faithleſs Behaviour— but then her ingenuous Confeſſion— But how could he be certain that ſhe would not relapſe? He had her own Safety for a Pledge. For a Pledge of what? Of Honour, from an avow'd Strumpet; and of Safety in an Intercourſe which muſt brand

brand him with whatever was due to Folly and Ingratitude. But ſuppoſing him to put on the Hero, the Man of Honour, of Conſtancy, of Reſolution, how ſhall he keep up the Part? Shall he turn *Livia* out of Doors? Shall he force her to return to her Huſband, and make her Peace by reſtoring *Tape* what will bring certain Ruin, and eternal Diſquiet, to *Eugene?*—He reflected upon all thoſe Circumſtances; he pretended to balance them all in his Mind. But alas! there was a ſecret Biaſs, to which he was a Stranger. He could not bear to be ſubjected to the Mercy of *Tape*; he could leſs bear the Thoughts of *Charlotte* diſcovering the Truth. His Mind, that was before filled with the Thoughts of *Charlotte*'s Charms, began now to be touched with *Livia*'s Sufferings. He viewed the Wrongs ſhe had done him, in the mild Light of human Frailty; he remembred the Pleaſures ſhe had given him, not without ſome Degree of Curioſity to repeat them.

Temperance is the Nurſe of Enjoyment. It is that which preſerves the Gradations towards Happineſs, and the Exerciſe of the human Faculties. The Circle of Pleaſure is narrow, and ſoon traverſed; the Objects of Deſire are various, and ſeldom to be exhauſted. The human Mind may, by continual Habit, become inſenſible to Delight,

as

as the labouring Hand grows callous thro' Toil: In this Caſe, it requires Violence or Variety to give it Senſation. *Eugene* had formerly lived in a Tumult of Delight; the Satisfaction he had enjoyed with *Charlotte* was too ſerene, it was too pure, to leave a deep Impreſſion upon a Heart like his; it was indeed exquiſite while he enjoyed it; but the Privation of it gave him no violent Pangs of Abſence. He ſtill admired, he ſtill eſteemed, nay, he ſtill loved *Charlotte*; but there was wanting in her ſomewhat that *Livia*, though far inferior to her in Beauty, in Perſon, and in Accompliſhments, could communicate; ſo very fantaſtic is the Mind of Man, when debauched by Vice, and degenerated thro' Habit!

He bluſhed within himſelf, when he felt thoſe Sentiments riſing in his Breaſt. *Charlotte* preſented to his Mind, with all her Charms, with all her modeſt Graces, and, for ſome time, checked the guilty Purpoſe of his Soul. But the Grief of *Livia*, her Sufferings, her Abſence, and the kind Venture ſhe had made for his Sake, gave her new Beauties in *Eugene*'s Eyes. At laſt he aſked her where ſhe lodged; and ſhe told him, that ſhe had fled directly from her own Houſe to him; that ſhe was determined, if he ſhould caſt her off, to have

have returned to her Huſband, who had, the Day before, gone into the Country, and who, as yet, knew nothing of her Elopement; and that ſhe threw herſelf entirely into *Eugene*'s Hands, truſting, that he would recommend her to a Lodging, where ſhe could remain private, and without Suſpicion. *Eugene* would have gladly excuſed himſelf from ſo weighty a Charge, as the entire Direction and Diſpoſal of *Livia* brought upon him; but ſhe inſinuated, that ſhe had taken care to be in a Condition to require him to be at no other Expence, but that of his Advice. Upon her generouſly delivering up his Notes, and offering, if he was under any immediate Preſſures, that he might command all ſhe had brought along with her, he gave her a Letter to a Perſon who lived in a Village near *London*, and where he knew ſhe could lodge ſafely and ſecretly. Before *Livia* would conſent to leave him, ſhe took his Promiſe, that he ſhould viſit her with his Firſt Conveniency; and, a Hackney-coach being called, ſhe departed.

Eugene remained, after ſhe was gone, for for ſome time under a ſtrange Perturbation of Spirit. He began to conſider the dreadful Leap from Virtue to Vice; from the Poſſeſſion of calm Delight, to the Enjoyment of tumultuous Pleaſure; from the home-felt

Quiet

Quiet of Mind, to the guilty Indulgence of Senſe. But ſtill a ſecret Propenſity to Sin got the better of his Heart, though not of his Reaſon. At laſt he ſhut out Reflection as an intruding Gueſt, and gave up his yielding Soul to its Biaſs. The Conflict between Appetite and Reaſon was unequal; becauſe the latter was without the Support of Religion, which would have fixed the doubtful Balance of his Reſolution. But all he could do could not exclude Remorſe, which often knocked at his Breaſt with its ſharpened Goad, and gave him Diſquiets greater than any he could have felt, had he generouſly torn his Heart from its pernicious Inclination.

He was for ſome time, however, before he could bring himſelf to follow it. But, in Four or Five Days after, he reſolved to pay a Viſit to *Livia*, in her new Lodging. He took a Coach to the Turnpike, through which he muſt paſs to it; and then, diſcharging the Coach, he went over a Field, which was divided from another by a Stile. As he was croſſing this Stile, a Man came up, muffled in a Cloak, who looked him full in the Face, and drawing his Sword, made a full Paſs at him, before he had time to recover himſelf in getting over. *Eugene* had, by good Fortune, a Cane in his Hand, with which he parried the Thruſt,

and

and ſtepping back, he gained ſo much time as to draw his Sword, while his unknown Adverſary, who had now dropped his Cloak, was endeavouring all he could to diſpatch him, before he ſhould put himſelf in a Poſture of Defence. But the Combat was not long equal. *Eugene*, who had great Art and Temper, parried every Thruſt, and, at laſt, ſpying his Opportunity, he threw in a Paſs, which carried his Sword through his Enemy's Body. It was Moonlight, and, in traverſing the Ground, the Moon came to ſhine full in the Face of the Unknown, and as he was falling, *Eugene*, to his eternal Amazement, knew him to be *Tape*. This Diſcovery did not, in the leaſt, diſconcert *Eugene*. He preſerved an admirable Coolneſs, and he inſtantly concluded, that he had been dogged by *Tape*, who, imagining that he was privy to his Wife's Elopement, had choſen that ungenerous Method of gratifying his Revenge. At firſt, indeed, through the known Falſhood of *Livia*, he was tempted to think, that ſhe might be in the Concert with her Huſband; but the Pledge he had of the Notes, ſoon quieted all Fears of that kind.

The Road was public, the Danger was preſſing, and Ten thouſand Circumſtances alarmed his Mind. The Queſtion with him

him was, Whether he ſhould inſtantly return to *London*, or go forward to *Livia*? His evil Deſtiny perſuaded him to the latter. He knew but One Way to return to *London*; he might be met and known on the Road; and *Tape*'s Body being found at the ſame time, it would amount to more than Preſumption, that he had killed him. He knew a Back-road to *Livia*'s Lodging, and he reſolved to make the beſt of his Way to that. Accordingly, he ſtruck down a By-path, where he made ſhift to wipe all the Blood from his Sword, and ſet forward. In going along, he deliberated with himſelf, whether he ſhould impart his Adventure to *Livia*; and, after ſome Reaſoning, he reſolved to take no notice of it that Night. Thus *Eugene* was ingenious enough to impoſe upon his own excellent Underſtanding, in perſuading himſelf to every Step he ought to have avoided. The Truth is, he had propoſed Pleaſure to himſelf that Night, and he would not be diſappointed. He was reſolved to enjoy it, at whatever Price it could be had. His Inclination to it, led him to be its Advocate; it dreſſed up an Impoſture, in the Form of Reaſon, to be an Advocate againſt every Sentiment which Prudence, Virtue, and better Senſe, ſuggeſted. His Paſſion for Pleaſure maintained the Part of this Impoſture,

poſture, againſt all the powerful, all the repeated Checks, which roſe in his Breaſt. With the Fool, he bade the Morrow take care for itſelf; for Joy ſhould be his To-night. He even exulted within himſelf, that the Man, who had wronged and betrayed him, had fallen by his Hand, without his having upon his Conſcience the Load of Murder. He indulged that Thought, becauſe it ſhut out others of a more troubleſome Nature, which were buſily preſenting themſelves. He did not once reflect upon the awful Reverence that is due to the Marriage-Bed, upon the Violation of all Laws both Human and Divine; that *Tape*'s Worthleſſneſs could not juſtify his own Intentions, and that *Livia*'s Wrongs could not excuſe her Conduct. Even the Remembrance of *Charlotte* was baniſhed from his Mind, and the Danger he ran ſeemed to enhance the Pleaſure he expected.

Eugene, to avoid Suſpicion, had taken ſeveral By-paths, and had walked almoſt Two Miles before he came to *Livia*'s Lodgings. Being perfectly well acquainted in the Houſe, the Landlady, who was no Stranger to *Eugene*'s Aſſignations of that kind, gave him ready Admittance, and he was ſhewed up to *Livia*'s Apartment. It lay diſtinct from the main Body of the Houſe, which was a large one, and had been,

been, for many Years, occupied as a Lodging-houſe; nor did the Owners ever inquire farther concerning their Lodgers, than about their Payment. The Landlady, however, had a particular Regard for *Eugene*, who had been one of her beſt Cuſtomers; and ſhe told him, in waiting on him up Stairs, that ſhe had given the Lady he had recommended, the Preference of that Apartment, though it had been before beſpoken by a very worthy Gentleman, for himſelf and his Lady, who had been obliged to take up with another, far leſs commodious and elegant. As *Eugene* had been uſed to ſuch Speeches as theſe, he leſs regarded what the good Woman ſaid, and began to be a little diſguſted with her Officiouſneſs, in ſtaying to ſee every thing in Order about the Room, when they heard the Cry of Murder, Murder! juſt under their Window. This ſeemed to touch *Eugene*; notwithſtanding all his Preſence of Mind, he ſtarted from his Seat, and ran to the Window, where, by the Help of the Moon, he ſaw the Body of *Tape* attended by a Croud of Conſtables, Watchmen, and Mob. The Landlady ran haſtily down Stairs; and *Livia* only ſeemed unconcerned, bidding *Eugene* ſhut the Window, for that they would hear the whole Story time enough in the Morning.

But

But *Eugene*'s Concern viſibly redoubled, when he ſaw, from the Window, the Body carried into the Houſe where he was; and underſtood, from the Talk of the People below, that the Deceaſed had lodged there, and that he had gone from thence for *London* that Morning. When the Hurry was a little over, he went down Stairs, pretending, to *Livia*, that he fancied he knew the Gentleman who had been killed; and he called the Landlady, who was ſtill wringing her Hands, into another Room. The Firſt thing he learnt from her was, that a Sugeon was, at that time, examining the Wound of the Gentleman, who ſtill breathed, but, through Loſs of Blood, was ſpeechleſs; and there were Hopes of his being brought to the Uſe of his Speech, but that the Surgeon had but faint Hopes of his Recovery; though it did not yet abſolutely appear that the Wound was mortal. This Account ſerved only to throw *Eugene* into more cruel Perplexities; and he inquired of the Landlady how long the Gentleman had lodged with her, and whether he had ſeen *Livia*. This brought her to the Commencement of their Acquaintance, which had been for about a Twelvemonth. "Sir," ſaid ſhe, "it is, you "know very well, my Buſineſs to be civil "to every Body who uſes my Houſe; and

"I

" I never ſaw any thing of Mr. *Gomez*, but
" a very civil, well-behaved Gentleman.
" Some Days ago, he came to my Houſe,
" with a Lady, who, you know, I am bound,
" to believe to be his Wife; and who is now
" in the Room with the Surgeon. He aſk'd
" for the Apartment, Sir, which your Lady
" has now, and ſeem'd to be in a violent
" Paſſion, when I told him it was lett.
" He ſeem'd to think that I was putting
" a Trick upon him, Sir; and as he was,
" I muſt ſay, a very good Cuſtomer, I
" was forc'd to appeaſe him, by ſhewing
" ing him your Letter; for which, Sir, I
" hope you will forgive me; for I never
" did ſuch a thing before in my Life; nor
" would I then, had I not been forc'd to
" it. After he ſaw the Letter, he ſeem'd
" to be mighty merry, that he was; and,
" poor Soul! he ſaid to me, Mrs. ——,
" pray can you help me to a Sight of this
" ſame Lady? You know, Sir, that is
" a thing I never will be ſo baſe as to do;
" and ſo I reſus'd him: But I obſerv'd
" him watching all Yeſterday; you know,
" Sir, Gentlemen will do thoſe things, to
" ſee whether Madam would appear at her
" Window, or in the Garden. I put Ma-
" dam, Sir, upon her Guard; but I can-
" not ſay, whether he did not ſee her; I
" believe he did; for, this Morning, he

" ſeem'd to be vaſtly out of Humour " with his own Lady, and went off in a " violent Hurry to *London*, without ſay- " ing a Word to any Body; little did I " think that the Firſt time I ſhould ſee the " poor Soul again, he ſhould be murder'd. " It could not be Robbers, Sir, that did " it; for he has his Watch and Money in " in his Pocket; beſides, the Surgeon " ſays, that the Wound has been given by " a Small-ſword, and that he muſt have " been fighting when he fell; for his own " Sword was found naked in his Hand."

Eugene had heard too much for his own Quiet; he returned to *Livia*, with ſo dreadful a Conſternation in his Countenance, that ſhe was alarmed; but, before ſhe had time to ſpeak, *Eugene* aſked her, Whether ſhe had been in the Garden, or had looked out at the Window, the Day before? She told him, that ſhe had, but that ſhe would not, had ſhe minded her Landlady's goſſoping Tattle, who would have had her ſhut herſelf up as a Priſoner; becauſe, forſooth, a Gentleman wanted to ſee her; that ſhe had heard that Gentleman had a Lady in the Houſe; and that ſeeing her in the Garden, ſhe could not reſiſt the Temptation of going to the Window, to have the better View of her.

Every

Every Word of *Livia* flaſhed a new Diſcovery in *Eugene*'s Soul, and filled it with Horror. The Gaitey of his Temper, the Extent of his Experience, and the Coolneſs of his Philoſophy, ſunk under the Weight of Reflection and Remorſe. Even the Cheat which his Paſſions had put upon his Reaſon, now vaniſhed, and forſook him, when he had the greateſt Occaſion for it, to ſooth his Anguiſh, and to beguile his Deſpair. He conſidered how happy he might have been, had he trod the plain, the beaten, Paths of common Senſe, which would at leaſt have carried him out of thoſe of Guilt and Danger. For what had he now ventured his Peace of Mind? for what ſhipwrecked the Riches of recovered Reputation, and loſt the Proſpect of returning Fortune? For a Start of momentary Delight, which a Man of Reſolution would have deſpiſed, and a Man of Virtue would have deteſted. Could he but recal a few Days, how happy might he be! It was even but a few Hours ago that his Reaſon and Conſcience had hinted, though he would not ſuffer them to inſtruct him, how he might yet avoid Miſery. Can he now recal one of thoſe Motives for what he did, which then appeared ſo ſpecious?——No; the Dread of Puniſhment has diſpelled the Miſt of Paſſion, and Vice now appears in all its

natural, all its original Deformity. The ſwelling Streams of Pleaſure are now ſubſided, and have left nothing behind, but the Snakes and Monſters which their Mud and Filth have ingendered.

While *Eugene* was thus plunged in Thought, *Livia* attributed his Concern to the Acquaintance he had with the Deceaſed. She ſtrove to diſpel his Melancholy by her Careſſes; but *Eugene*, as it were in a Fit of Deſpair, ſtarting from her Arms haſtily, aſked her, Whether ſhe knew who the Deceaſed was, and who had murdered him? *Livia* was terrified by the Wildneſs of *Eugene*'s Look, when he aſked thoſe Queſtions. She anſwered, No; and *Eugene*, inſtead of replying, walked about the Room with all the Symptoms of a violent Perturbation of Mind. He now would gladly have returned to the Sweets of virtuous Life; he would now have enjoyed in a Cottage the Contentment he had found with *Charlotte*; he would have thought no Submiſſion too mean to regain her Favour; he would have thought no Confeſſion too ſhameful to procure her Reconcilement. But what Means were left? what Sacrifice was it now in his Power to make, to ſave himſelf from immediate Ruin? He knew that the Moment *Tape* recovered his Speech, all would be divulged. If he ſhould die, the Circumſtances

ſtances were ſo ſtrongly againſt him, that he might be tried and condemned for his Murder; if he ſhould live, yet ſtill he knew, that *Tape* would repreſent the Affair as an Aſſaſſination; and that the World would, from the ſame Circumſtances, be ready to take *Tape*'s Part, and to repreſent himſelf as the moſt infamous of Men and Murderers.—In ſhort, he conſidered himſelf as every way undone; but how to diſpoſe of *Livia* drove him almoſt to Diſtraction. Notwithſtanding all the Wrongs which, he thought, ſhe had ſuffered, he did not know how ſhe would take the Death of her Huſband: The ſuſpicious Circumſtances of her Elopement might fix upon her the Preſumption of her being acceſſary to his Death; and he thought he could neither with Honour or Good-nature abandon her to all the Miſery which ſuch a Suſpicion muſt entail upon her.

After the Agony of all his Doubt and Deſpair was ſomewhat abated, *Eugene* began to think, that the wiſeſt Courſe he could hold would be to leave *England*, at leaſt for ſome time, till it ſhould be known what Turn the Affair ſhould take, and to carry *Livia* with him. But a thouſand Difficulties preſented againſt the Execution of this deſperate Plan. By their Flight they took Guilt upon themſelves. *Livia* was innocent of her Huſband's

Death; and why ſhould ſhe forfeit the Jointure and Eſtate to which it intitled her?— The Pangs which *Charlotte* muſt feel--and the Danger of *Tape*'s recovering his Speech, before he could get all Matters prepared for their Eſcape.—But it was now no time for ſtanding upon Delicacies; for the Delay of every Moment might be fatal.—He excuſed himſelf to *Livia* for the Concern he was under, which, he owned, had damped all the Pleaſure he could propoſe to himſelf in her Company: He ſaid, that the Gentleman was an intimate Friend of his, and that he could not reflect upon his unhappy Fate, without the deepeſt Affliction.—But yet, while there was Life, there were Hopes; and he would endeavour all he could to divert his Thoughts to other Subjects. He then turned the Diſcourſe upon other Matters. Among the reſt, he introduced that of *Tape*'s private Circumſtances, and very artfully learnt of *Livia*, that they were by no means ſo good as the World took them to be; nay, that ſhe had but too good Reaſon for believing, that, notwithſtanding all ſhe had brought him, and all the villainous Methods he had taken to get Money, he was a Beggar; and that his Dependence, to keep him from utter Ruin, was upon *Eugene*'s Bond. The Knowledge of this ſomewhat allayed *Eugene*'s

gene's Concern; and he was in the leſs Pain about propoſing to her what he had to communicate. He told her, that he believed ſhe was no Stranger to his unfortunate Situation in Life, which was now ſuch, that he could not live any-where but in a Gaol within *England:* That he had ſtill enough in Reſerve for carrying him abroad; and that a few Years, perhaps Months, might, by the Help of his Friends, bring about ſomewhat very much to his Advantage: That he had imparted this to her only in Friendſhip, without pretending to counſel her, whether ſhe would return back to her own Houſe, or follow her Fortune with him abroad.

Livia diſſolved in Tears at this Speech; ſhe wondered, after the Steps ſhe had taken to preſerve her Eſteem for *Eugene*, to ſave him from Ruin, and to render her Huſband, who no doubt had, by that time, found out his Loſs, her irreconcileable Enemy, how *Eugene* could ſo much as mention her returning home. She ſaid, it was more dangerous for her than for him to ſtay in *England*; ſince *Tape* would, no doubt, publicly advertiſe her; and that ſhe was prepared, in all Events, to follow him to the Ends of the Earth.— As *Eugene* was now far from being in an amorous Diſpoſition, he told her, that the only Buſineſs he had with her that Night was, to know her Mind upon that Head;

that he was not ſure every Moment, but that he might be arreſted; and his Creditors knowing that he frequented the Houſe he was in, would, no doubt, inſtruct the Officers to have an Eye upon it. He could therefore enjoy no Pleaſure with her in ſo ſuſpicious a Place, and under a Roof where a Perſon who had been his intimate Friend, lay expiring, through ſo fatal and unexpected a Misfortune. Even that very Night it was neceſſary he ſhould depart: He could not, for Fear of Obſervation, attempt to ſee her again in that Lodging; but if ſhe would make herſelf ready early in the Morning, he would ſend a Coach for her, to convey her to *Graveſend*, where ſhe could take a Lodging under a borrowed Name, and where he would, in a Day or two at moſt, be with her, after he had ſettled ſome Things that were indiſpenſably to be done. It was not without Difficulty that *Livia* could be brought to conſent to *Eugene*'s Departure before the Morning; but he told her, that the Matter did not admit of a Moment's Diſpute or Delay; and ſhe conſented.

The Landlady was ſent for up Stairs; and the Firſt Thing *Eugene* inquired after, was the State of the wounded Gentleman. He was told, that the Surgeon had been with him again; that his Hopes were no

worſe

worſe than they had been; that he did not at all doubt of his recovering, in a few Days, his Strength, ſo as to be able to ſpeak; but, after that, there were a great many Chances againſt his living. This Account gave *Eugene* new Spirits: He reflected, from what had paſſed before, that the Landlady did not know *Tape*'s true Name; and there was therefore the leſs Danger of *Livia*'s finding out the Truth. He took her, however, into another Room, under Pretext of diſcharging the Lodgings; and told her not to make any Mention further of the Accident to the Lady, who was naturally of a melancholy Diſpoſition, and, he believed, knew the Gentleman. The Landlady, who ſuſpected nothing, promiſed all faithfully; and *Eugene*, paying her very generouſly, took his Leave, and went to *London*, in a Hackney-coach which was returning empty.

When *Eugene* was returned home, he began ſeriouſly to reflect upon the Buſineſs that lay upon his Hands; but the Firſt Thing that came into his Mind, was how to behave towards *Charlotte*. He has ſince frequently owned, that the Conſideration of her State, at this time, called up into his Soul ſome Sentiments of Piety, which he had never felt before. He was inclined to vow an Amendment of Life, provided

he ſhould ever be again reſtored to that Tranquillity he had enjoyed with her; and the Reflection upon that, compared with his preſent Condition, drew a few Tears from his Eyes. He now hated the Remembrance of his former Pleaſures: He curſed the illuſive Joys; the Thoughts of ſhedding the Blood of the Man whoſe Bed he had wronged, gave him Horror; and the fatal Neceſſity he was under of continuing the guilty Commerce, drove him almoſt to Diſtraction. But can Deſpair avail me ought, ſaid he to himſelf? Can my rendering myſelf incapable to ſave myſelf from Death and Ignominy, ſerve or ſave *Charlotte* in the Diſtreſs ſhe muſt feel on my Account?—*Eugene* then proceeded to balance Accounts with himſelf; and, to the Sum of Miſery, with which he charged himſelf, he oppoſed the following Conſiderations. *Tape* was a Villain; he was not yet dead; there was a Chance of his living; there was no Harm in protecting *Livia* from him, ſuppoſing him to live; and there was no Reaſon, though he kept her Company, why he ſhould load his Soul with any more Guilt on her Account.—*Charlotte* had the Means of living genteelly in his Abſence; ſhe had good Senſe, and Reſolution enough, not to afflict herſelf beyond what Reaſon and Religion allowed; and

he

he had obſerved about her a wonderful Recollection, which he hoped would always ſupport her Spirits: Beſides, ſhe ſtill enjoyed the Company of *Henrietta*; and if *Tape* lived, the Certainty of which a few Weeks would determine, he (*Eugene*) would place *Livia*, as a Boarder, in a Nunnery in *France*, (no unuſual Way of Life for Proteſtant Ladies) and return himſelf to *England*, where he might again be bleſſed with *Charlotte*, and make up Matters between *Livia* and her Huſband, whoſe whole Dependence, as he underſtood, was upon the Fortune he yet expected by her means.

The Conſideration of all theſe Circumſtances calmed the Mind of *Eugene* ſo much, that he diſpatched all the Buſineſs he had to do with great Readineſs. He engaged the Coach which was to carry *Livia*; he diſcharged his Servant; and reſolved to give the Key of his Lodgings to a truſty Perſon, who uſed to take care of his Affairs when he was in the Country.

The next Care of *Eugene* was, to impart to *Charlotte* the fatal Story of his Departure. He delayed this till the Morning. He ſtrove to ſummon to his Aid all his Spirits; to preſerve all the Serenity of his Mind, till he ſhould word the important Letter that was to be charged with the News. He ſat him down to write; he began, he

blotted out; ſometimes what he ſaid was too tender, and would too much add to her Affliction; ſometimes it was too cold, and might give her Apprehenſions of his Indifference. He tore the inexpreſſive Lines; he began a-new and anew: Ten thouſand Objections aroſe in his Mind to what he had written. At laſt, he had almoſt finiſhed ſuch a Letter as he thought would be leaſt liable to Exceptions of every kind, when the Landlady's Servant came into the Room, and told him, that a Waterman was below with a Letter, which he would give into no Hand but his own.

Eugene could not help trembling, at hearing a Waterman with a Letter to him mentioned. His Heart beat with a Thouſand preſaging Fears; he dropped the Pen; and, not waiting till the Waterman came up Stairs, he run down and received a Letter, which he knew immediately to be directed by *Henrietta*'s Hand. He haſtily tore open the Seal, and learnt, from the Contents, that it had been brought to Town by *Lamoine*, who, to avoid Suſpicion, was waiting on the other Side of the Water for his Anſwer: That *Charlotte*, the Night before, had been taken violently ill, and that a Phyſician had been with her, who had found her Indiſpoſition no way dangerous, but had preſcribed ſome Things, which could

could be had only in Town. *Henrietta* wrote farther, that ſhe thought it proper, notwithſtanding the great Caution they had reſolved upon, that he ſhould be made acquainted with what had happened; that *Lamoine* had Orders to get the Preſcription made up at the Apothecary's, and to wait till Three in the Afternoon, at the Sign of the ———, where he might have an Opportunity of ſeeing her, and ſatisfying himſelf as to Particulars. *Eugene* was ready to fall down in reading this Letter, and, pulling out his Watch, he found that he had but juſt time to get to the appointed Place, and to diſpatch ſome neceſſary Buſineſs before. Without returning up Stairs, he ſent for his Hat, ordered the Waterman to tell the Perſon who had ſent him the Letter, to wait till he ſhould ſee her, which would be in Two Hours; and then he drove away in a Coach. But 'tis now time to return to *Livia*.

Eugene was no ſooner gone, than ſhe ſet herſelf to pack up her Cloaths, which ſhe had the Precaution to bring along with her in the Coach, when ſhe made her Elopement from her Huſband, and to prepare every thing for her Departure next Morning. She then ordered Supper to be got ready, that ſhe might go the more early to Bed; and ſent to beg the Favour of her Landlady's Com-

pany. The Servant brought back Word, that her Miſtreſs would wait upon her, as ſoon as a little Buſineſs ſhe had in hand was over; for that a Juſtice of Peace, and a Conſtable, with ſome other Perſons whom ſhe had ſent for, were in the Houſe, taking an Inventory of all the Writings that were about the wounded Gentleman, that they might be forthcoming, whenever they were claimed. The Servant, who remained ſome time in the Room to help *Livia* to undreſs herſelf, added, that her Miſtreſs had uſed that Precaution, becauſe the Gentleman's Lady had thought fit, after it fell dark, to diſappear; that it was believed ſhe was no better than ſhe ſhould be; and that ſhe had carried off with her all his ready Money, of which ſhe had found means to pick his Pocket. In about Half an Hour after this, the Landlady appeared: And *Livia* inquiring about the Health of the wounded Lodger; Ah! Madam, replied the other, you ſee how honeſt People may be deceived: Little did I think that Mr. *Gomez* was not his true Name, and that the Creature he had with him was not his Wife. But, continued ſhe, though ſhe has ſtripped him of all his Money, I don't fear my Rent; I am told he was an Attorney of very good Practice. This awakened all *Livia*'s Curioſity, and ſhe haſtily

haſtily aſked his Name. That, replied the Landlady, I can't tell; but thoſe Papers can, if you will take the Pains to look at them; for, Madam, though there was a great deal ſpent upon my Education, I could never take to read and write, the more is my Shame; but theſe Letters were given me by the Juſtice, who deſired I might keep them till they were called for. *Livia* haſtily ſnatched at the Bundle, and the Firſt Paper ſhe caſt her Eye upon, was a Letter directed to her Huſband.

The Reader can better conceive, than I can expreſs, the Conſternation into which this threw her; which was redoubled, when, upon unfolding the Letter, ſhe found incloſed in it a Judge's Warrant for apprehending and ſecuring herſelf, and which was dated that very Morning. It required no Art in *Livia* to feign herſelf exceſſively ill, under Pretence of knowing the unhappy Gentleman, that ſhe might get rid of her Landlady, and thereby give Vent to a Thouſand Paſſions that were then tearing her Soul. The Landlady, reflecting upon what *Eugene* had told her as he was parting, aſked a thouſand Pardons, for having been ſo inadvertent; and, upon *Livia*'s earneſt Requeſt to go to Bed, ſhe left the Room.

As we have not the ſame Opportunity of knowing the ſecret Sentiments of *Livia*, as of *Eugene* and *Charlotte*, we ſhall not pretend to entertain the Reader with her Soliloquy upon this Occaſion. There is Room for believing it to have been very violent; and the Conſequences ſhew, that, without ever once reflecting upon the Baſeneſs of her own Conduct, ſhe conſidered *Tape* as the moſt vile and worthleſs of Men, for wronging her of the Dues which Matrimony claims, and a Wife expects. It is certain, that ſome Remains of Tenderneſs for *Tape*, whom ſhe conſidered as dying; the Hopes of enjoying, when his Widow, an Eſtate, which ſhe expected by an Uncle, who never could bear *Tape*; her conſidering herſelf as innocent, now that ſhe knew *Tape* guilty; and ſome Difficulties ſhe was under as to *Eugene*'s Behaviour and Intentions almoſt determined her, inſtead of ſetting directly out for *Graveſend*, to return to *London*. But upon farther Reflection, ſhe found this Reſolution to be abſolutely neceſſary; ſince, if *Tape* ſhould die, her Friends would, from her Flight, conclude her an Acceſſary in his Murder; but if ſhe ſhould ſtay, whether *Tape* died or lived, ſhe knew, and could prove, enough now of his Inconſtancy, to procure her Pardon from all her Friends, and to excuſe herſelf

for

for all her Behaviour. She therefore ordered the Coach to drive directly towards the *Horſe-ferry*, where ſhe intended to croſs, without alighting, with the Coach-doors drawn up on each Side, ſo as that ſhe could, without being ſeen herſelf, obſerve all that paſſed without. The Firſt Thing ſhe perceived, after ſhe came to the Ferry, was *Eugene* handing into a Boat a Woman, whoſe Face ſhe was near enough to view diſtinctly, though ſhe did not know it. This gave *Livia* no ſmall Uneaſineſs; ſhe felt the Stings of Jealouſy; and could not help already accuſing her Lover of his Inconſtancy. To ſay the Truth, ſhe now conſidered both herſelf and him in a very different Light from what ſhe had done for many Years before. Since the Provocations which ſhe had diſcovered from her Huſband's Conduct, ſhe began to fanſy herſelf a Woman of Virtue; and ſhe thought ſhe now knew enough of, and had done enough to, *Eugene*, to oblige him not to Conſtancy only, but Obedience. Add to this, the ſecret Hopes ſhe had of becoming, by *Tape*'s Death, a fine rich young Widow; and ſuch a Match as *Eugene* might, with Pleaſure, embrace, to patch up his broken Fortune. In ſhort, *Livia* was of that Character, that very little dejected, and leſs elevated her; a Trifle

ſunk her into Meanneſs, or raiſed her to Inſolence. She had ſome Thoughts of returning to her Friends, and of expoſing all her Huſband's Conduct and Uſage of her. But, upon Second Thoughts, ſhe ordered the Coach to drive directly to *Eugene*'s Lodgings; not ſo much that he might give her Counſel, as that he might reſolve her Doubts. Being ſet down at the Door, ſhe found that he was not yet returned; but the Servant telling her, that he was every Moment expected, ſhe ſent away the Coach; and the Landlady, remembring her to be the ſame who had been with *Eugene* ſome Days before, ſhewed her up to his Room. While ſhe waited there, ſhe had the Curioſity to peep into his Cloſet, where ſhe ſaw a Standiſh upon a Bureau, and a Letter that ſeemed to be half written. This was the Letter which *Eugene* had begun to write to *Henrietta*, when he was interrupted by the Waterman, and which, in his Hurry, he had forgotten to lock up. *Livia* could not reſiſt the Temptation of reading it, eſpecially as ſhe ſaw it addreſſed to a Woman. The Letter was as follows:

Dear Madam,

THIS comes from a Wretch who has now Occaſion for all the Friendſhip you have ever profeſs'd for his Intereſts, and thoſe of the

the Charmer of his Heart. It is the Apprehenſion of her Griefs, and not the Remembrance of my own Calamities, that now diſtracts me; it is the Load of Affliction that ſhe muſt feel, and not the Ruin that I muſt encounter, that now preſſes down my Soul. O! my Friend, reflect, if you ever was in Love like me, what a taſteleſs, what a wretched, Life, muſt that Being drag along, who falls at once from Happineſs to Miſery; from all that a Mortal can wiſh, to all that he ought to fear. Such a one is Eugene! *Think, my amiable Friend, upon the Condition of a Man torn from the Object of his Soul, by an Accident that renders him, tho' not the moſt guilty, the moſt wretched of Mankind. I will, if poſſible, wear out my Life, in Hopes of being once more happy in her and your Company; but if that ſhould not be ſo ſoon as I flatter myſelf we all wiſh for, let me conjure you, by all our paſt*——

Here the Letter broke off, and left *Livia* under the Agony of Ten thouſand Tortures, to know the Lady to whom this Letter was addreſſed, and her of whom he wrote. Love, Reſentment, Pride, Paſſion, for a few Moments, vaniſhed; and Curioſity took the whole Poſſeſſion of her Soul: It drove her to ſearch for Letters all about the Room, but in vain; for *Eugene* had been

ſo

ſo cautious, that no literary Correſpondence had paſſed between him and *Charlotte*. At laſt, *Livia*, in peeping into every Drawer, (*Eugene* having, in his Hurry, left the Key in his Bureau) fell upon the Notes he had given to *Tape*, which, by an unaccountable Careleſſneſs, he had neglected to deſtroy: She immediately catched them up, and, deſpairing of gratifying her Curioſity, ſhe went down Stairs, and, pretending to the Landlady, that her Time did not allow her to ſtay any longer, ſhe departed.

Scarcely had ſhe turned One Corner of the Street, when *Eugene* hurried home to finiſh his imperfect Letter, with a Caution not to impart to *Charlotte* the diſagreeable News, till ſhe was perfectly recovered from her Indiſpoſition. But how was he amazed, when his Landlady informed him, that a Lady had been waiting for him, whom, by the Deſcription of her, he immediately knew to be *Livia!* He haſtily ran up Stairs, and, by the Diſpoſition of the Room, and the Diſorder in which *Livia* had left his Papers, he gueſſed at all the Truth, excepting the Loſs of the Notes, of which, in a very few Minutes, he was informed likewiſe. *Eugene* conſidered all thoſe Diſcoveries as throwing him into ſuch a Depth of Miſery, that he could not fall lower; but he acted uncommonly upon every

every Occaſion. Upon this, he preſerved a wonderful Serenity of Mind; he was not now diſtracted with Doubts, with Difficulties, Anxieties, Fears, and Perplexities; the Road lay plain before him; he had but one Way to eſcape, and he had nothing now to do but to purſue it. He was not now more afraid of *Tape*'s Death, than of *Livia*'s Revenge; and the Thoughts of Death were eaſy, compared to thoſe of *Charlotte*'s diſcovering his Diſingenuity and Baſeneſs. He inſtantly diſpatched all his Affairs, in the ſame manner as he had propoſed before; and next Morning ſet out for *Harwich*, with an Intention to paſs over to *Holland*, without imparting his Deſign to any but *Marville*, who had been a Servant of his Father's, and of whoſe Fidelity he was well aſſured. Him *Eugene* ordered to call at his Lodgings for what Letters came to him, and left him proper Directions how to tranſmit them.

While he ſtay'd at *Harwich*, waiting for a Wind, *Marville* ſent him a Letter, from his noble Friend, to inform him, that he had now an Opportunity of retrieving his Fortune, which he knew to be much impaired; and that a conſiderable Poſt at Court had fallen vacant, of which he had obtained a Promiſe from the King in *Eugene*'s Favour; and that this was the more agreeable to him,

him, becauſe it intitled him to purſue his Addreſſes of Marriage to his Couſin the Lady *Iſabella*. He concluded his Letter, by preſſing *Eugene*, in the moſt earneſt manner, to come immediately to *Kenſington*, where he would introduce him to kiſs his Majeſty's Hand upon his Promotion. This Letter only ſerved to throw *Eugene* into freſh Perplexities; but, after long Debate with himſelf, he order'd *Marville* to acquaint his noble Friend, that the deſperate Situation of his Affairs had obliged him to leave *England* before the Letter could come to his Hands, but that it had been ſent after him to *Holland*. But the hardeſt Taſk for *Eugene* ſtill remained; and that was to invent an Excuſe for his Abſence to *Charlotte*. Sometimes he was tempted to write her all the Truth, and to throw himſelf upon her Compaſſion, in hopes that his Diſtreſs might plead his Pardon. Sometimes he thought of pretending private Buſineſs, and ſometimes that he had a ſecret Commiſſion to execute, from the Government. But he conſidered, that if *Tape* ſhould die, *Livia*'s Reſentment would publiſh his Misfortune; and, if he ſhould live, his Revenge would reveal his Shame. In ſhort, with all his Invention, he was not ingenious enough to frame any plauſible Excuſe, and fixed to no Reſolution, but that

of

of writing, in ſome Terms or other, to *Charlotte*; which, at laſt, he did, but in ſo dark and confuſed a manner, as ſerved only to ſhew the diſtracted State of his Mind, and the deſperate Turn of his Reſolution. He then embark'd for *Holland*, where we muſt, for ſome time, leave him, to attend the Diſtreſs of *Charlotte*.

As Patience was one of her Virtues, on this Occaſion it was tried to the utmoſt. For ſome time ſhe ſupported herſelf by thinking, that the private Affairs of her Huſband detained him at *London*; and the Tenderneſs which he had expreſſed to *Lamoine* for her Recovery, had, if poſſible, endeared him ſtill farther to her Affections. When the fatal Letter came to her Hand, in which he told the Story of his Deſpair, and conjured her, for Reaſons which he durſt not then diſcover, to conceal their Marriage till his Return, ſhe fainted away, to the inexpreſſible Amazement of *Henrietta*, who ran to her Aſſiſtance. Upon her Recovery ſhe put *Eugene*'s Letter into her Friend's Hand, without any other Expreſſion but that of a mournful Look, and a deep Sigh. The Amazement of *Henrietta*, upon reading this Letter, was inexpreſſible. It ſeemed to take away her Senſe and Motion, and it demanded the Conſolation which ſhe ought to have beſtow'd upon her

Friend.

Friend. For ſome Minutes each fix'd her Eyes upon the other, and *Charlotte*, without any other Emotion than ſaying, "*The* "*Will of God be done*," retired to her Cloſet. The Condition of *Henrietta*, to Appearance, was more deplorable than that of *Charlotte*. She accuſed herſelf, though wrongfully, of being acceſſary to the Ruin of her amiable Friend, by the Part ſhe had in making up the Marriage. She was diſtracted between the Fears of finding *Eugene* perfidious, and the Hopes of diſcovering him to be only unfortunate. She afflicted herſelf with the Reflection, that ſhe had been perhaps the Cauſe of his Misfortunes, by her inſiſting upon *Charlotte*'s reſerving her Money in her own Hands; and ſhe trembled at the Apprehenſion of her Friend's Reproaches on that Head. She had recourſe to *Eugene*'s Letter; but there ſhe found freſh Matter of Doubt; nor could ſhe comprehend the Meaning of his earneſtly conjuring his Wife to keep their Marriage a Secret, as he could not be ignorant, that *Charlotte* was ſome Months gone with Child.

Henrietta continued for Hours thus perplexing and tormenting herſelf, when *Charlotte* enter'd the Room, from her Cloſet, with the ſame modeſt Air, and unconcerned Behaviour, which ſhe wore before ſhe

ſhe received the unwelcome Letter from *Eugene*. She embraced *Henrietta*; ſhe bade her take Comfort; that things might be better than they expected; and that, for her Part, the Bitterneſs of her Affliction was over; at leaſt that it was her Duty, as a Wife, to preſume the beſt of her Huſband's Conduct, while things were in the uncertain Condition they were then in; and that ſhe was reſolved, in all Events, and coſt her what it would, to obey his Commands in keeping their Marriage a Secret. *Henrietta* had now a freſh Opportunity of admiring the Virtues of *Charlotte*; and to reflect upon that divine Support in the Hour of Diſtreſs, which the Force of Religion, and of Spirits undiſſipated by Vanity, or Paſſion, communicate. She now ſenſibly ſaw the Difference between herſelf and *Charlotte*, who ſeem'd to come out more pure from Affliction, and to be ennobled by Diſtreſs. Her Air was indeed more penſive; but that Penſiveneſs gave a Dignity to her Perſon, that render'd her, if poſſible, more lovely than ever ſhe had appeared in the Eyes of *Henrietta*, who continued, for ſome Seconds, dumb with the Admiration of her Virtues. While ſhe remained in this Poſture, ſhe, as it were, caſually, but with kind Concern, threw her Eye upon *Charlotte*'s Shape, which was now viſibly alter'd,

alter'd, ſince the laſt time ſhe had been in *London*; but *Charlotte*, with a gentle Smile, told her, that ſhe underſtood what ſhe meant, and that ſhe did not doubt but that Heaven would ſtill order all for the beſt.

After this, a very ſerious Diſcourſe paſſed between thoſe Two incomparable Friends; the Reſult of which was, that *Lamoine* ſhould immediately go to *London*, on Pretence of getting every thing ready for their Reception there; and that ſhe ſhould privately do all ſhe could to inform herſelf concerning *Eugene*, and his Affairs.

Livia, after the Diſcovery ſhe had made at *Eugene*'s Lodgings, went directly to her Uncle's Houſe, and threw herſelf, in a Flood of Tears, at his Feet, conjuring him to take under his Protection the moſt injured and abuſed of Womankind. The Uncle's Hatred of *Tape* made him believe readily every Word *Livia* ſaid, when ſhe told him, that ſhe had been forced to elope for fear of her Life; that ſhe had diſcovered the Place of his Retreat, where he uſed to live with an infamous Creature of the Town, who, in his going to and coming from that Place, had employ'd Ruffians to rob him; that *Tape*, in making Reſiſtance, was deſperately wounded; and that ſhe was uncertain whether he was dead or alive. When ſhe had finiſhed her Relation, her Uncle very

very prudently desired her to go home, and take Possession of her Husband's House, without appearing to mind any thing that had happened, either to herself or *Tape*; that, in the mean while, she must acquaint him with the Place where *Tape* lay; and that he would privately make himself Master of the whole Truth, and learn whether he was dead or alive; assuring her, that, if Matters were as she had represented, he would not only protect her, but, if her Husband should recover, he would spend to the last Farthing of his Estate, in bringing such a Villain to Justice. This Advice, though prudent, if *Livia* had been innocent, threw her into dreadful Perplexities, because she knew how easy it would be for *Tape* to recriminate upon her, in case he should recover. Her Uncle, however, who was an old Batchelor, was so positive, that she was obliged to comply. She accordingly went home, for some Days; and, the Recovery of *Tape* being still doubtful, she resolved, in the worst Event, to stand by her own Story; and that being forced, through ill Usage, to leave her Husband, she had been recommended by a Friend, merely through Accident, to the House where he then lay. She had the more Reason to brazen out this Story, as in Reality the Landlady could give no Evidence

of any criminal Correſpondence between her and *Eugene*, who ſhe was ſure had, by this time, left *England*. The worſt ſhe had to fear was from *Tape* himſelf, who knew that ſhe had been recommended to the Houſe by *Eugene*; and this, join'd with the Circumſtance of her having robbed him of *Eugene*'s Notes, and with the ſuſpicious manner of *Tape*'s being wounded, were ugly Circumſtances againſt her. But, pulling up her Spirits, ſhe reſolved to juſtify herſelf upon the Footing of *Eugene*'s Friendſhip, and comforted herſelf with the Thoughts that *Tape*, for his own ſake, never would venture to betray what had paſſed between them. When ſhe reflected upon all the Circumſtances of *Eugene*'s Behaviour, ſhe began, by degrees, to think, that *Tape* could have been wounded by no Hand but his; and at laſt ſhe wonder'd at her own Stupidity, in not finding out this fatal Truth before.

Amidſt the Labyrinth of Doubts and Perplexities, which *Livia* encounter'd on this Occaſion, it was very happy for her, that her Heart was quite unconcern'd for any Object but her own Preſervation. For though *Livia* was ſuſceptible of Love, yet ſhe was more ſo of Fear. As her Soul was not virtuous, it could not ſtand the Shock of Adverſity; and even her Paſſion for Plea-

Pleaſure, which was her favourite Purſuit, was extinguiſh'd by her Apprehenſion of Danger. She acted, however, on this Occaſion, with uncommon Sagacity and good Fortune. The Fear of Want, next to the Fear of Puniſhment, ſtared her full in the Face, and in all Events ſhe reſolved, if poſſible, to provide againſt both. She remembered, that one of *Eugene*'s Notes of 500 *l.* had been indorſed blank to *Tape*, at a time when he wanted Money, and had depoſited it for ſome Weeks with a Money-Scrivener, for a certain Sum. As *Tape* was looked upon to be in good Circumſtances, ſhe immediately repaired to a Banker of his Acquaintance, under Pretence, that her Huſband being ill in the Country, had ſent her up the Note, which had but a few Weeks to run, to receive Money upon it; and the Banker, without Heſitation, gave her the Sum, after making the ordinary Diſcount. Having received the Money, ſhe began to reflect on the Danger of having ſo great a Sum about her, and that ſhould her Huſband recover, he muſt ſoon be informed of the Tranſaction, and force her to refund it. She had no Friend whom ſhe could truſt, and could fall upon no Method of ſecuring it from *Tape*. At laſt, ſhe bethought herſelf of the Lottery, which was then drawing, and

as ſhe had, unknown to her Husband, been uſed to buy Tickets in former Lotteries, ſhe inſtantly went to a noted Lottery-Office, where ſhe laid out 450 *l.* in Tickets, and had them enter'd under feigned Names.

Being returned home, ſhe found her Uncle waiting for her, and from him ſhe learn'd, that the Surgeon, who attended *Tape*, thought him to be out of all Danger, but that, either through Obſtinacy or Weakneſs, he had not yet diſcovered the manner of his being wounded, only inſiſted upon being carried home; which the Surgeon thought might be ſafely done next Day. Had the Uncle entertained any Suſpicion of the Truth, the manner in which *Livia* received this News would have betray'd her. She ſeveral times changed her Colour, and though ſhe had ſeldom or never ventured to diſpute any thing with her Uncle, ſhe flatly told him, ſhe never could bring herſelf to the Thought of living again with that Huſband who had ſo baſely wronged her. "Look you, Niece, "replied the old Gentleman, there is "Law for you as well as for your Huſ- "band, and if Matters be as you have "told me, he ſhall ſmoak for it. There "is one lucky Circumſtance on your Side, "which I learn'd ſince I ſaw you. For, "talking with the Surgeon, and ſome

"honeſt

" honeſt People in the Neighbourhood, I " underſtood, that the Houſe he is now in, " is a Houſe of very bad Fame; and that, " as you informed me, the Night before, " he had a common Creature of the Town " along with him, who has ſince robbed " him, and eſcap'd. Upon this I applied " to a very worthy Juſtice, of my inti- " mate Acquaintance, in the Neighbour- " hood, and, after putting together all the " Circumſtances, he granted a Warrant for " apprehending the Woman, and Servants " of the Houſe, who are now in Cuſtody, " and I am come to aſk you to be preſent " at their Examination, which will be To- " morrow Morning, as you are ſo material " a Party concerned." *Livia* had almoſt ſunk down dead at thoſe Words; but her Uncle, who did not obſerve her Agitation, taking his Hat, told her he had a little Buſineſs then to diſpatch, and that he would return to the time, and carry her in his Chariot to the Juſtice's, who, he told her again, was his intimate Friend, and a very worthy Gentleman.

All the Cunning of *Livia* was now aground; but ſhe reſolved, at all Events, not to be found by her Uncle, at his Return; and after haſtily putting on her things, ſhe was ſtepping down Stairs, to leave the Houſe, when ſhe was ſtopp'd at

the Door by a Gentlewoman, whom ſhe immediately knew to be the ſame Perſon whom *Eugene* had handed into the Boat, the laſt time ſhe ſaw him. It was in effect *Lamoine*, who, after ſearching in vain for News of *Eugene*, had been directed to *Tape*'s Houſe, as the moſt probable Place for hearing News of him. *Livia*, notwithſtanding all her Curioſity to know who this Perſon was, and whether ſhe could give her any News from *Eugene*, would gladly have avoided her. But *Lamoine* accoſted her with ſuch an Air both of Civility and Importance, that *Livia* could not reſiſt the Temptation of deſiring her to walk into the Parlour, and to ſit down. "Madam, "ſaid *Lamoine*, my Buſineſs was with Mr. "*Tape*; but, underſtanding he was from "home, I have taken the Liberty to ad- "dreſs myſelf to you, to know whether "you can direct me how I can either ſee, "or write to *Eugene*." "That, Madam, "replied *Livia*, briſkly, may not be ſo "proper a Queſtion, if I could. Gentle- "men know their own Affairs beſt, and if "you have any Buſineſs with *Eugene*, I "do not doubt but he has his Reaſons why "you know not where to find him; and of "all Perſons in the World, Madam, *Eu-* "*gene*'s own Attorney is the moſt unlikely "to give you the Information you want."

Lamoine,

Lamoine, conſidering who *Livia* was, could not take this Anſwer amiſs, but it diſconcerted her greatly. She could not, without violating the Commands of her Miſtreſs, diſcloſe the true Motives of her Inquiry, and ſhe bluſh'd when ſhe told *Livia*, in a ſtammering manner, that ſhe miſtook her Meaning, but that her Caution gave her the better Opinion of her Virtue, and her Friendſhip, ſince it could proceed only from a kind Concern for *Eugene*. "Well, "Madam, replied *Livia*, with a forced "Smile, a Lady with ſuch a Face and "Perſon as you are Miſtreſs of, may, I "grant you, have other Buſineſs with *Eu-* "*gene* than what I hinted at; but, take my "Word for it, with a malicious Toſs of "her Head, you will be diſappointed; for "it is no Secret, that *Eugene* has Engage- "ments with other Perſons, and you muſt "be a Lady of very extraordinary Figure "and Fortune indeed, if you think you "can break them— But pray, Madam, "purſued ſhe, before *Lamoine* could re- "cover her Diſorder, to make her any An- "ſwer, have I not ſeen your Face before? "—and I never was more deceived in the "whole Courſe of my Life, if you was "not in Company with *Eugene* ſince I was." *Lamoine* was not much diſconcerted at this Speech, becauſe ſhe knew the Nature of

moſt Women, to ſift what they can from thoſe of their own Sex, eſpecially in the Caſe of an Intrigue. She, however, preſerved ſo much Recollection as rather to encourage than break off the Diſcourſe. Madam, ſaid ſhe to *Livia*, with an Air of Gaiety, my Figure is ſuch as you ſee it; and as to Fortune, I have none. But I am convinced that *Eugene* is a Man of more Honour than to treat any Woman ill, be her Buſineſs with him what it will. I am, perhaps, not at Liberty to diſcover mine— "Ah, Madam, Madam, interrupted *Li-* "*via* haſtily, I thought I would find you "out—You was not, was you, with him "laſt *Friday*, he did not hand you into a "Boat, and— eh!"—Thoſe Words ſtruck *Lamoine* almoſt ſpeechleſs, when ſhe remembered that to be the Day when *Eugene* was with her, by *Henrietta*'s Orders. "Yes, Madam, replied *Lamoine*, after "ſhe had recovered her Surprize, I did ſee "him at the time you mention; but it "was not on my Account, but by Order "of thoſe whom I am bound to obey."— "O, well then, anſwers *Livia*, perhaps "you are not Miſtreſs of yourſelf. I am "glad of it; for Gentlemen, now-a-days, "are apt to be ſo very extravagant, and "render ſo many poor young Women un-"happy." — *Livia* ſpoke thoſe Words with

with an inſinuating Air; for ſhe immediately conjectured that *Lamoine* was not come intirely upon her own Account, to inquire after *Eugene*. *Lamoine* inſtantly grew ſenſible, that, in her Confuſion, ſhe ſaid more than ſhe ought to have done; but ſought to retrieve it by her Caution, during the reſt of the Converſation. *Livia* perceived this, and, to engage *Lamoine* to make ſome Diſcovery, ſhe put on an Air of Frankneſs and Confidence towards her, with regard to *Eugene*. Amongſt other things, ſhe mentioned, how that ſhe had ſaved both him and a young Lady from Ruin, out of a common Principle of Pity to both; and then ſhe recounted to *Lamoine*, how ſhe believed ſhe had broken off the Match between *Eugene* and *Charlotte*. But, Madam, ſaid *Lamoine*, though, on Account of *Eugene*'s Indiſcretions, that might have been fortunate for the Lady, yet I cannot ſee, how it can be term'd ſo for the Gentleman, conſidering *Charlotte*'s Fortune, and good Qualities. That is all true, ſaid *Livia*, with a Nod or Two of her Head; but I know where he could have done better, and then ſhe gave ſome confuſed Hints of the Treaty between *Eugene* and the Lady *Iſabella*. But, concluded ſhe, finding that *Lamoine* could not be brought to any farther Explanation, "I am, at preſent, in

" a little Hurry, and have ſome Reaſons " why we ſhould not talk any more upon " this Subject here." The Two Ladies then took Leave of one another, each equally eager to be better inform'd, as to what ſhe wanted to know of the other, but both of them deſpairing of Succeſs.

Next Morning *Lamoine* returned to her Miſtreſs and *Charlotte*, with the Account of the Fruitleſſneſs of her Inquiry, and, amongſt other things, informed them, very particularly, of the Converſation ſhe had with *Livia*. The Treaty between *Eugene* and the Lady *Iſabella* had been an intire Secret to both, and *Henrietta*, who began now to think not over-favourably of Mankind, conceived in her Head very ſtrange Suſpicions, as if *Eugene* intended to return no more, and to diſown his Marriage with *Charlotte*. But *Charlotte* was better natur'd, as well as more reaſonable, in her Conjecture, and imputed *Eugene*'s Abſence to a Principle of Prudence, intermixed, however, with certain Delicacies he could not well get over. She was no Stranger to the great Proſpects he had from his noble Friend. She knew how capricious great Men were, and ſhe even approved, to *Henrietta*, of *Eugene*'s Caution, in conjuring her to keep his Marriage a Secret, and expreſſed herſelf intirely ſatisfied with his

Conduct, until ſhe ſhould ſee farther, arming herſelf, in the mean time, with Patience, and Hopes of the beſt, which was as yet at a great Diſtance.

Livia's Uncle, next Morning, came to carry her to the Examination of her Huſband's Landlady, and her Servants, before the Juſtice; but, to his inexpreſſible Amazement, he underſtood that ſhe had been from home all Night, and was not yet returned. But though he was in a violent Paſſion at her diſtruſting the Strength either of his Purſe, or of his Inclination to ſerve her, he imputed her Flight to the Fear of her Huſband's treating her ill; and all he blamed her for, was her not letting him him into the Secret of her Intention. He immediately flung into his Chariot, which he ordered to drive to the Juſtice's Houſe. He found him attending; but the ſuſpected Parties not being yet ſent for, the Juſtice took Mr. *Wright*, for that was the Uncle's Name, into a Parlour, by himſelf. "Look "you, Mr. *Wright*, ſaid the Juſtice, neither you nor I are Boys, and let us have "a care what we do. You know, as well "as I, what a tickliſh thing it is to be a "Juſtice of the Peace. I have been of the "*Quorum* for Five-and-thirty Years, and "I never in my Life ſaw any Good come "of precipitant Management. I have re-

" flected on what you was telling me, con-
" cerning this Affair."— " Zoons, inter-
" rupted Mr. *Wright*, haſtily, do you miſ-
" doubt what I ſay? Don't you think I am
" a Man of Honour? I am of the *Quo-*
" *rum* as well as you, Mr. Juſtice, and my
" Word has been taken, before now, for
" Hundreds of Pounds. I'll lay a Thou-
" ſand Pounds, and pay it before I go out
" of the Room, if I loſe it, that there is
" never a Juſtice in the County, beſides
" yourſelf, who does not think my Word
" as good as the Bank of *England*." While Mr. *Wright* was pronouncing theſe Words, he roſe from his Seat, and ſat down again, at leaſt half a Dozen times. " Have you
" done, Mr. *Wright*," ſaid the Juſtice.
" Done, Sir! replied Mr. *Wright*, I don't
" underſtand what you mean by being
" done." " Look you, Mr. *Wright*, ſaid
" the Juſtice, I did not mean to affront
" you: Perhaps you would have done as
" well if you had talked leſs of your Ho-
" nour, and your Money: I don't queſtion
" either."—— " No, you dare not, ſaid
" *Wright*, ſtarting up, nor never a Man in
" *England* dare." " That is all well, re-
" plied the Juſtice; but, if you won't hear
" me out, I muſt tell you, in ſhort, that
" I will hazard a Proſecution in the King's-
" Bench for never a *Wright* in *England*."
—" So,

—" So, Sir," anſwered *Wright*, foaming, " then you deny to do Juſtice to my " Niece— 'Tis very well, I ſee how it " goes, but I'll take care ſhe ſhall have it " elſewhere." And with theſe Words he flung out of the Houſe, without once hearing what the Juſtice had to propoſe.

The Juſtice, whoſe Name was *Bottom*, was poor; but underſtood his Buſineſs very well, though he had not been quite irreproachable in his Actings as a Juſtice. But in this Caſe he was in the right. The Miſtreſs of the Lodging was a Houſekeeper, and tho' the Accident of *Tape*'s being wounded had opened the Mouths of her Neighbours againſt her, yet ſhe was a Woman of Subſtance; and when it came to the Puſh, not one of them durſt venture to hold their Face, for fear of being proſecuted, to what they had ſaid before. *Tape*'s Name was by this time very well known, and the Juſtice being informed, that he was an Attorney of good Practice, had paid him a Viſit, but had received no Satisfaction from *Tape* concerning the manner of his being wounded. This Sullenneſs, with the ugly Circumſtance of his having a Woman of the Town along with him, in Mrs. *Smith*'s Houſe, for that was the Woman's Name, reaſonably brought ſome Doubts into the Mind of the Juſtice, who had intended to propoſe to

Mr.

Mr. *Wright*, if he had had Patience to hear him out, that the Examination of the Woman, and her Servants, ſhould be taken apart, and privately, that they might know how to proceed. There was indeed a good deal of Juſtice-craft in this Management; but then, every thing conſidered, it was for the beſt, and the Juſtice purſued it accordingly. He called the Woman into a Room, with nobody in it beſides himſelf; and bidding her ſit down, he told her, he did not want to put her to any Trouble, or indeed to make any Confeſſion that could hurt herſelf; but that Mr. *Wright* was a violent Man, and had a long Purſe; and that *Tape* being married to his Niece, whom he had treated ill, he was reſolved to expoſe him. Mrs. *Smith* perceiving the Juſtice to talk in a Tone quite different from what ſhe had expected, told his Honour, ſhe was willing to give him all the Satisfaction he could require. She then began with telling him, "how long ſhe had been "a Houſekeeper in the Pariſh, what a dear "Houſe-rent ſhe had to pay; and that "ne'er a Neighbour ſhe had could crave "her for a Shilling, though ſhe had been "hundreds of Pounds out in ſerving them, "and that ſhe had never been before his "Worſhip till that bleſſed Hour." After this Preamble ſhe enter'd into a Detail of all

all that had paſſed in her Houſe, upon the late Occaſion, a few immaterial Circumſtances excepted; and, amongſt the other Proofs of her Innocency, ſhe ſhewed to the Juſtice *Eugene*'s Letter, when he recommended *Livia* to her Houſe. The Juſtice read the Letter with ſome Attention; he knew both the Perſon and the Character of *Eugene*, that he was nobly related, that his Conduct had been ſomewhat irregular, and that a great deal of Buſineſs had paſſed between him and *Tape*. He then queſtioned Mrs. *Smith*, very minutely, whether *Eugene* had taken any Concern about *Tape*, when he was brought, in all Appearance, dead into her Houſe; and, upon her repeating the Circumſtances pretty much as we have related before, a thouſand Doubts and Jealouſies began to run into his Head. He called for the Papers, which had been found about *Tape*; but Mrs. *Smith* told him, ſhe had returned them as ſoon as it was found that *Tape* was out of Danger from his Wounds. She ſaid, however, that *Tom*, her Servant, who was waiting without, to be examin'd by his Honour, could both read and write, and ſhe did not doubt but he could give an Account what was in them. *Tom*, upon this, was called in, and his Story agreed perfectly well with that of his Miſtreſs; but, as he knew more of the Mat-

ter

ter than ſhe did, he told the Juſtice, amongſt other things, of the Judge's Warrant, that was found about *Tape*, for apprehending his Wife; and that *Tape* no ſooner ſaw the Lady, who was with *Eugene*, than he was ready to tear himſelf with Paſſion; that, at firſt, he ſeemed violently inclined to ruſh in upon her, and do her a Miſchief, giving her a great Number of hard Names, ſuch as Adultreſs, Bitch, Whore, and the like; but that, at the laſt, he walked off towards Town, in great Fury. The other Servants, who were Two Maids, were then called in, and, telling their Stories pretty much to the ſame Purpoſe, the Juſtice diſcharged the Warrant for their Commitment, taking the Bail of the Miſtreſs for the Appearance of the Servants, if they ſhould be called upon. He then went into cloſe Conſultation with his Clerk; and after comparing the manner of *Eugene*'s hearing the News of *Tape*'s Misfortune, his Behaviour after it, his precipitate Departure, with that of the Lady, with many other Circumſtances, they concluded, that the Myſtery was to be only cleared up, by informing *Eugene* what they had found out; that they had no Chance of the Matter's turning out to their Advantage, but by *Eugene*'s advancing ſomewhat by way of Huſh-money; for they ſhrewdly concluded, that notwithſtanding *Tape* was

paſt

paſt all Danger, the thing appeared very black upon *Eugene*'s part. The firſt thing therefore to be done, was to find *Eugene* out; and, as ſoon as the Juſtice underſtood where he had lodged in Town, he ſent him a very civil, but a very preſſing, Letter, for a Meeting, upon an Affair that concerned *Eugene*'s Honour and Fortune. The Meſſenger, who carried this Letter, immediately brought it back, with an Account, that *Eugene* was not to be found. This increaſed the Suſpicions of the Juſtice, and not willing to loſe all the Fruits of ſo much Trouble and Inquiry, he inſtantly went to *Eugene*'s Friend, whom we ſhall call the Lord *Granpound*, and who he knew took a Concern in every thing that related to *Eugene*, and acquainted him with the whole Matter.

This noble Lord was a Man of Senſe and Addreſs. He loved and valued *Eugene*, and, as he never was married himſelf, his great Care was about him. He had ſometimes been vexed, but never offended, with his Friend's Irregularities; and had often endeavoured, but in vain, to win his Confidence. But, withal, *Granpound* was exceſſively full of his own high Quality, his great Eſtate, and his fine Perſon, which was indeed far from being deſpicable. In all Inſtances, but that of *Eugene*, he had a mechanical Way of eſtimating both Mankind

kind and Womankind. He allowed nothing for Parts, for Merit, or for Misfortunes. The Ability or Diſability to ſerve or pleaſe him was all he conſidered, and when he found Virtue or Wit, or both, in the Compoſition of the Man who would promote his Intereſt, or the Woman who touched his Fancy, he conſidered them as good lucky Accidents; but, that though the Man or the Woman was the better for poſſeſſing them, yet they might, for all that, if they were without them, do every whit as well for his Purpoſe.

He received the Juſtice very civilly, and heard the Story of *Eugene* with a kind Concern. The Circumſtance of the Woman he had with him at Mrs. *Smith*'s ſtuck moſt with him, becauſe he was afraid leſt *Eugene* might be under ſome Engagements, which might throw a Bar into the Way of his Match with the Lady *Iſabella*, and which he otherwiſe conſidered to be as good as concluded. As the Juſtice was taking his Leave, my Lord thanked him for the great Care and Prudence with which he had conducted himſelf with regard to his Friend's Reputation; but requeſted him not to let the Matter reſt there, becauſe he had many important Reaſons for wiſhing to have farther Light into the Matter, particularly with regard to the Woman; that it would be improper

improper for himſelf to deſcend into any ſuch Inquiries; that he knew nobody he could truſt ſo well as the Juſtice; and that, as ſuch a thing muſt be attended with ſome Expence, he begged Leave to preſent him with ſomewhat in the mean time (ſlipping into the Juſtice's Hand a Bank Note of 20 *l.*) for carrying it on. This Preſent made the Juſtice doubly complaiſant. He aſſured his Lordſhip, that he had Agents, who would, in a Day or Two, diſcover all *Eugene*'s Haunts, and both the Name and Habitation of that Lady, if (ſaid he, with a low Bow in taking Leave) ſhe lives within the Bills of Mortality.

In the mean while, *Tape* had been carried home, and was now ſo well recovered as to ſend for One or Two of his Intimates, upon finding, that his Wife had again made an Elopement. He took care, however, to conceal his own diſgraceful Part in the late Adventure, which had proved almoſt fatal to him; and he contented himſelf with inveighing bitterly againſt his Wife, who, he ſaid, had robbed him, and who, in Concert with *Eugene*, had made the Attempt upon his Life. He added, that neither of them was now to be found; that to make any Noiſe about the Affair could not be for his Advantage, and would only ſerve to put his treacherous Wife, and her Gallant,

upon

upon their Guard, while the Noiſe of the Loſs he had ſuſtained, might, if it went abroad, prove of the worſt Conſequence to his Affairs, and concluded with a Scheme of Operations, which he intruſted to them, for apprehending his Wife, by virtue of the Judge's Warrant, and for privately taking out, as ſoon as it could be done, another Warrant for apprehending *Eugene*. His Friends promiſed to aſſiſt him all that was in their Power, and had no ſooner taken their Leaves than his Servant told him, that Juſtice *Bottom* waited below, to ſpeak with him.

Tape was quite ignorant of the important Diſcoveries which that Magiſtrate had made, and being in Hopes that he came to give him ſome Information either of his Wife, or of *Eugene*, he ordered, that he ſhould be ſhewn up Stairs. When the uſual Compliments were over, *Bottom* began, in a very ſerious Tone, to remonſtrate upon the unhappy Conſequences of unlawful Intrigues; that, for his Part, as a Magiſtrate, "I am, ſaid he, Mr. *Tape*, and ever have "been extremely unwilling to go to the "Extremity of the Law, eſpecially when "I have to do with Gentlemen. But, Sir, "as I have been called upon by Mr. "*Wright*, who is a Perſon, you know, not "to be trifled with, to examine into this

"Affair,

" Affair, I could do no leſs than wait up-
" on you, to let you know of your Dan-
" ger." The Name of *Wright* ſtruck ſuch a Damp upon the Spirits of *Tape*, that all the Aſſurance with which he had armed himſelf, forſook him, and he pretended to be ſo violently ſeized with ſome Twitchings of his Wound, when *Bottom* offer'd to his Peruſal the Notes of the Examinations he had taken, that he could not read them over. Not doubting, however, that all had been diſcovered, " What, cried he,
" in a kind of Agony, does Mr. *Wright*
" know that his Niece has robb'd me; that
" ſhe made an Elopement from my Houſe
" with the very Man who had ſo near mur-
" der'd me; and that I diſcovered her in
" the Concealment where he had placed
" her at"—naming the Village where Mrs. *Smith* lived. This was all that *Bottom* wanted, and more than he expected, to know; and he ſeemed to take ſo friendly a Concern for *Tape*, that they enter'd together upon a good deal of Converſation, eſpecially upon the Wickedneſs, and the abandoned Principles, of *Eugene*, whom *Tape* painted in the blackeſt Colours he could lay on. Amongſt other things, he told *Bottom*, that, a little before he was wounded, he had received Intelligence that *Eugene* kept Company with a Lady, in Lodg-

Lodgings, at *Richmond*, for there *Charlotte* and *Henrietta* had reſided, during the Summer; but that the Accident he had met with had prevented his making any farther Diſcoveries; and all he could learn farther was, that he had uſed for ſome time before to ſpend Days, Weeks, and Months, in her Company, without being ſeen out of her Lodgings. From whence he concluded, that this Woman was his real Miſtreſs, and that he had taken up with *Livia* only for the Conveniency of ſubſiſting upon his, *Tape*'s, Spoils. *Bottom* ſeemed to agree with *Tape* in every thing he ſaid, and took his Leave of him, wiſhing him the perfect Re-eſtabliſhment of his Health; and aſſureing him withal, that he would do his utmoſt to ſerve either his Intereſt or Reputation.

When *Bottom* returned home, and had laid every thing together, he ſent for his Clerk, who had been long uſed to all the dirty Buſineſs of Juſticeſhip, and told him, that it was abſolutely neceſſary that either he, or ſome of his Hangers-on, ſhould make an Acquaintance with the Watermen who ply'd between *London* and *Richmond*, and get all the Information poſſible, both concerning *Eugene*, and the Lady he kept Company with. This was no hard matter. The Clerk immediately went to *Hungerford*, where, under Pretence of having a Bundle

Bundle to ſend to *Eugene*, he at laſt learn'd from one of them, who had been employ'd by *Eugene*, that he had carried many a Parcel for him to ſuch a Houſe, deſcribing the Lodging of *Charlotte* and *Henrietta*. The Fellow returned to his Maſter with this Intelligence; and it was concluded beteen them, that the Clerk ſhould ſet out early next Morning for *Richmond*, to make farther Diſcoveries, and, if poſſible, return that very Night. The Clerk had all the Succeſs he could deſire. Upon his Return, he told his Maſter, that, pretending to be ſent to take a Lodging at *Richmond*, for a conſiderable Family, in which he was both Steward and Butler, he had in an Inſtant got into Company with an Alehouſe-woman, a Butcher, an Herb-woman, and a Barber; but that the laſt had by far the beſt Intelligence, he having waited upon *Eugene* ſeveral times, at the Lady's Lodgings. Upon the Whole he had diſcovered, that Two hugeous pretty Ladies lived in thoſe Lodgings; that they kept an old Footman, Two Maids, and an upper Maid-Servant; that they were very good Pay; but that all things were packed up to go, for the Winter-time, to *London*, where they were to lodge in ſuch a Street, naming a Street where *Lamoine* had actually taken a Houſe for her Ladies. As to the Names of the Ladies,

Ladies, he could get no Information, the Houſe going by the Name of the Landlady, who had let it ready furniſhed, only that there was in it one Mrs. *Lamoine*, but whether ſhe was Maid or Miſtreſs he could not be ſure.

The Juſtice took care, minutely, to mark down every Article of Intelligence he had received, either from *Tape*, or his Clerk; and next Morning he went to *Granpound*'s Houſe, where he was received with great Civility by his Lordſhip, to whom he fairly communicated all he had learned, exaggerating the great Pains and Difficulty he had in coming at the Information, and lamenting the little Care which the Government took to encourage Men of Worth and Honour, who were in the Commiſſion of the Peace. "Could you ſee, "my Lord, continued he, what a Com- "pany of Scoundrels I am ſometimes "obliged to ſit with upon the Bench, you "would actually pity me: Not one of them "has more Senſe nor Honour within them "than one of your Lordſhip's Coach- "horſes; and yet I don't know how it "is——theſe Fellows have found the way "to inſinuate themſelves with Men of "Quality, and every one of them is poſ- "ſeſſed of ſome ſnug Place under the Go- "vernment. For my Part, my Lord, I

"have

" have ſerved my Country Twenty Years,
" and I'll defy any Man to ſay, that I
" ever had a Shilling of Money from the
" Government, tho' I have been Pounds
" out of Pocket to ſerve it, beſides my
" Time. Indeed, I am ſurpriſed at ſome
" Peoples Impudence; I never could puſh
" my Noſe into the Face of any great
" Man, I never could raiſe myſelf by
" cringing and flattering, not I, though
" my Services are very well known, and
" though I am of a better Family than
" e'er a Gentleman who has the Honour
" to ſit upon the Bench, yet I ſcorn to put
" great Men in mind of what I have done
" for the Public. Why, look you, my
" Lord, had you employed any of theſe
" Fellows, any of theſe Trading-Juſtices,
" in ſuch an Affair as this, ſlap-daſh, they
" would have picked your Lordſhip's
" Pockets of Three or Four-ſcore Pieces,
" and perhaps not have done it after all—
" No, no, my Lord, no under-hand
" Work for me, I love to do things
" ſquarely, and above-board. *John Bot-*
" *tom* had not a Thouſand Pounds laid
" out on his Education, not to know how
" to manage an Affair of this kind; let
" me alone for that—— In the Execution
" of his Office he regards neither Friend
" nor Foe: And now, my Lord, will your

" Lordſhip be pleaſed to let me know " what I have to do?" My Lord anſwered this polite Harange with a courtly Bow: He told Mr. *Bottom*, " That he was but " too ſenſible of the Truth of all he had " ſaid; that, for his Part, he himſelf, up- " on all Occaſions, recommend Men of " Merit; that he was ſorry the great Peo- " ple, as they were pleaſed to be thought, " had not the ſame Sentiments; and that " he ſhould always take a ſingular Pleaſure " in ſerving Mr. *Bottom*. But, good Sir, " continued he, after all the Pains and " Expence you have been at in this Affair, " I am afraid you may be out of Pocket, " and you'll give me Leave to make you " a Preſent, in Earneſt for your future " Aſſiſtance in this Affair."— " Preſent! " my Lord, ſaid the Juſtice, ſtarting, " why that would be flat Corruption. No, " no, I know my Buſineſs better than that " comes to." " No Offence, I hope, Mr. " Juſtice, replied my Lord— No, none " in the leaſt, my good Lord, anſwers " the Juſtice; and to ſhew your Lordſhip " how far I am from taking an Offence, I " will even accept of your Money (receiving " from my Lord another 20 *l.* Bank-Note) " that I may be able to carry on your " Buſineſs to Purpoſe, by employing the " many Hands I ſhall have Occaſion for

" in

" in this Affair, who all of them expect " to be paid by your Lordſhip, if not by " me; for you know, my Lord, poor " People cannot work for nothing."

" Well, ſaid my Lord, taking the Ju- " ſtice by the Hand, this thing is in a man- " ner new to me, and, to ſay the Truth, " I have not yet thoroughly conſidered " how I ſhall proceed; but I ſhall always " depend upon Mr. *Bottom*'s Aſſiſtance " and Friendſhip." " That you may, my " good dear Lord, replied *Bottom*; and " I dare to ſay, your Lordſhip will think " of me at times." " Think of you, ſaid " my Lord? Why, I ſhall think of no- " thing elſe; if his Majeſty had but Five " Juſtices like you in this City and Li- " berty, he might ſave the Expence of " half his Foot-Guards." " Why, my " Lord, ſaid *Bottom*, I am glad to find " your Lordſhip in the ſame Opinion I " am. I think the Juſtices, and Officers " of the Peace, are the natural Guards of " this free Nation; to ſay the Truth, I " never was very fond of a Standing " Army." The noble Lord, by this time, being heartily tired of *Bottom*'s Converſa- tion, anſwered him only by a Nod of Aſ- ſent; told him, he would be glad, at all times, to ſee him; and thus they parted with mutual Civilities.

When *Bottom* was gone, my Lord ſet himſelf ſeriouſly to reflect on the Caſe before him. After Examination, he ſaw nothing alarming with regard to *Eugene*'s Situation. He had run a Man through the Body, but the Man was recovered; he had run away with that Man's Wife; that amounted only to a common Action at Law. He had lived with a Wench; that indeed might be expenſive, but he had made the Cuckold pay for it. But, upon further Reflection, his Lordſhip ſtarted a Thought more dreadful than all. It was not the firſt Woman, either of no Virtue or no Fortune, who has enticed Men of Senſe and Parts to be fond of them, and even to marry them; and he could not be eaſy till he ſatisfied himſelf who this Wench was, to whom his Friend had given ſo great a Part of his Time. He immediately rung the Bell, and, having taken exact Notes of all *Bottom*'s Information, he ordered a Servant, whom he could truſt, to go early in the Morning to the Street where *Charlotte* was to live in Town, and, by all manner of means, to get Intelligence of her Name, and, if poſſible, of her Character, Fortune, and, in ſhort, of every thing he could learn as to her Condition. He had a farther View in this than mere Curioſity to ſatisfy himſelf about *Eugene*'s

gene's Choice; he reaſonably concluded, that *Eugene*'s Flight was no more than a Feint, to ſtop the Purſuit of Juſtice, in caſe he had killed *Tape*; that it was more than probable his Miſtreſs knew where he lurk'd; and that ſhe might be induced, by the Conſideration either of his high Quality, or his Friendſhip for *Eugene*, to diſcover the Place of his Retreat.

Next Morning the Servant, whom my Lord had diſpatched, return'd, but with no very ſatisfactory Account of the Commiſſion he was charged with. All he had learn'd was, that he had been with the Man who had lett the Houſe furniſhed, who ſaid, he knew the Perſon to whom he had lett it very well; and that he was not afraid of his Rent, if it was a Thouſand Pounds; that Part of the Lady's Baggage had come to the Houſe, but that the Family was not expected till To-morrow Night. This being all the Account he could receive, his Lordſhip charged the Fellow to go next Day by Noon, in a plain working Coat, to the next Alehouſe in the Neighbourhood, and never once to loſe Sight of the Door, but to take particular Notice of all that ſhould go out, or come in; and to get all the other Information he could. The Fellow performed his Buſineſs to Admiration, he dreſſed himſelf pretty much like a

Porter, and went to an Alehouſe, which was almoſt oppoſite to the Lodging of the Ladies, and in which, pretending to the People of the Houſe, who happened to know him very well, that he was out of Buſineſs, about Five in the Afternoon, while he ſat drinking a Pot of Beer at the Window of the Alehouſe, a Footman, with Two Maids, and a Cart loaded with a great deal of Luggage, ſtopped at the Lodging, and came over to the Alehouſe, for a Porter to help them to unload the Cart. The diſguiſed Footman immediately offered his Service; and, being recommended by the People of the Houſe as a very honeſt Fellow, he enter'd with Alacrity upon the Jobb, taking particular notice of all the Directions that were upon the Trunks, Boxes, and other Parcels. Soon after, when the Two Ladies and *Lamoine* arrived in a Coach and Four, the Footman ey'd them very attentively, and continued to obſerve every thing he ſaw, as minutely as he could, without being diſcovered. The Jobb being over, and the Footman ſatisfied for his Trouble, he returned to his Lord, giving him a particular Deſcription of all he ſaw or knew, and enlarged greatly on the Beauty of the Two Ladies, one of which, he ſaid, appeared to be a little tenderiſh. He told my Lord,

in

in particular, that he obſerved *Lamoine* pull out of a Cloaths-cheſt, in order to come at ſome Linen, ſeveral Suits of Mens Cloaths, and one Suit remarkably rich, which, if he did not miſtake, he had ſeen Mr. *Eugene* wear the laſt Birth-day Night. This Circumſtance convinced my Lord, that he could not be miſtaken, and, without any Heſitation, he reſolved to pay the Ladies a Viſit in Perſon. It never came into his Head, that there was a Poſſibility they might be Women of Virtue and Fortune. He thought they might perhaps be Women of Pleaſure; in which caſe he imagined his own Perſon might be a ſufficient Introduction to their Acquaintance. As to Virtue, his Notion of it, with regard to Woman, extended no farther than being true to the Man by whom, or with whom, ſhe lived. If the Virtue of the unknown Ladies was of this kind, his Fortune and Quality, joined to his Relation with *Eugene*, gave him, he thought, an indiſputable Right to talk with them upon the Subject of his Friend, and to receive from them all the Information they could give concerning him.

He ſuffered, however, Three or Four Days to paſs, and having then taken care that another of his Footmen ſhould be made perfectly acquainted with the Houſe

where *Henrietta* lived (for it went by her Name), he went in a kind of a Half-dreſs, after Breakfaſt, into his Chariot, which he ordered to drive thither. Finding the Ladies were at home, he ſtepp'd with an Air of careleſs Aſſurance into the Houſe, and appeared to be a little diſconcerted, when *Henrietta*'s Footman aſked him, who he ſhould ſay wanted his Lady? Who, who? anſwered my Lord, why you may tell her any body— You may tell her my Lord *Granpound* would be glad to ſee her Ladyſhip, turning upon his Heel, and adjuſting his Wig in the Parlour-Glaſs. *Charlotte* and *Henrietta* were, at that very time, above Stairs, diſcourſing upon the melancholy Subject of *Eugene*. Perfection in this Life is finite, and Patience exhauſtible with the beſt of Beings. Even the excellent *Charlotte*, having heard nothing of her Huſband, ſuffered ſome Sighs to eſcape from her; and by the viſible Pains which ſhe took to ſuppreſs others, *Henrietta* could perceive the Agony of her Mind. She ſuffered, however, nothing that was indecent to eſcape from her. She wondered, indeed, that ſhe had not heard from her dear *Eugene*. She hoped he was well— that no Accident had befallen him; but in all Events ſhe truſted to Providence, and hoped for the beſt. Notwithſtanding all

this

this Reſignation, which was as ſincere in her as was poſſible for human Nature, in the like Circumſtances, to admit of, *Henrietta* could perceive a Tear inſenſibly ſtealing from her Eye. She hung with kind Compaſſion over her ſilent Griefs; ſhe admired whom ſhe pitied, and ſhe ſeemed to require for her own Sorrows, the friendly Balm ſhe applied to thoſe of *Charlotte*— The Meſſage which the Footman brought up Stairs rouſed them from their Sympathy of Woe: At the Name of *Granpound* the Roſes forſook the Cheeks of *Charlotte*; her trembling Knees, her quivering Lips, and ſhifting Colour, ſeemed to predict ſomewhat that was terrible. Neither ſhe nor *Henrietta* had ever ſeen his Lordſhip, and they concluded that ſome extraordinary Diſcovery muſt have been made to bring about this Viſit. At laſt *Henrietta* pluck'd up ſo much Courage as to tell the Footman ſhe would wait upon his Lordſhip; and, upon her promiſing to *Charlotte* to conceal no Part from her of the Truth, ſhe went down Stairs. Her Footman opening the Parlour-door— Your Servant— your Servant Ma'm— ſaid my Lord, with a ſidling Motion, which could ſcarcely be called a Bow, ſtill keeping his Eye upon the Glaſs, and rubbing his Teeth with a Cambrick Handkerchief, I have done myſelf

the Honour to make you a Viſit this Morning. This Behaviour ſhocked *Henrietta* ſo much, that, turning ſhort upon the Footman, who had not yet time to ſhut the Door, Did not you tell me, Fellow, ſaid ſhe, that ſomebody wanted me—Why, yes, Madam, anſwered my Lord, advancing a Step, it was I. And what are your Commands? ſaid *Henrietta*, in a peremptory kind of Tone—Why, Ma'm, replied, my Lord (pulling out his Snuff-box, and giving it Two or Three gentle Taps, being confounded with the Indifference and Coldneſs with which ſhe look'd about her) I—I— came to pay you a Viſit this Morning, and to talk with you about an Affair. My Lord, anſwered *Henrietta*, briſkly, it muſt be an Affair of very great Conſequence that I can ſpare any Attention to at preſent.

By this time his Lordſhip, by the Aſſiſtance of the Snuff-box, had recovered ſo much Preſence of Mind as to ſurvey *Henrietta* from Top to Toe: She was then in the Pride of Youth, more of a Woman than a Girl, her Stature rather tall than middling, her Complexion in high Bloom, which was improved by a Glow of Reſentment at my Lord's Behaviour; her Shape was full, but eaſy; and her Eye of the ſpeaking kind, fitted to convey a ſtronger Meaning than Words can expreſs; but, above

above all, ſhe had about her, at that time, an Air of Majeſty, which my Lord was little acquainted with in Womankind; and he began to ſuffer the dreadful Mortification to fear, that he might have been miſtaken.

Madam, ſaid he, with a Bow that was rather reſpectful than graceful, I was directed hither by a Principle that can beſt juſtify the Impertinence and Abruptneſs of this Viſit; I mean, Madam, that of Friendſhip. My Lord, replied *Henrietta*, with a Courtſy, and pointing to a Chair, your Motive is ſo generous, that your Buſineſs muſt be agreeable, and I ſhall hear it with infinite Pleaſure. Seating herſelf oppoſite to my Lord, Madam, ſaid my Lord, you will pardon me if, by one abrupt Queſtion, I ſave you from any farther unneceſſary Trouble. Are you acquainted with my Friend *Eugene?* My Lord, replied *Henrietta*, in the moſt obliging manner, I am. When I tell your Lordſhip, that his Friendſhip was the greateſt Happineſs of my Life. I need not ſay how much I regret his Abſence. My Lord was now at a Loſs how to proceed. *Henrietta* ſpoke the Language of Virtue; ſhe had the Air of Innocence; ſhe had the Appearance of a Woman of Faſhion; he was confounded at every thing he ſaw, and at every thing he heard; but

his Pride bore him through. There was ſtill a Chance, though but a ſcanty one, that all this might be outſide; but he reſolved to manage with Caution, that he might have room either to advance or retreat with Honour. Madam, ſaid he, you muſt needs think, that it is a very ſtrong Impulſe of Friendſhip that drives me to apply to you for News of *Eugene*. But, Madam, in the Firſt place, I am ſure you will hear with Pleaſure, that his Danger is over. *Tape* is ſo far from being dead, that he is quite recovered—Danger—*Tape!* replied *Henrietta*, with Amazement— What Danger?— What *Tape?*— O ſpeak, my Lord— I hope then things are not ſo bad as we feared. No, no more they are, ſaid my Lord, with a Smile. I would not, however, have my Friend try another Experiment of the ſame kind; and, if he is in the Houſe, tell him, from me, he may appear here, or any-where elſe, with great Safety. Good Heaven! cry'd *Henrietta*, what Myſtery is this?—Alas! my Lord, I know nothing of *Eugene:* I have heard but once from him ſince he left me, without taking Leave; and that was from *Harwich*, the Day before he went abroad. My Lord fixed his Eyes earneſtly upon thoſe of *Henrietta*, while ſhe ſpoke theſe Words, and found nothing there that did not heighten

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his Perplexity. The honeſt, open Manner in which ſhe ſpoke, as it was new to his Lordſhip, gave him Sentiments which he never had felt before.

But he could now, without Violence to himſelf, tell over to *Henrietta*, all the Story of *Eugene*'s Indiſcretions and Misfortunes. How whimſical is the Machine of Man! how tender are the Springs, that impel or diſorder his firmeſt Reſolves! And what humiliating Leſſons might he learn, could he, with right Diſpoſitions, look into the Book of his own Nature, which he ſeldom touches, becauſe it lies always open before him! The Page, on which he throws his Eye, is ſtuffed with Flattery, with the pompous Deceit of unavailing Poſſeſſions, or abuſed Accompliſhments. He cares not to turn the Leaf, where the all-wiſe Author deſcribes him as he is. Thus he dwells upon what he appears to be, and leaves the inſtructive Page, to be peruſed by others, who thereby get into the Knowledge of his Follies, his Imperfections, his Vices, and his Vanities, which are Secrets to none but himſelf. The Difference between the Great and Obſcure, lies only in the Size of the Characters, in which the Knowledge of them is conveyed; for Man, in whatever Shape he preſents, is ſtill Man. Little did *Granpound* know, at this time, the true Motive,

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why he wiſhed that *Henrietta* ſhould know the Story of *Eugene*. It was, he thought, an obvious Policy, in him, to interrupt the good Opinion *Henrietta* might have of his Friend; it being by no means convenient, that the Commerce between them (be it virtuous or criminal, was nothing to the Purpoſe) ſhould be continued. Madam, ſaid *Granpound*, after ſeeing you, I cannot wonder at the Aſſiduities which, I underſtand, were paid you by *Eugene*; but I am aſtoniſhed, if he thought himſelf not indifferent to you, that he could leave you in the manner you mention. Hold, my Lord, interrupted *Henrietta*; this Diſcourſe may go farther than either your Lordſhip, or I, may wiſh it ſhould; and therefore, it may be neceſſary, before-hand, for me to declare, by all that a Woman of Virtue ought to love, or to fear, by all that I hope for here or hereafter, that nothing ever paſſed between *Eugene* and me, farther than Acts and Expreſſions of Friendſhip, but what might paſs, without a Bluſh, between Brother and Siſter. Truth carries with it a Manner that is irreſiſtible, nor was it hard for my Lord to believe, what he now began ſo earneſtly to wiſh. Notwithſtanding this, he could not be eaſy, till he had recounted to *Henrietta* all the Particulars, ſo far as had come to his Knowledge, of the Intrigue between *Eu-*

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gene and *Livia*, which he had ſuſpected even before *Livia* was married. He told her of *Livia*'s Elopement from her Huſband; of the Adventure of the Duel; of the Diſcoveries made by *Bottom*; and of *Livia*'s Second Diſappearance; with the Rage of *Tape*, and the Revenge he had threatened; concluding, that he, and all *Eugene*'s Friends, had Reaſon to felicitate him and themſelves, that Matters had paſſed as they did; but that it was now high time for his Friend to alter his Courſe: That Fortune, in a manner, ſeemed to court him to the Poſſeſſion of a Woman of high Rank, and a great Eſtate; and that he had now an Opportunity of entering upon the Stage of Life, in a Character that would diſplay all his fine Parts to the greateſt Advantage. Thus far, Madam, concluded my Lord, I have ventured to open myſelf to you, upon the Aſſurance you have given me, and which I well believe, of your virtuous Friendſhip for *Eugene*.

Juſt as my Lord had put an End to his Diſcourſe, a Scream of Death and Murder came from the next Room; and *Henrietta* haſtily opening the Door, which was a-jar all the time of the Converſation, diſcovered *Charlotte* ſupported by one of the Maids, who ſeemed to be frightened out of her Senſes. That excellent Creature, when her Friend had

had left her, began to reflect, that *Henrietta*'s Tenderneſs for her Quiet might perhaps conceal from her ſome Part of the Truth concerning her Huſband; and, notwithſtanding her wonderful Conſtancy under Affliction, ſhe did not think it indecent to overhear the Diſcourſe between her and my Lord; till, hearing more than her Spirits could ſupport, ſhe fainted away. *Henrietta* inſtantly gueſſed at the Truth; ſhe ran to her Friend with a Smelling-bottle, while the Maid ſprinkled ſome Water on her Face. *Charlotte* opened her Eyes with a heavy Sigh. My Lord, who was fired with Amazement, ſaw all this Scene from the Parlour. He was ſtruck with the fine Figure of *Charlotte*, who was now recovered ſo well, as to be able to walk to a Chair; while *Henrietta*, leaving her in the Hands of *Lamoine*, returned to my Lord. He was then profoundly contemplating upon what he had obſerved. The Sight of *Charlotte* awakened, in him, a Thouſand Suſpicions; he did not fail to hint to *Henrietta*, the Surprize and Concern he was under for ſo lovely a Creature, as *Charlotte* appeared to be; and that his Friend muſt be more than Man, if he could be often in the Company he was, with ſo much Beauty, and yet remain inſenſible; and that perhaps her Friend might

might know more than ſhe did concerning *Eugene*. *Henrietta*'s Preſence of Mind was of vaſt Uſe on this Occaſion: From what his Lordſhip had dropped, ſhe knew, that to have owned the Marriage of *Charlotte*, would ruin all the noble Proſpects of the latter, and give inexpreſſible Pain to her Friend; and ſomething had paſſed in unlacing *Charlotte*'s Stays, during her Fainting, which made her ſomewhat apprehenſive, that my Lord might ſuſpect her to be with Child. My Lord, ſaid ſhe, with a firm Voice, I can aſſure you, upon my Honour, that the Lady, whom you ſaw, knows no more than I do, how or where *Eugene* is. She was a Stranger, till within this Half-hour, to all his unhappy Adventures; and the Diſtreſs you ſaw her in, is no more than natural to one in her Condition: For, my Lord, I aſſure you again, upon my Word of Honour, that ſhe is a married Lady, and a Woman of Virtue and Fortune.

Had my Lord's Heart been as diſengaged, when *Henrietta* ſpoke theſe Words, as it was when he entered the Houſe, he might have, perhaps, ſuſpected ſomewhat of Ambiguity in them. But, wonderful is the Force of growing Affection! he was now diſpoſed to believe every Word that came from *Henrietta*; and that Diſpoſition

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was increaſed, by her Manner of ſpeaking. *Henrietta*, on her Part, little imagining that, after this, his Lordſhip ſhould pay them another Viſit, promiſed, that as ſoon as either ſhe or her Friend received the leaſt Intelligence of *Eugene*, ſhe would impart it to his Lordſhip; and ſhe intreated his Lordſhip not to take it amiſs, if, from time to time, ſhe ſhould ſend to his Houſe, to inquire about him. But my Lord replied, That he would ſave her that Trouble; that he thought he had an Intereſt in any Perſon, eſpecially one ſo amiable as ſhe was, who intereſted herſelf ſo deeply for his Friend; and he begged Leave to be permitted the Honour of ſucceeding to ſome Part of the Confidence and Acquaintance which *Eugene* enjoyed: For, added his Lordſhip, the Loſs of ſuch Company is, I think, incomparably the heavieſt Part of his Misfortunes.

When my Lord was gone, *Henrietta* repaired to *Charlotte*'s Apartment, where ſhe found her more compoſed and chearful, than could have well been expected, after ſo violent an Attack of Sorrow. She told *Henrietta*, that ſhe had diſtinctly overheard all that had paſſed between my Lord and her, till the Time of her Fainting, which, ſhe ſaid, was occaſioned equally by Surprize as Grief: She then anticipated the Load of

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Reproach which *Henrietta* was prepared to pour forth againſt *Eugene*. I have, ſaid ſhe, ſpent ſome time in examining his Brutality; and am not greatly diſappointed, even with what I have heard, which I believe to be true.

He is more unhappy in his Temper, than in his Fortune. He has about him every thing that is fooliſh, but the Expreſſion; and every thing that is wicked, but the Intention: Yet I know his Heart to be good; and, above all, he is my Huſband.

It is therefore my Duty to reclaim him to the Paths of Virtue, and to give him, if poſſible, back his Peace of Mind; and then I deſpair not of his Reformation: The want of that has, I am afraid, occaſioned his Miſtakes; and has drove him to the Diſtraction that led to his Ruin, which, if I can, I am bound to prevent: Though he has forſaken me, I know he loves me; and it is my Duty to cheriſh every Spark, either of Love or Honour, that is yet unextinguiſhed in his Breaſt.

Henrietta did not ſay much, either to encourage or diſſuade her Friend from thoſe Sentiments. But *Charlotte* was not a little diſcompoſed, when her Friend acquainted her of what had paſſed between her and my Lord. After her Fit was over, ſhe became

became apprehenſive leſt he might diſcover the Truth; and ſhe reſolved to endure all Extremities, rather than diſobey the Commands of her Huſband, on the Head of her Marriage. There was, however, One Circumſtance which *Charlotte* was not ſatisfied in from my Lord's Diſcourſe; and that was, what had become of *Livia*: Tho' ſhe was aſhamed to own it, even to *Henrietta*, yet ſhe was afraid ſhe had gone off with *Eugene*. *Henrietta* perceived this, and made her quite eaſy on that Head, by repeating what ſhe thought proper to conceal before, for fear of increaſing her Trouble, all that paſſed between *Lamoine* and *Livia*, a few Days before. The Knowledge of this gave ſome Spirits to *Charlotte*. But ſhe had ſtill many Doubts and Difficulties to encounter; ſhe trembled at the Thoughts of her Huſband's being driven to Neceſſity, in a foreign Country. She knew the Impatience of his Temper; and did not know to what Extremities it might puſh him. She was herſelf Six Months gone with Child; and had every thing to apprehend, with regard to her Reputation, which, to her, was dearer than Life, though Life was, at that time, doubly dear to her. She opened herſelf, on all thoſe Heads, to *Henrietta*, who gave her all the Conſolation that was in her

her Power, and which, at beſt, was inconſiderable.

Thus they remained, for ſome Days, in a kind of mournful Perplexity, when my Lord made a Second Viſit to the Houſe.

He had not been able to get rid of the Idea of *Henrietta*; ſince his laſt Viſit; and his new Inclination made ſuch a Progreſs within him, that it had even brought him not to know whether he ſhould wiſh her to be a Woman of Virtue or not. Such an Uncertainty, in a Mind formed as *Granpound*'s was, led at leaſt half-way to a formal Declaration of Paſſion, either on virtuous or brutal Terms; and his Lordſhip had thus early repeated his Viſit, that he might finiſh his Suſpenſe. When the Ladies had Notice of his being below, they agreed to wait upon him both together. *Charlotte* was in Hopes, that ſhe might learn of his Lordſhip ſomewhat of *Eugene*. She ſtrove to diſpel the Gloom from her Countenance; and never did ſhe look more amiable, than ſhe did that Day. If *Granpound* did not behold her with the Eyes of Love, he did with thoſe of Admiration; which was ſo exceſſive, as to make him bluſh at the Remembrance of his Behaviour, when he firſt entered the Houſe, and to loſe, for ſome time, the Idea of his own Rank and Figure. But his Mind was already prepoſſeſſed;

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nor did he perceive the Diſcompoſure of *Charlotte*, when, inſtead of imparting, he inquired after, News of *Eugene*. When the Ladies told him they had heard none, I am ſorry for it, ſaid he; and I am afraid ſomething worſe has happened than what I ſuſpected when I was laſt here.

The Attorney's Wife, continued his Lordſhip, has made another Elopement; and I am afraid has gone off to *Eugene*. *Charlotte* did all ſhe could to bear thoſe cutting Words; but all was to no Purpoſe, and the moſt ſhe could do, was to make a kind of Excuſe, that ſhe was called upon by Buſineſs, to leave the Room. Though her Abſence was, by this time, by no means diſagreeable to my Lord, yet it was too particular for him not to obſerve the Manner of it. At firſt, it revived in his Mind his former Suſpicions; and he began to think, that the Lady had not made an unſeaſonable Retreat; and that ſhe had certainly diſcovered his Inclination for *Henrietta*.

Well, Madam, ſaid he to *Henrietta*, ever ſince I had the Honour to ſee you, I have been thinking of your fair Self, and of what you ſaid. Your Lordſhip, replied *Henrietta*, will excel in Goodneſs, as you do in Politeneſs, if you believe, that I ſaid nothing that was not ſtrictly true. I think, ſays my Lord, looking earneſtly in *Henrietta's*

rietta's Face, you told me you had no Sentiments for *Eugene*, but thoſe of virtuous Friendſhip: This you told me upon your Honour, and, upon mine, I believe you.

Ah! Madam, continued he, with an earneſt Tone, what muſt become of the Heart of ſo fair a Creature, as you are, if you ſuffer it to be touched with the Addreſſes of every Man, who is touched with your Beauties? *Henrietta* bluſhed, though ſhe did not quite comprehend the Meaning of thoſe Words. No! Madam, continued my Lord, before ſhe had time to recover herſelf, ſecure your Heart by all means. The Woman who parts with her Heart, will part with every thing. The Woman who ſecures that, can be ſaid to part with nothing. Though *Henrietta* had been uſed to a great deal of Company, which ſhe had always enjoyed with an innocent Freedom, yet ſhe was now diſconcerted, and all her Reply was, that ſhe did not care how ſoon ſhe loſt her Heart, provided it was in Exchange for a better.

The Reader is not here to imagine, that my Lord had yet approached the laſt Stage of Paſſion, which takes from a Lover all his Senſes, and locks them up in thoſe of his Miſtreſs. He did not quite reliſh the Reply of *Henrietta*; and his Pride made him

him put upon it a Conſtruction more ſerious than *Henrietta* really intended. He began to imagine *Henrietta* to be at beſt but an artful Coquet, who angled for his Heart, with a View to make him a Huſband, or ſome more convenient Tool of her Pleaſure or Intereſt.

He imagined it impoſſible to impoſe upon him in that reſpect, and immediately formed a Deſign of catching *Henrietta* by her own Arts, and charming her into a Love of his Perſon, by his Converſation, and good Qualities, which, in the main, he believed to be irreſiſtible: He therefore artfully turned the Diſcourſe. He enlarged upon the Pleaſures of generous, diſintereſted Friendſhip; the Brutality of imagining, that there might not, between Two Perſons of different Sexes, be an innocent Affection; and he concluded with extolling the Virtue of *Henrietta*, in all her Conduct towards *Eugene*. Above all, he praiſed her Judgment, that could ſo excellently well diſtinguiſh between what was Folly, and what was Vice, in his Friend. He ran out into the excellent Leſſons which his Misfortunes gave to heedleſs Men, be their Capacity and Acquirements ever ſo great: And concluded by aſſuring *Henrietta*, that he would, with the greateſt Pleaſure, employ both his Fortune and Intereſt in ſerving *Eugene*, as

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his Misfortunes, though but by Accident, had procure him the Acquaintance of her, and her amiable Friend.

Though I have thrown thoſe Sentiments of my Lord's together, yet they were the Reſult of a long and artful Converſation between him and *Henrietta*, who ſought to appear agreeable in his Eyes, only that ſhe might, with the better Efficacy, plead the Cauſe of *Eugene*, and, in his, that of *Charlotte*. My Lord was now more at a Loſs than ever. The Spirit, the fine Senſe, the unaffected Air, and the unwilling Eſcapes of reading which frequently diſcovered themſelves in *Henrietta*, threw him into infinite Confuſion. He perceived himſelf diſappointed in the Handle he had depended upon of her Sex's Weakneſs; and there was nothing in the Appearance, in the Manner, the Furniture, the Dreſs, or Equipages, of either of the Ladies, that did not damp the ſmall remaining Hope he had of their being indigent in their Circumſtances.

Such were his Reflections, when he returned home. Though he had, unknown to himſelf, ſwallowed *Henrietta*'s Hook within him; yet Curioſity, that inceſſant, buſy, though low Paſſion, ſeem'd for ſome time to ſuſpend the Operations of Love. He at laſt ſent for Mr. *Bottom*, who im-

mediately waited upon his Lordſhip, with the moſt obſequious Air in the World, acquainting him, that he had been quite haraſſed out of his Life for Two Days, taking the Examinations of a Gang of Pick-pockets, whom he had diſcovered, at a great Trouble and Expence to himſelf, tho' he did not believe, that he ſhould get Ten Shillings by them.

The Situation of his Lordſhip's Mind was then very different from what it had been the laſt time *Bottom* had been with him. He heard the Juſtice with a ſilent Uneaſineſs, as not chooſing to enter upon the Buſineſs, till he was quite diſengaged from the Subject of himſelf. But *Bottom* conſtrued my Lord's Air to proceed from the deep Senſe he had of the Wickedneſs of the Age, and the Ingratitude of the Government, in not providing better for ſo uſeful a Magiſtrate; and this encouraged *Bottom* to ſtrike while the Iron was hot, and to ſeize my Lord in the Warmth of his Indignation.

He then proceeded to acquaint my Lord with his Reaſons, why a Juſtice of Peace ought to be verſed in all Arts and Sciences; and concluded with an exact Liſt of how many Rogues and Whores he had hanged, how many he had tranſported, how many he had brough tto other condign Puniſhments,

ments, and how many ſtood at that time actually committed by his Warrant.—— But, interrupted his Lordſhip, who was now quite out of all Patience, Mr. *Bottom*, this is not what I ſent to you about.—I humbly aſk your Lordſhip's Pardon, replied *Bottom*, in a kind of a Fright, if there is any thing particular.—Why, yes, ſaid my Lord, Mr. *Bottom*, there is; and it is, in ſhort, that I don't chooſe to truſt any body but yourſelf, in getting me a perfect Account of the Two Ladies you directed me to, their Characters and Conditions.—What —what Ladies? replied *Bottom*, pulling out a Liſt of Names out of his Pocket, and putting his Spectacles on.—If they are within my Pariſh, or Precinct, I'll anſwer to have them before me in an Hour.—— No, no, I'll have no ſuch Doings—Not I—— that *B*——*s* cannot be good-natured and honeſt at the ſame time—They are all alike, I ſee that—— But the Truth is, the Creatures are very poor—— *Bottom* ſpoke all this, caſting his Eyes over the Names upon his Paper, and in ſo vehement a manner, that he did not hear my Lord, who ſeveral times wanted to interrupt him, and was walking with ſome Emotion through the Room. It is, called out his Lordſhip, *Charlotte* and *Henrietta*, I mean—— *Charlotte*, ſaid *Bottom! C*—— *C*—— I have no

ſuch Name here; pray how does your Lordſhip ſpell her Name?—*Henrietta*——*H*——*H*—— no ſuch Name here neither.—I can aſſure your Lordſhip they don't belong to this Pariſh.— No more I believe they do, ſaid my Lord; they are the Two Ladies you directed me to at *Richmond*. O! I aſk your Pardon, ſaid *Bottom*, with a low Bow, taking off his Spectacles leiſurely. *Richmond*, my Lord, is in the County of *Surrey*; not but that I am qualified to be a Juſtice of Peace either for *Surrey* or *Middleſex*. But, my Lord—Prythee! ſaid my Lord, it is none of your common Bunters I inquire after.—Bunters! ſaid *Bottom*, I don't know what your Lordſhips calls Bunters; but I am ſure ſome of theſe Ladies keep their Chariots. Nay, now, replied my Lord, you ſpeak ſome Senſe.—O, I am glad your Lordſhip has found out, at laſt, that *John Bottom* has ſome Senſe— Some Senſe!— that's good i'faith— It happened luckily for my Lord, that *Bottom* was ſo piqued with theſe Words, as to continue for ſome Seconds in a kind of pettiſh Silence, which ſubſided into ſome Nods of Approbation, as my Lord proceeded to explain what he meant.

The Truth is, *Charlotte* and *Henrietta* being Women of Virtue, the Juſtice, who had a great Multiplicity of other Buſineſs

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on his Hands, remembred nothing of their Names; and all he could recollect about them was as it were a kind of Dream.

But my Lord, however, ſoon refreſhed his Memory, ſo that *Bottom* became quite ripe in the Matter; and, having received his Inſtructions, and once more taſted of his Lordſhip's Bounty, he took his Leave, with a Promiſe to return next Day, or his Lordſhip ſhould not call him honeſt *John Bottom*, with a perfect Account of all that his Lordſhip wanted to know.

This was not a hard Matter for *Bottom* to do; but he knew his Trade too well to let my Lord into the Secret. We have already ſeen the manner in which *Livia* had made her ſecond Elopement; ſhe had no Reaſon to think, that *Eugene* was ſtill in *England*; ſhe had no Friends that ſhe could truſt; and it was only owing to *Tape*'s Pride or Caution, that her Name and Deſcription was not publiſhed in the Daily Papers, with a Reward for apprehending her.

In this deſperate Plunge ſhe could think of no other Method to conceal herſelf than by retiring to a noted Bagnio, where ſhe was well known to the Keeper, during her Intrigue with *Eugene*. The firſt thing ſhe did, after making him ſenſible of her diſagreeable Situation, was to put into his

Hands Ten Guineas, as an advanced Earneſt for his Secreſy; and ſhe took care, while ſhe was telling them out, to convince him, that ſhe was not without that beſt of all Friends in Adverſity, Money. The Man then promiſed to obſerve an inviolable Secreſy, and undertook to let her know, that very Afternoon, whether he could protect her; but promiſing, if he could not, to return her her Money. He had made uſe of this Caution, becauſe he was under Articles with Mr. *Bottom*, whom he acquainted with the Story and Situation of his new Gueſt; and who, not being pre-engaged, either by any private or public Advertiſement, of a larger Sum, accepted from the Bagnio-keeper the uſual Fee, and promiſed to iſſue no Warrants againſt *Livia*, without letting him know before-hand.

Bottom, therefore, was no ſooner returned from my Lord *Granpound*'s than he ſent his truſty Clerk, who brought to him, when it was dark, the Bagnio-keeper, and *Livia*, whom the Clerk took care to keep from any Surprize, by aſſuring her, upon his Honour, that ſhe was perfectly ſafe; that there were no Warrants againſt her; and that his Maſter only wanted to aſk her a civil Queſtion.

The Juſtice received her with great Affability; and, to put her at once out of all Pain,

Pain, with regard to his Intention, he aſk'd her, whether ſhe could give him any Information of Two Ladies, who went by the Names of *Henrietta* and *Charlotte*. As *Livia* was perfectly well acquainted with their Characters, Fortune, and the like, ſhe very ingenuouſly gave the Juſtice all the Information concerning them he could deſire; ſo that he was perfectly inſtructed in every thing, excepting the true Story of *Eugene*'s Marriage with *Charlotte*.

Next Morning his Worſhip did not fail to repair to *Granpound*; and, after the uſual Preface of his unwearied Care and Diligence to ſerve the Public, which he had for once broken into to ſerve his Lordſhip, he told him all he had learned. From this Information my Lord found out the Family of *Henrietta*, with which he was well acquainted; and that both ſhe and *Charlotte* had handſome Fortunes, and irreproachable Characters; for he concluded, that were not that the Caſe, he muſt have heard it from *Livia*, through the Juſtice.

Upon the Whole, his Lordſhip began to be more than half inclined to believe, that *Charlotte* was either the Wife of *Eugene*, or under inſurmountable Engagements with him; and the next time he viſited *Henrietta*, which was within Two or Three Days, he did not fail to inter-

mingle, with all his Politeneſs and Complaiſance, very broad Hints of his Suſpicion; aſking her, in particular, the Reaſon why, the laſt time he was there, *Charlotte* had ſo ſuddenly diſappeared. *Henrietta*, who had foreſeen this Queſtion, without imparting any thing to her Friend, undertook to anſwer it. My Lord, ſaid ſhe, leſt your Lordſhip ſhould perhaps miſtake the Reaſon why, upon ſo ſlight an Acquaintance, I preſume ſo far upon your Lordſhip's Indulgence to hear me, it may be proper your Lordſhip ſhould know, that I have no kind of Intereſt in what I have to ſay, but to ſerve *Eugene*.

I know, my Lord, you have great Views for him, and I can ſee you are under ſome Uneaſineſs on Account of his Acquaintance with *Charlotte*: But, my Lord, to make your Lordſhip at once eaſy upon that Head, I will undertake, in a few Weeks, or perhaps Days, to give your Lordſhip as much Satisfaction as you can deſire, that ſhe is married to another Perſon; and I will anſwer ſo far for *Charlotte*'s Friendſhip for *Eugene*, that ſhe will not be againſt admitting her Huſband into your Lordſhip's Company, and complying with any thing that can make your Lordſhip eaſy, on the Subject that gives you ſo much Concern. For my own Part, my Lord, continued ſhe, I

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am pleaſed with ſeeing that Concern for the Man I value, ſince it is ſo much in my Friend's Power to remove it, and all other Obſtacles, in his being reſtor'd to your Lordſhip's good Opinion.

The Truth is, my Lord, tho' *Charlotte*'s Fortune and Perſon might make her a Match ſuitable to any Subject, yet her Affections, I may ſay, have been unhappily engaged, ſince they have engaged thoſe of a young Gentleman, whoſe Parents think of diſpoſing of him otherwiſe, and who threaten to diſinherit him, if he ſhall marry without their Conſent. This, my Lord, makes it neceſſary for them to conceal their Marriage for ſome time; and it is nothing but the intire Confidence that I have in my own and *Charlotte*'s good Opinion of your Lordſhip, that could have brought me to have opened this Affair; which, upon my Honour, till this Moment, has been a Secret to all, but the Parties immediately concerned, and myſelf.

Granpound was dreadfully perplexed with *Henrietta*'s Words, which carried with them ſo much Aſſurance of Sincerity. But then the ſtale Trick of a ſecret Marriage came into his Mind. He reſolved, however, to take *Henrietta* at her Word, and deſired her to remember how far ſhe had engaged, and whether ſhe had duly reflected what kind

of Evidence he might demand for ſatisfying himſelf, whether *Charlotte* was really married to the Man whom ſhe might prevail upon to appear as her Huſband. Tho' my Lord aſſumed an Air of Gaiety at theſe Words, yet they brought a Colour to *Henrietta*'s Face, which ſerved to increaſe his Opinion of her Virtue. My Lord, ſaid ſhe, I underſtand you; and will venture to ſay, there is no Proof that the Law can require for her Marriage, which *Charlotte* will not readily give to ſatisfy your Lordſhip, that ſhe is not married to *Eugene*.

Theſe Words were ſo well put, that they made a deep Impreſſion upon his Lordſhip. He was afraid of nothing but his finding *Charlotte* a Woman of Virtue, and married to his Kinſman. If ſhe was a Woman of Virtue, and married to another, that was nothing to him; but ſtill the Danger lay in *Eugene*'s being married at all. He did not puſh the Matter farther with *Henrietta*; only once more he deſired ſhe would remember what ſhe had promiſed; and then they entered upon a Converſation ſo warm, and ſo particular, as to give her ſome Alarm, tho' not for her Heart, yet for her Quiet. Upon Recollection, however, ſhe found his Lordſhip's Language to be of the ambiguous kind, and ſhe fitted him in his own manner: She at laſt propoſed Tea,

which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe did not doubt would give them the Pleaſure of *Charlotte*'s Company. My Lord conſented to ſtay; and *Henrietta*, making a ſhort Excuſe, went to *Charlotte*, with ſo much Joy in her Looks, and ſo much Aſſurance that all was right for *Eugene*, that ſhe was prevailed with to come down; by which his Lordſhip had a freſh Opportunity of admiring all the Charms of her Perſon, and her Behaviour, which were increaſed by his Lordſhip's giving her to underſtand, that *Livia* had not gone off with *Eugene*, but continued ſtill in *England*.

This Viſit being over, *Henrietta* gave *Charlotte* an ingenuous Detail of all that had paſſed between her and his Lordſhip, which filled *Charlotte* with inexpreſſible Terrors. How could you, ſaid ſhe to *Henrietta*, loſe yourſelf ſo far as to undertake for what you was ſure you could not perform? That I would own another Man than *Eugene* for my Huſband— Heavens! my Friend, continued ſhe, were it not for that chearful Unconcern I ſee about you, I ſhould go diſtracted with my Apprehenſions. *Henrietta* anſwered this ſerious Remonſtrance only with a broad Laugh, which doubled *Charlotte*'s Amazement at what ſhe could mean. I aſk your Pardon, my Dear, replied *Henrietta:* What I am to pro-

poſe cannot be done all at once. I own I have conceived it through my reading Novels and Romances, and there is ſomething in it ſo romantic, and ſo extravagant, that what I am going to propoſe can be juſtified only by Succeſs.

But, in order to prepare you for it, ſuffer me, with that Freedom which is allowable only to Friendſhip, to lay before you your own Situation. You are married to a Man whom you adore, and yet have Reaſon to hate. His Fortune and Happineſs, you ſay, depend upon concealing his Marriage. Now, if you will, after what has happened, propoſe any one Way by which it can be concealed with your Honour, I have no more to ſay. I will never ſo much as mention what I am going to propoſe, and I will take back my Engagements to his Lordſhip. In the mean while, my Dear, you are to conſider, that my Lord may have more particular Reaſons than you are aware of, to wiſh for frequent Opportunities of knowing about you, if you and I are to live longer together. *Henrietta* ſpoke thoſe laſt Words with ſo merry an Air, that *Charlotte* would take no Exceptions at them; only ſhe ſaid, that ſhe thought ſhe had gone too far in her Engagements, and begged her to make a Retreat from them; while it was poſſible. *Henrietta* told her,

ſhe

ſhe never had known what it was to diſpute her Will, nor ſhould ſhe now, for that it was eaſy for her to do as ſhe was deſired: But ſhe hoped that *Charlotte* would remember what ſhe had ſaid. *Charlotte*, upon this, haſtily propoſed, that they ſhould leave the Town, and live in ſome Part of the Country where ſhe could be undiſcovered, and where no Part of the Truth could come to *Granpound*'s Ears, or to the Knowledge of the World. Our leaving the Town, my Dear, replied *Henrietta*, is a Meaſure which I am afraid we muſt purſue in all Events, and that too very ſpeedily.

But ſhould we do it in the manner you propoſe, how can that ſerve *Eugene*, who is the principal, nay the ſole Object of your Care in this Affair? Will it not increaſe, will it not confirm, *Granpound*'s Suſpicions? Will it not ruin *Eugene* with him?

Theſe Words of *Henrietta* carried with them ſo much Reaſon, that *Charlotte* had nothing to anſwer, but that ſhe did not ſee how *Henrietta* could perform her Engagements; and that ſhe was afraid, while things ſtood as they did, Matters might be much worſe with *Eugene*, if ſhe failed in what ſhe had undertaken to *Granpound*. All that I know, ſaid *Henrietta*, and I am ſo little fond of what I am to propoſe, and ſo very diffident of its Succeſs, that I will

give

give you till To-morrow, to think of ſome other Way; and if you don't, I will propoſe mine, not as a thing that is eligible for you to comply with, but as the only thing you have left to try, like a *deſperate Remedy* in a *deſperate Caſe.*

Charlotte had nothing to oppoſe to this Propoſal; and, after paſſing the Night in great Diſquietudes, ſhe agreed next Morning intirely to put herſelf into the Hands of her Friend; but, ſtill expreſſing very great Doubts as to the Practicability of her Scheme; *Henrietta* again aſſured her, that hers was a Scheme the moſt wild that could be imagined; nay, it was ſo much ſo, that ſhe could not venture to give her the leaſt Hint of it till ſhe was better prepared: *Charlotte*, continued ſhe, You ſhall ſee the Fabric raiſed before you ſee the Plan: If you diſlike it when actually raiſed, it can be eaſily demoliſhed; but I am ſure you will diſlike it upon Paper. That, replied *Charlotte*, is the reverſe Practice of all Architects, who find things very eaſy to execute on Paper, that are impracticable in the Execution. But, however, I cannot help being ſomewhat prejudiced in its Favour, by your extraordinary manner of treating it. Well then, ſaid *Henrietta*, I will about it inſtantly. Breakfaſt being over, the Ladies retired to their

their reſpective Apartments, and *Henrietta* called *Lamoine* into hers. She then opened to her her Deſign, which, in ſhort, was, that *Lamoine* ſhould perſonate the Huſband of *Charlotte*. Nothing could be more advantageous for this Purpoſe than the Figure and Manner of *Lamoine*; ſhe had, as we have already obſerved, paſſed ſome time with a Company of Strollers, and, ever ſince ſhe came into *Henrietta*'s Service, herHead had run upon the Stage. While *Henrietta* and *Charlotte* were by themſelves, they had often diverted themſelves, by ſeeing *Lamoine* acting a Man's Part, while one or other, or both of them, played the Woman; and the Frolick went even ſometimes ſo far as to dreſs her up in Mens Cloaths: Her Figure was tall, and robuſt, and the Freedom which ſhe had acquired in her Youth, never left her; ſo that ſhe appeared as eaſy as a Man, as ſhe did as a Woman: *Granpound* had never ſeen her, and, to put her beyond all Poſſibility of Diſcovery, *Henrietta* had procured a Stuff, which changed her fair Eye-brows into a deep black; and this, by the Help of a black Wig, and ſome other Adjuſtments, ſo intirely diſguiſed her, that it was impoſſible for her moſt intimate Acquaintance to know her. *Henrietta* had a Brother, who was abroad upon his Travels, whoſe Cloaths and Linen,

which

which happened to be in *Henrietta*'s Poſſeſſion, exactly fitted *Lamoine*. Tho' *Lamoine* was virtuous, yet ſhe had about her all the Gaiety of her Father's Nation, and would puſh her Freedom as far as ſhe could with Innocence. Nothing could be more agreeable to her Turn than *Henrietta*'s Propoſal; and ſhe inſtantly transformed herſelf into the Figure of a Man, by the Help of a Suit which *Charlotte* happened never to have ſeen.

It was now Dinner-time, and *Charlotte* had gone down to the Parlour, where ſhe was reading till Dinner ſhould be ſerved up. It was agreed between *Henrietta* and *Lamoine*, that the latter ſhould be introduced as a *French* Gentleman, who had brought *Henrietta* Letters from her Brother: And indeed the Diſguiſe was ſo complete that *Charlotte* diſcovered it only by the Sound of *Lamoine*'s Voice, when ſhe began to ſpeak, and by the frequent Sallies of Laughter which broke unwillingly from her and *Henrietta*. Well, ſaid *Henrietta*, after the Diſcovery was over, and all Parties recompoſed, what do you think of this Gentleman for a Huſband? Don't you believe he will be a dangerous Rival to *Eugene?* Or, am I now in any Hazard of keeping my Engagement with Lord *Granpound?*—— Notwithſtanding the Freedom

of

of her Situation, and the Innocence of the thing, *Charlotte* could not help bluſhing exceſſively at *Henrietta*'s Stratagem, which ſhe ſaw through in an Inſtant. As her Soul was Sincerity itſelf, ſhe was at firſt ſtartled at the Thoughts of Deceit; ſhe could not be reconciled to a thing that looked ſo like a trifling with that State of Life which had been once her chief Happineſs, and which ſhe thought ought to be kept ſacred from Ridicule.

Henrietta, who built a great deal upon the Succeſs of this Expedient, was uneaſy at ſeeing her Friend looking grave, and continuing to bluſh. Nay, ſaid ſhe, I told you before-hand how ridiculous my Scheme was; and if you can propoſe a better, with all my Heart; hitherto there is no Harm done. *Charlotte* was ſo ſedate, that ſhe ſuffered her Friend to teaſe and perplex herſelf for ſome time before ſhe opened her Lips; and then it was only to tell her, that ſhe could not, juſt at that time, come to any Reſolution; begging her, in the moſt earneſt manner, to give her till Supper-time to conſider of it. *Henrietta* agreed, and went abroad to pay a Viſit, while *Charlotte* retired to her Cloſet, and *Lamoine* to unrobe herſelf. This Scene was carried on without the Knowledge of any other Servant, the Ladies ſeldom or never ſuffer-

ſuffering them to wait at Dinner, when they dined by themſelves, and thereby ſecured their own Freedom of Behaviour and Converſation. While *Charlotte* was alone, ſhe entered upon a minute and delicate Diſcuſſion of her Friend's Project. The more ſhe conſidered it, ſhe liked it the better. She began to conſider it not in the Light of a Deceit, but of a prudential Meaſure, warranted by its Purpoſe, which was pure and innocent; nor could ſhe ſuggeſt to herſelf any other Expedient to ſcreen herſelf from Suſpicion, that was not liable to much greater Danger and Difficulty in the Execution. When ſhe came to take a ſerious and a ſevere Review of her own Condition, a thouſand Circumſtances opened to her View, which her Love and generous Sentiments had before concealed. Though ſhe would not ſuffer herſelf to harbour a Diſtruſt of *Eugene*'s Honour, in the main; yet ſhe had but too good Proofs, that his Affections were, at beſt, wavering; and ſhe ſtill trembled, leſt his Eaſineſs might betray him into farther Inconveniencies, or his Heart into greater Dangers. She and her Friend had lived very retired ever ſince they came to Town; but when ſhe reflected upon that very Retirement, it filled her with Apprehenſions from the Malevolence of the World.

Charlotte,

Charlotte, however, felt much leſs from this laſt Conſideration than any other Woman would have done, who had only Virtue for her Support. That of *Charlotte* had great Senſibility; but it was alarmed with no idle Fears, it had no ridiculous Delicacies; ſhe had learn'd, from a more ſublime Principle to make the Purity of her Heart the Standard of her Conduct; and ſhe deſpiſed that Cenſure, which, however ſharp in the time, was but the Prelude to Approbation.— Notwithſtanding this, ſhe did what Virtue ought to do. She poſſeſſed no Inſolence of Diſreſpect for public Cenſure; ſhe thought, in an Age ſo licentious, that Example was the Lamp of Life, and Decency the Jewel of Virtue; that no Rank and Situation was exempted from peculiar Duties, which were indiſpenſable ſo far as they were conſiſtent with the Practice of thoſe that were more general, but no further. In ſhort, *Charlotte*, by ſuch Reflections, compared with the Circumſtances of her preſent Condition, made herſelf eaſy on the Heads of Religion and Virtue; and nothing now remained but to conſider how to carry *Henrietta*'s Propoſal into Execution with Decorum and Addreſs.

This became the Subject of Converſation between the Two Friends, after Supper; and it was reſolved upon, in the firſt Place, that

that they ſhould, as ſoon as they could conveniently, ſet out for a Houſe belonging to *Henrietta*'s Brother, lying near a Village about Thirty Miles from *London*, and Three Miles from a noted Sea-Port, and furniſhed ready to receive them. In the next Place, it was reſolved, that *Lamoine* ſhould diſappear under Pretext of going to pay a Viſit to her Relations in *France*; but that ſhe ſhould take a private Lodging in *London*, ſo as to be ready upon a Call; and, laſtly, a new Set of Servants (*viz.* Two Maids, and a Footman) were engaged for the Ladies. They had ſcarcely time to fix themſelves in thoſe Reſolutions, when, ſome Company coming in, the Converſation became general. The next Forenoon was ſpent in preparing for their Journey; and, after Dinner, the Ladies underſtood, that Lord *Granpound* was come to pay them a Viſit. His Lordſhip was, on this Occaſion, remarkably magnificent; and he could not help ſhewing ſome Impatience to know the Reaſon why there was all over the Houſe ſuch an Appearance of a ſudden Removal, by ſo many Trunks and Boxes being corded up for Carriage into the Country. *Henrietta*, upon this, aſſumed a very ſerious Air, and acquainted his Lordſhip, that they propoſed to ſet out in a Day or Two for the Country, to paſs the Summer-

Summer-ſeaſon. The Weather, replied his Lordſhip, coldly, ſeems at preſent not very inviting for the Country; but I ſuppoſe it is not Pleaſure merely that prevailed with you to deprive the Town of the Happineſs of your Company. The Town, my Lord, anſwered *Henrietta*, has had but few Opportunities of concerning itſelf either in our Stay or Departure; and I dare to ſay, my Friend is of my Opinion, that Retirement is too charming, for any Seaſon or Weather to deprive us of its Pleaſure. And, pray, Madam, ſays my Lord haſtily, in what happy Country are you to fix this charming Retirement? for ſurely, at preſent, its Charms muſt proceed from ſomewhat elſe than Air or Soil. Yes, my Lord, anſwers *Henrietta*; your Lordſhip is in the right; the Joys *Charlotte* and I ſee in the Country depend upon Retirement only.— But, Madam, interrupted his Lordſhip, there is a Difference between Retirement and Solitude. The firſt may be ſocial, and filled up with all the Endearments of Life: The other can ſcarcely be ſo. We carry with us into Retirement the Affections of Nature; but we drop them in Solitude. In the one we fly from the Incumbrances, in the other from the Delights, of Society. Nay, Madam, I could not ſee a Friend, eſpecially a fair Friend of mine, fly to Solitude, without

out ſuſpecting, that ſhe had other Motives for her Conduct than to have Leiſure to contemplate the Works of Nature, and to improve herſelf by Meditation upon the Wickedneſs of this World. My Lord, replied *Henrietta*, your Lordſhip, I am ſenſible, knows the World too well, and you have taken too generous a Concern in the Fortunes of my deareſt Friend here, for us to conceal from you what we ſhould wiſh to be concealed from others. *Charlotte* has Reaſons which are at once prudential and virtuous, for retiring from the World. Her Condition can no longer be concealed, and the Circumſtances of her Huſband, as well as his poſitive Commands, oblige her to withdraw to ſome Diſtance from *London*. My Lord durſt not preſume, after obſerving the ſerious manner in which *Henrietta* pronounced theſe Words, to reaſon any farther on this Journey; but he could not help diſcovering great Uneaſineſs both in his Looks and Motions. At laſt, he put *Henrietta* in mind of her Promiſe to ſatisfy him with regard to *Charlotte*'s Marriage, which naturally produced a kind of Self-invitation to wait upon the Ladies in the Country. *Henrietta* could not handſomely decline this; though ſhe did the Offer, which my Lord made, of attending

attending her, and her Friend, to their Place of Retirement.

Next Morning, all the neceſſary Preparations having been made, the Two Ladies ſet out in a Chariot and Four Horſes, propoſing to dine at a Village which lay halfway, and to reach their Houſe in the Evening. They were attended only by One Footman, on Horſeback, who was ordered to carry their Compliments to a Lady of their Acquaintance, living about a Mile out of the Road they were to travel. Before the Fellow returned, they were attack'd by a Highwayman, with a Maſque over his Face, who, after ordering the Coachman to ſtop, thruſt his Piſtol, with the moſt brutal Menaces, into the Chariot, demanding their Money. As both the Road, and the Seaſon of the Year, were noted for Robberies, the Ladies, fearing what might happen, had taken with them none of their Jewels; and each of them had only a few Guineas in her Pocket. *Henrietta* chearfully complied with the firſt Summons, by giving the Highwayman Five Guineas; and *Charlotte* gave him as much. But the Highwayman, not ſatisfied with his Booty, ſwore bitterly, that he muſt have their Watches and Rings; and, in ſaying thoſe Words, he pointed his Piſtol to *Charlotte*'s Breaſt, in ſuch a manner

ner as threatened the moſt bloody Conſequence. The Danger of her Friend awakened in *Henrietta* a whole Storm of Paſſion; ſhe loſt all Reflection; and, without conſidering the dreadful Hazard to which ſhe expoſed both herſelf and *Charlotte*, ſhe ſuddenly, with an amazing Force, thruſt the Muzzle of the Piſtol from *Charlotte*'s Breaſt; and, the Robber being confounded and amazed, the Piſtol went off, but without doing Harm to either of the Ladies. The Noiſe however ſtartled the Horſes, which were young and unruly; the Coachman loſt all Command of them; they ſprung out of the Road, and acroſs a deep Track, which gave the Chariot ſo violent a Jolt, that he was thrown from his Seat to the Ground, where he lay ſprawling, and helpleſs. The Highwayman was equally unable to ſtop the Career of the Horſes, and, being afraid of Company coming up, he galloped to the Skirt of a little Wood, which lay about a Quarter of a Mile Diſtance. Mean while the Horſes continued their Career with dreadful Fury, till, at laſt, the Chariot overturned, which ſomewhat retarded their Speed. But they ſtill continued their Courſe towards a River, which lay in their way, and where, in all Probability, both the Ladies muſt have periſhed. While they were in this Criſis of Danger,

a Gentle-

a Gentleman, who was extremely well mounted, came up full-ſpeed; but finding it impoſſible to ſtop the Fury of the Creatures, he pulled out a Piſtol, and ſhot One of them, which ſeemed to be the moſt unruly, through the Head, with a Brace of Bullets. This entangled the other Three Horſes ſo much, that he had Leiſure to cut, with a ſtout Hanger he had about him, the Traces, which had faſtened them to the Chariot, where he found the Two Ladies deprived almoſt of all Senſation, not more through the Apprehenſion of their Danger, than from the Bruiſes and Wounds they had received, as they were dragged along the Ground. *Charlotte* was the firſt that recovered ſo well as to expreſs her Thanks for her Deliverance; but the Day being exceſſively cold, and the Highwayman and Stranger being much of the ſame Stature, and muffled up in great Coats, pretty near the ſame Colour, neither ſhe nor *Henrietta*, who was by this time ſomewhat come to her Senſes, imagined that the Stranger was any other than the Highwayman, who had dropped his Maſque, and whom they not only forgave for the Injury he had done them, but, had it been in their Power, would have rewarded him for the Deliverance he had brought them. They were, however, prodigiouſly ſurpriſed

at the Tenderneſs he expreſſed for their Misfortune; the affectionate Aſſiduity with which he ſupplied them with every thing that he thought could give them Relief; and his polite manner of addreſſing them; Ladies, ſaid he, I ſhall ever eſteem it my Happineſs, that Fortune has thrown it in my way to do you this Piece of Service, which every Man of Virtue and Humanity muſt be proud of performing: But it gives me the greateſt Concern, that my Buſineſs is of ſuch a Nature as cannot admit of ſeeing you to a Place of Repoſe and Safety, or admit of my ſtaying a Moment with you longer than other Company ſhall come up for your Relief. The Ladies, without once reflecting upon the Highwayman's brutal Behaviour, immediately concluded him to have been a Gentleman who had met with Misfortunes in the World, and through extreme Neceſſity had been, much againſt his Inclination, reduced to that Way of Life, perhaps to keep an innocent Wife, and helpleſs Children, from ſtarving. *Henrietta*, with Tears in her Eyes, expreſſed her Sorrows for his Misfortune; ſhe told him, That he had not the ſmalleſt Danger to apprehend from them; that ſhe was ſorry it was not then in her Power to make him eaſy: But (continued ſhe, pulling out a Silver Snuff-box, with her Brother's Coat

of

of Arms engraved upon it, and tearing off the Back of a Letter, upon which was her Name and Addreſs in *London)*, ſhould you ever be ſo unfortunate as to ſtand in need of my or my Friend's Aſſiſtance; this Box is the only thing we have about us, at preſent, that we can give you; but there ſhall be nothing wanting, that is in our Power, at any time, to requite you for our Deliverance. The Stranger, with a Smile, which, under any other Circumſtance, would have convinced the Ladies of their Miſtake, would have declined the Preſent, had not *Charlotte* interpoſed, and preſſed him to accept of it, in a manner ſo irreſiſtibly ſweet, and ſo inexpreſſibly ſincere, that he found himſelf without all Power to refuſe it.

By this time, the Footman had come up, and ſeveral Paſſengers hearing of the Miſfortune that had happened to the Ladies, ſtopped a Stage-Coach, which was paſſing that way; and, whilſt they were helping the Ladies into it, the Stranger mounted his Horſe, and, without being taken notice of, went off towards *London*. He had not rode above Two Miles, when he was ſtopped by the very Highwayman who had robbed the Ladies, and who demanded his Money, which the other reſolutely refuſed to deliver; and ſtood upon the Defenſive,

with the Piſtol in his Hand, which he had not diſcharged. This Shew of Reſolution daunted the Highwayman, who, finding it would be difficult for him to eſcape, fired one of his Piſtols at the Stranger's Head, but miſſed him; and then, turning his Horſe, he made the beſt of his Way towards the Wood already mentioned. The Stranger's Paſſion prompted him to what his Prudence would have forbidden, and he followed the Highwayman; who, perceiving the other to be better mounted, turned ſhort, and fired his other Piſtol, which diſabled the Stranger's Horſe from perſuing him further. The latter, however, immediately diſmounted; and by this time the Highwayman found himſelf ſo encompaſſed by Hedges and Ditches, that it was impoſſible for him to eſcape on Horſeback: He therefore quitted his Horſe, and made towards the thickeſt of the Wood, to avoid a Perſuit. The Stranger, in the mean while, began to think he had done too much either in reſiſting or perſuing the Robber; and, finding his own Horſe quite unable to bear him, he laid hold of the Highwayman's, and returned towards the Road, intending to deliver up the Horſe at the firſt Stage he met with, and to ſet out in a Poſt-Chaiſe for *London*.

But

But the Alarm was now ſpread all over the Country; the Cry was raiſed; the Highwayman's Dreſs, and Horſe, were exactly deſcribed; many of the Country-People had got under Arms, to perſue him; and they ſoon got up to the Stranger, as he was riding a pretty ſmart Pace towards ſome Houſes, which he had now diſcovered a little off the Road, and where he intended to deſcribe the Highwayman. His turning out of the High-Road, his Dreſs, and Horſe, agreeing exactly in the Deſcription given of the Highwayman, and, above all, the Hopes of getting Two hundred Pounds Reward, which had been publiſh'd but a few Days before, for robbing the Mail on the ſame Road, left them in no manner of Doubt as to the Perſon of the Highwayman. As ſoon as they ſaw him entered into a Lane, which was pretty long, and terminated by a Five-bar Gate, a Detachment of them run acroſs a Field, by a ſhorter Way, and reached the Gate juſt as the unhappy Stranger endeavoured to open it. None of the Company ſpoke a Word, but the moſt reſolute of them gave the ſuppoſed Highwayman ſuch a Blow upon the Temples, as brought him to the Ground without Senſe or Motion. They then ſhowered upon him ſuch a Storm of Blows as left it doubtful whether they would not

defeat their own favourite Purpoſe, by diſpatching him before he fell into the Hands of Juſtice. He was not come to himſelf when they put him, bound Hand and Foot, upon a ſorry Jade, while a ſturdy Fellow ſat behind, holding him in his Arms; and the reſt of the Company diſpoſing themſelves all round, he ſet forward to the next Juſtice of the Peace, who happened to be at home.

The Stranger had now recovered his Senſes, tho' not the Violence of the Blows, that had been given him: His Head was ſwelled; his Face was not diſcernible thro' Blood and Bruiſes; and he was ſo weak that he was not able to ſtand upon his Feet, when he was brought before the Juſtice, whoſe Addreſs to him was as follows: Ha! you Son of a B——h, I thought I would have you; and you muſt be ſporting and gaming, and be d——d to you too—— How the Dog ſneaks——Is it not enough, you Scoundrel, that you picked Gentlemens Pockets, laſt Week, at *Newmarket*, but you muſt come upon the Highway too —Did not I ſee you, with other Thieves, there, upon the Courſe? But, dammee, you'll find now, you have got upon the wrong Side the Poſt—— What have you got to ſay for yourſelf, you Villain, you?— Mr. Juſtice, ſaid the Stranger— Juſtice me

me no Juſtice, interrupted his Worſhip, d——ee, I'll Juſtice you: Why you do—How can you have the Impudence to talk ſo before me—Do you know who I am, Sirrah— Here, who ſwears, here? (holding out the Book.)

This was a Queſtion which had not been ſufficiently weighed by the Captors of the ſuppoſed Highwayman: *Tom* ſhuffled the Book to *Dick*, and *Dick* to *John*; and thus it went through the whole Company; but ne'er a one of them ventured to kiſs it, becauſe none of them could ſwear any thing, but to the Deſcription; and that was no more than Hearſay. His Worſhip, however, ordered the Highwayman to be ſearched, and found him to be poſſeſſed of Thirty Guineas in Money, with Bank-Bills to the Amount of Two hundred Pounds; but there was not a Scrap about him by which they could gather the leaſt Hint of what was his Name, or his Buſineſs, from whence he came, or whither he was bound. By this time an Attorney, who lived in the Village, and who had a good deal to ſay with the Juſtice, arrived at his Worſhip's Houſe; and, hearing what had paſſed, he gave it flatly, as his Opinion, to the Juſtice, whom he took into another Room, That, as there was no poſitive Evidence againſt the Priſoner, his Money muſt

he returned to him: But, notwithſtanding that, he thought there was Evidence enough to commit him to the County-Gaol, till he could be tried at the County-Aſſizes, which was to be held in Four or Five Days. The Juſtice readily agreed to this; and when they returned to the Highwayman, Mr. *Scrape*, for that was the Attorney's Name, began an elegant Harangue to his Captors, who were now increaſed to the Number of ſome Hundreds, ſetting forth the Courſe of the Law, the Danger of an irregular Proceeding, the great Obligation that all the County was under to ſo wiſe and ſo worthy a Magiſtrate as his Worſhip; and what Pity it was if he ſhould ſuffer for his Zeal to ſerve the County; but that while he had Breath in his Body, he would give his Worſhip his beſt Advice; and he might take it as he pleaſed. He then expatiated upon the Nature of the Evidence againſt the Priſoner; and laboured to convince them there was none; exerting himſelf, with great Warmth, in his Favour; but concluded with ſaying, That his Worſhip knew beſt what he had to do; and that he might do juſt as he pleaſed.

The Reader may be ſurpriſed at this Appearance of Moderation and Juſtice in a Man like *Scrape*, who was indeed a noted Petty-fogger, and had been ſeveral times in

in Danger of loſing his Ears on the Pillory. But, the Truth is, *Scrape*'s Conduct was built upon the ſame Principles with that of the Cannibals, or rather with that of the Houſewife, who firſt fattens the Creature that ſhe is to eat afterwards; for *Scrape* no ſooner heard of the large Sum which was about the Highwayman, than he immediately marked him out for his Client, well knowing that he could get Ten times more by his ſeeming to endeavour to ſave him, than he could by helping to hang him. This was the true Spring of all his Tenderneſs for the unhappy Priſoner, who, all this time, was not ſuffered to ſpeak One Word in his own Defence. *Scrape* officiouſly pulled him aſide to a Corner of the Room; where he whiſpered him to leave every thing to him, and he would be d——d if he did not bring him off, and ſouſe the Juſtice too, if he would take his Counſel, and if there was no more Evidence againſt him than what appeared. The Stranger, becauſe he could do no better, thanked *Scrape* for all his Kindneſs; but begged, that he might be ſent to ſome Place where he could have Repoſe; for he could no longer ſupport himſelf without fainting. Huſh, huſh, ſays *Scrape*, you ſhall ſee, preſently, what I ſhall do for you—And then he talked for ſome time

aſide, to the Juſtice, as he had done to the Priſoner. Upon this, the Juſtice, after a very grave Preface, the Import of which was, That the Devil himſelf ought to have his Due, ordered the Conſtable to reſtore to the Priſoner all his Money; but made a Warrant, that he ſhould take Charge of him till next Morning; and then he diſmiſſed the Company. The Conſtable carried his Priſoner from the Juſtice's to the *King's Arms*, which was the beſt Publick-houſe in the Village; and, after diſpoſing his Guards and Centinels below, and about the Houſe, the Priſoner was conveyed to the beſt Room; a noble Supper was beſpoken; whole Seas of Punch, Wine, and Ale, were ordered; and nothing was wanting that could complete and demonſtrate the Triumph of the Day.

Mean while, Mr. *Scrape* began to be a good deal alarmed, leſt, for want of Evidence, he ſhould loſe his Client; for he knew enough of the Law to know, that the grand Jury would not find a Bill againſt him upon the Evidence that had hitherto appeared. He therefore ſet himſelf to examine the Captors, and, by telling them, that the Priſoner muſt be acquitted, unleſs they could ſwear ſo and ſo againſt him, he, in Fact, inſtructed them ſo well what to ſwear, or rather how to ſwear, that he had

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ſome Hopes a Bill would be found, by which he could, at leaſt, ſecure the fleecing of the Priſoner. Having taken care of this Point, he went up Stairs, with an Air of Triumph, and, ſhaking the Priſoner by the Hand, told him, He had nothing to do but to take Courage; for *Tom Scrape* was his Friend: That he would immediately go to Counſellor *Brief*, and take his Opinion upon his Caſe, and give him a Retaining-Fee, to appear for him upon his Tryal. The Priſoner, who more than ſuſpected *Scrape*'s Character and Intention, made very little Reply to this Harangue, and was very glad when the Lawyer took his Leave.

The Stranger had now his Wound dreſſed by a Surgeon in the Village, and, having taken ſomewhat to recruit his Spirits, began to enter into Converſation with the Conſtable, with whom he was left alone, and whom he found to be no unreaſonable Man. The Stranger thanked him for the Care he had taken to lodge him ſo well; and the Conſtable replied, by complaining of the Hardſhips which poor Men ſuffered, who had Trades and Families, when they were forced upon Pariſh-Offices. The Priſoner agreed to this, and, at the ſame time, made him a Preſent of a Couple of Guineas, which the Conſtable tied up in the Corner

of his Handkerchief, and which, with the Bowl of Punch which was before him, and the Pipe he was ſmoaking, put him into the beſt Humour imaginable. As ſeveral People, through Curioſity, had crouded up Stairs, to ſee the Priſoner, the latter ſeemed to be ſomewhat ſhocked; which the Conſtable obſerving, immediately gave Orders to his Attendants below, that not a Soul ſhould be admitted up Stairs without ſending up their Names, and receiving his Permiſſion. This was not the only Civility he ſhewed to the Priſoner; for, filling out a Bumper of Punch, So, Sir, ſaid he, and I ſuppoſe Mr. *Scrape* will be your Lawyer upon this Occaſion. Why, Lawyer *Scrape* may be as honeſt a Lawyer as any Lawyer I know; we have all our Enemies, God help us; and we muſt not mind every thing that is ſaid againſt a Man: So, Sir, my Service to you. The Priſoner gathered enough from theſe Words to confirm his Conjecture, that Lawyer *Scrape* had none of the cleareſt Characters in the World; and, upon farther examining the Conſtable, he learned enough to know him to be one of the greateſt Scoundrels upon Earth.

Whilſt the Conſtable and the Priſoner were engaged in this Converſation, one of the Attendants came up, with Mr. *Evans*'s Service to the Conſtable; and, if it was agree-

agreeable to him, he would willingly ſee the Priſoner: The Conſtable immediately conſulted the other, whether he would agree to it, telling him, at the ſame time, that Mr. *Evans* was an honeſt *Welſhman*, the Vicar of the Pariſh, and one with whom he could pawn his Life. The Priſoner, who, by this time, had no bad Opinion of his Companion, told him, That he was ſo far from having any Objection to Mr. *Evans*'s Company, that he was about to propoſe ſending for a Clergyman; and that he ſhould eſteem it the greateſt Favour in the World to be left by himſelf, for ſome Minutes, with Mr. *Evans*, if he ſhould like his Company. The Conſtable ſaid, He knew the Houſe very well, and he had no Objection to that; that he was very glad to ſee him in ſo good a Diſpoſition of Mind; that, may-hap, Gentlemen of his Profeſſion might have a great deal to ſay to a Clergyman; and that he could not find a worthier one than Mr. *Evans* was. In finiſhing thoſe Words, he ſtepped to the Door, and ordered, with an Air of Authority, that Mr. *Evans* ſhould be ſhewn up Stairs, and nobody elſe. The humane Air with which this Clergyman entered the Room, and the Compaſſion he diſcovered at ſeeing the Priſoner in ſuch a Condition, ſoon convinced the latter that he would

anſwer

anſwer the Character the Conſtable had given him. The Priſoner received him with an Air of Politeneſs, ſo eaſily diſcernable thro' all his Misfortunes, that *Evans* could not reſiſt his Intreaties to ſit down; and they immediately entered upon a general Converſation, in which *Evans* was charmed with the good Senſe, and the manly Reſignation, of the other. They inſenſibly came to be more particular; and the Priſoner deſcribed the Manner in which he had been treated, in ſo pathetic a manner, that he drew Tears from *Evans*'s Eyes, though, at the ſame time, he had no manner of Doubt of his being a Highwayman. The Priſoner then told Mr. *Evans*, That Mr. *Cooper*, the Conſtable, had been ſo good as to promiſe him the Satisfaction of having his Company, for ſome time, by himſelf. Ay, ay, ſays the Conſtable, who by this time was half-way crying, as long as you pleaſe; and then he left the Room to themſelves; but ordered another Bowl of Punch to be made below.

When the Conſtable was retired, *Evans*, who thought that the Priſoner deſired to be left alone with him, only that he might ſettle his ſpiritual Concerns, commended him for his prudent Behaviour before the Conſtable; but told him, It was no longer time to diſſemble; that, in all Appear-

ance,

ance, his time would not be long in this Life; that he ought to think of a better; but that, if he ſincerely repented, and reſolved upon Amendment and Reſtitution, he would not condemn him for making the beſt Defence he could upon his Tryal, tho' he was afraid it would be all to no Purpoſe. The Stranger anſwered this pious Exhortation in ſuch a manner as confounded *Evans*. He ſaid, He did not fear Death, ſo much as he did Infamy; but that he feared Infamy leſs than Guilt; that he had a Hand that could tear the Heart from his Body, rather than it ſhould ſway him even to the Thoughts of committing an Action unworthy a Chriſtian, and a Man of Honour: And that notwithſtanding all the Appearances againſt him, he did not doubt, even if he was condemned, of ſatisfying every thinking unbiaſſed Perſon, that he was innocent. He then gave *Evans* a fair Detail of all that had happened to him, from his ſetting out in the Morning: But, continued he, I foreſee where my great Misfortune will lie: The Circumſtances of my Life are ſuch, that, were its true Story to be known, I ſhould be in greater Danger than I can be in from this Proſecution; and that too, aggravated by ſo many tender Conſiderations, that I ſhould think myſelf happy in dying unknown,

unknown, though guiltleſs, rather than expoſe myſelf to the Conſequences of a Diſcovery of my Name and Perſon. *Evans* was ſo ſenſibly afflicted with all he heard, that he forgot, for ſome time, to acquaint the Priſoner, that an Evidence had been brought to the Village, who was ready to ſwear both to the great Coat, and the Horſe; which would be ſufficient for finding the Bill of Indictment.

This was no other than *Henrietta*'s Coachman, who, having been thrown into a hollow Place, from whence he was not able to ſtir, had ſeen nothing of what had paſſed after he fell from his Box, but was carried to the Village by the Country-people; and the Horſe and great Coat being produced before him, he ſaid, That the Coat was like that which was worn by the Highwayman; but he was poſitive, that the Horſe was the ſame that he rode when the Robbery was committed. The Priſoner bore this Information with great Magnanimity; and without ſuffering one indecent Reflection, upon what had happened, to eſcape his Lips, all his Behaviour appeared to be compoſed, manly, ſerene. But *Evans* having confirmed him of the bad Opinion he had of Lawyer *Scrape*, the Stranger told him, He had Two Favours to beg of him; which he conjured him, by all that was dear

dear to Religion and Humanity, not to refuſe him The firſt was, that he would take the Charge of his Watch, Money, and Bank-Notes, and a ſealed Letter or Two, he had about him, directed to Perſons in *London*, becauſe he foreſaw, that he muſt be plundered of them next Morning, ſo ſoon as the Coachman had made his Evidence. The next was, That he would take the Trouble to find out the Two Ladies, to preſent them with the Token he had received, and put them in mind of their Promiſe. Mr. *Evans* moſt readily undertook both thoſe Offices; and the Stranger, reſerving as much Gold for himſelf as he thought proper, delivered every thing he had about him, of Value, to the Parſon; who, in taking Leave of him, promiſed that he never would forſake him Day nor Night.

Next Morning the Priſoner was again brought before his Worſhip, the Juſtice, to be re-examined; and the new Evidence, whom Lawyer *Scrape* had been very induſtrious to find out, was uſhered into the Hall, with great Solemnity, by the Country-people. When he was confronted with the Priſoner, he ſaid, That he could ſay nothing as to the Gentleman's Face; but that he was ſafe to ſwear, that the Gelding he had ſeen below in the Yard, was the ſame

ſame that the Highwayman rode, who robbed his Ladies; and that he was dreſs'd in much ſuch another great Coat as that which he had been ſhewn below. Hand him the Book—Hand him the Book, ſays the Juſtice: I told you the Dog had a Hanging-look, turning to *Scrape*, who was attending, with a Face full of Importance. The Coachman, whoſe Arm was in a Sling, and was not yet recovered of his Bruiſes, having ſworn as above, and the neceſſary Oaths being made concerning the Identity of the Horſe, the Juſtice declared the Evidence to be beyond all Poſſibility of Contradiction; and that, as it was now certain, that the Money which the Highwayman had about him, belonged to others, and perhaps the very Number of the Notes, and the Watchmaker's Name, would be ſufficient to hang him; that it was his Duty to take care of the Whole, to reſtore them to their right Owners. *Scrape* again oppoſed this, and remonſtrated upon the Barbarity of ſtripping any Man, before he was condemned, of the Means of defending himſelf upon his Tryal. As to that, interrupts the Juſtice, Mr. *Scrape*, I underſtand you; but, if you are employed, I will take care you ſhall be paid out of the firſt and readieſt in my Hands. This was anſwered by a low Bow from *Scrape*; but the Amaze-

Amazement of all preſent was inexpreſſible, when, after ſtrictly ſearching the Priſoner, not above Four or Five Guineas were found upon him. The Juſtice then ſent, and had the Room, and Bed, where he lay all Night, ſearched likewiſe. At laſt the Country-people grew outrageous: Some were for having the Priſoner preſs'd and tortured, till he confeſſed what he had done with the Money; others were for hanging him directly; and it was with Difficulty that Mr. *Cooper*'s Authority reſtrained others from beating the Priſoner, in his Worſhip's Preſence. But none was ſo violent as *Scrape* was, for recovering the Money: He told the Company, that it was flat Felony for any Man to detain it; and that, from ſome Circumſtances he obſerved, he could not help thinking, that Mr. *Cooper*, the Conſtable, knew ſomewhat about the Watch and Money. This put *Cooper* into a Sweat; every Joint of him trembled; his Tongue faultered, and his Face grew as pale as Aſhes. Your Character, ſaid he, Mr. *Scrape*, is well known, and ſo is mine too (thank God)—But his Worſhip is preſent, or elſe—He pronounced the Two laſt Words, ſtriking his Staff againſt the Ground in ſo tremendous a manner as made *Scrape* ſneak behind the Juſtice, and whiſper him, That he was now convinced, that

Cooper

Cooper had the Money. The Country-people ſeemed to take Part with *Scrape*; and for ſome time there was a general Confuſion, till *Cooper*, finding he was like to fare very ill, appealed to all his Attendants, and to the People of the *King's-Arms*, Whether he had once left that Houſe; and that, if he had got the Money, he certainly muſt have it then about him. His Worſhip, ſeeming to think there was ſome Reaſon in this, after conſulting the reſt of the Company, took the Pains (with the Aſſiſtance of *Scrape*) to ſearch the Conſtable with his own Hand; but all their Inquiry ſerved only to puzzle them the more, what could become of the Priſoner's Money. At laſt, he acquainted them, That they ſhould be never the wiſer for he had placed it where it was far enough out of their Power to touch it. *Scrape* then aſked, Whether there was any Fire in the Priſoner's Room, where he lay all Night; and being anſwered in the Affirmative, it was on all Hands concluded, That the Priſoner certainly had found means to burn the Bank-Notes, for fear they ſhould convict him; and that, as to the Money, they did not doubt of its being found, ſome time or other, concealed in the Room: The Matter being thus cleared up, the Priſoner's Mittimus was made; he was once more bound

bound Hand and Foot, and thrown into a Cart, in which he was conveyed to the County Gaol, with a ſtrong Guard of the Country Fellows, under the Command of Mr. *Cooper* the Conſtable. The Truth is, the laſt-mentioned Magiſtrate, when he reflected upon the Indulgence he had ſhewn to the Priſoner, and the Familiarity with which he had condeſcended to treat him, did not think he had acted quite fairly by him, he not intruſting him with the Secret of his Money; and in ſuffering him to undergo the Diſgrace of a Search, and the Danger he was under from the Diſpleaſure of the Juſtice and the Lawyer. He diſcovered, however, no other Reſentment than by ſhaking his Head at the Priſoner, as they were putting him into the Cart, and in telling him, That he would not have done ſo by him. When they came to the Gaol, *Cooper*, who had behaved all the way with a reſerved Civility, ſaid to the Priſoner, He hoped he had acted towards him as a Gentleman; and, ſhaking him by the Hand when he took his Leave, he ſaid, That if he ſhould happen to be hanged any-where within his Pariſh, he would do his beſt, that he ſhould be uſed well, and die decently. And then he left him, not a little pleaſed, that it never came into the Head

Head of the Juſtice, or the Lawyer, to ſearch the Corner of his Handkerchief.

Mr. *Evans* ſoon found out where *Henrietta* lived; and, early in the Morning, he rode to her Houſe, where he arrived before ſhe was ſtirring. It was with ſome Difficulty, and not without the moſt preſſing Inſtances, that ſhe was prevailed upon to ſee *Evans*, becauſe ſhe was not yet recovered from her Bruiſes; but when he ſent her up Word, that he came upon an Affair of Life and Death, ſhe came down to the Parlour, where *Evans*, without almoſt ſpeaking a Word, moſt ſolemnly preſented her with the Snuff-Box, which ſhe immediately knew, and gueſſed at the Occaſion of the Viſit. It was however with a very viſible Concern, that ſhe told *Evans*, ſhe could ſerve the Perſon, who ſent it, no other ways than with her Purſe; and ſhe would anſwer the ſame for her Friend, who, ſhe ſaid, was ſo ill, that ſhe could not poſſibly ſee any Company. This Speech threw *Evans* into a Paſſion, which he could not ſmother. Madam, Madam, ſaid he, God forgive you—Ah! this it is to do Services to fine *London* Folks—Ah! Madam, Madam, where would your poor Soul have been by this time, had it not been for that poor Gentleman?—Theſe Words burſt, in a Torrent of Paſſion, from *Evans*, who, at other

other times, was a Man of very good Senſe and Breeding; and it was with Difficulty that *Henrietta*, in the moſt earneſt manner, prevailed with him to hear her. Sir, ſaid ſhe, what would you have me to do? I aſk you, as you are a Clergyman, and a Gentleman; and I ſhould think myſelf infinitely indebted to you, if you will tell us, how we can ſerve the Perſon who gave you this Box; for we will do it at the Hazard of our Lives; and we are willing to proclaim it to all the World, that we owe them to to him. Do to ſerve him! ſaid *Evans*, who had ſcarcely Patience to hear her out, Why, Madam, come to the Aſſizes, appear at his Tryal, tell all that you know of the Robbery; and, my Life for his, he is ſafe. Sir, replied *Henrietta*, we would do all that with Pleaſure, could it do him any Service: But conſider, Sir, when we are aſk'd, upon Oath, what can we then anſwer, ſince the ſame Perſon who ſaved us, robbed us firſt? So, you are very poſitive of that, ſays *Evans*. Ah! Madam, Madam (ſhaking his Head), a Day will come when you muſt anſwer for this. Pray, Sir (replies *Henrietta)*, I aſk you, once more, What you would have us to do?— We would do any thing—I love your Earneſtneſs in this Matter: I am ſure it flows from Good-nature, and a good Heart; but conſider, when we

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are at the Bar of Juſtice, and under the Obligation of an Oath, that Life itſelf is not to be purchaſed by a Falſhood.—— I aſk yourſelf, Sir, If you would ſwear to a Falſhood, even to ſave your own Life. Ah! Madam, ſaid *Evans*, that is but a poor Fetch. From *London* Gratitude—— Good Lord, deliver me! He then roſe haſtily, to take his Leave, and *Henrietta* preſſed him to accept of ſome Money for the unhappy Perſon's Uſe. Keep your Money to yourſelf, ſaid *Evans:* Perhaps you may want Money more than he does: He wants Juſtice from you, Madam, and not Money.

Notwithſtanding all the Vehemence of *Evans*, there was ſo much Honeſty and Sincerity in his Manner, that it was with the greateſt Reluctance *Henrietta* ſuffered him to depart with a bad Opinion of her. All ſhe could obtain was, that *Evans* ſhould deſire the Priſoner to put down in Writing, under his own Hand, what he would have them to do for him. Well! well! Madam, ſaid *Evans*, I will tell him, I will tell him; but I know what I would do, were I in his Place, which God forbid I ſhould ever be; and, in ſaying theſe Words, he flung away, without any Ceremony at parting.

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The unhappy Priſoner had not been gone for above an Hour from the Village, when *Evans* returned; and the latter, without alighting, went forward to the County-Gaol, where he found his Friend loaded with Irons, in a loathſome Dungeon. The Priſoner diſcovered great Satisfaction upon ſeeing *Evans*, whoſe Paſſion continued ſtill, to ſuch a Degree, that without any Preamble, he acquainted him, in about Ten Words, of his bad Succeſs, concluding, that he had rather be hanged a Hundred times, than owe his Life to ſuch ungrateful B—s. The Stranger, notwithſtanding all his Miſery, could not help ſmiling at the Warmth of *Evans*, who aſked his Pardon to leave him for a few Minutes. He then went to the Gaoler's Apartment, who, in Conſideration of Five Guineas paid him down, carried the Priſoner to a very handſome Room, where he ſaid he was welcome to remain till he ſhould take his Tryal. The Priſoner then deſired *Evans* to beſpeak a good Dinner; but all the Fortitude and Unconcern he ſhewed ſerved only to affect *Evans* the more. I ſhould not have minded it ſo much, (ſa'd he to himſelf, wiping a few Drops from his Eyes, but loud enough to be heard) had he been a ſneaking Dog; then, addreſſing himſelf to the Priſoner, Pray, Sir, ſaid he, What Countryman are

you? I mean, are you not a *Welſhman*—Ay, ay, continued he; ſeeing the Stranger make no Reply—true *Britiſh* Blood—I never was miſtaken in the born Days of my Life. The Priſoner ſuffer'd *Evans* to have his own Way; but after Dinner he entered into a very ſerious Conſideration of what was to be done; and *Evans* gave his Friend a very minute Detail of all that paſſed b tween him and *Henrietta*. This Detail convinced the Priſoner, that he had employed a very improper Agent upon ſuch an Occaſion; and, at the ſame time, that he was rather to expect Hurt, than Service, from the Evidence of the Ladies.

Evans omitted nothing between that Day and the Day of Tryal, that became a worthy honeſt Man to ſerve his Friend. The Priſoner appeared upon his Tryal with ſo intrepid, but with ſo modeſt an Air; he made ſo many juſt Obſervations, and prepoſſeſſed the Jury ſo much in his Favour, that he muſt have been acquitted, notwithſtanding all that was ſworn, and notwithſtanding the Judges Charge went againſt him, if he would have ſatisfied the Court of his Buſineſs, and manner of Living. But all that *Evans* had been able to do, could not prevail upon him to ſend for proper Perſons to do this; and *Evans*, in the laſt Converſation he had on that Subject,

perceiving his Obſtinacy, left him with theſe Words in his Mouth: *Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.* Upon the Whole, this was a Difficulty which the Jury could not get over; and he was found guilty under the Name of *John Truewitt.*

Evans, who had been preſent during the Tryal, waited upon his unhappy Friend back to the Gaol, and, after another Conſultation, he perſuaded him to write a Letter with his own Hand to *Henrietta*; which he did in the following Terms.

" Madam, I can eaſily gather, from the " Report of my Friend, the Reverend " Mr. *Evans*, that you are under ſome " Miſtake with Regard to your late Rob- " bery; and, upon recollecting ſome Cir- " cumſtances that were ſworn at my Tryal, " I think I can more than gueſs at the " Reaſons for your imagining the Perſon " who robb'd you, and the Perſon who " aſſiſted you, to be the ſame. This, " Madam, is no Time for me to uſe Com- " pliments; but believe me when I ſay, " That if that Action of mine ſaved your " Life, I cannot even now repent it, though " it has brought me to the Brink of an " unhappy Life; which a few Days, per- " haps Hours, will finiſh, with a public, " an ignominious, and an unmerited Death.

" I do not diſſemble, Madam, my hav-
" ing Reaſons to wiſh for Life; but I
" ſhould have diſdain'd to have purchaſed
" it by the ſmalleſt Violation of your, or
" your Friends Conſcience; and when I
" compare together the Circumſtances that
" unavoidably occaſioned your Miſtake, I
" am rather to thank, than to blame you,
" for not appearing upon my Tryal. Nay,
" my Situation is ſuch as did not, at that
" time, ſuffer me to prevent the ſevere
" Sentence that is paſſed upon my Life;
" and I am ſo far from accuſing the Court
" which paſſed it, with Rigour, that if it
" erred, it was in Lenity, by being ſo
" much prepoſſeſſed in favour of a Man,
" when ſo many ſtrong Appearances were
" againſt him.

" But though Juſtice and Religion would
" not ſuffer you to interpoſe for the Man
" whom you thought guilty, yet Virtue and
" Humanity may plead for him, when you
" ſee him condemned. If upon the Face
" of my Tryal there ſhould be room for
" me to hope for Mercy, without anſwer-
" ing the Queſtions I have already declined,
" I would moſt willingly accept of it; and
" ſhall think myſelf eternally obliged to
" you, and your Friend, for your Intereſt
" to obtain it, by an Application, either to

" the

" the Judge, or to his Majeſty. I have " the Honour to be, Madam,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

John Truewit.

Mr. *Evans* met with a ready Admittance to *Henrietta*, when he returned to her Houſe with this Letter. He wore in his Looks the melancholy News he brought, and delivered it with an Air of Diſlike and Diſdain: *Henrietta* trembled when ſhe opened it, and read it Three or Four times over, before ſhe recovered herſelf ſo well as to tell *Evans*, that he ſhould inſtantly go with her to her Friend's Room, who was ſtill ſomewhat indiſpoſed with the Accident ſhe had met with, that he might be Witneſs of the Warmth with which they would both undertake to ſerve the unhappy Perſon; and that, for her Part, ſhe was reſolved not to ſleep till ſhe had thrown herſelf at the Feet of the Judge.

In ſaying theſe Words ſhe rung the Bell, that *John* the Footman might order the Chariot to be got ready. But how was ſhe ſurpriſed, when one of the other Servants came to tell her, that the poor Fellow was in the Kitchen, with all the Appearances of Horror and Diſtraction, tearing his Hair, and knocking his Head againſt the Ground, and raving out, that he had been guilty of Blood; and that he never could be for-

given, either in this Life, or in that to come! *Henrietta* did not take ſo much Notice of this melancholy Relation, as ſhe would have done at any other Time, ſo eager was ſhe to fly to the Aſſiſtance of the poor Priſoner. She carried *Evans* to *Charlotte*'s Room, where they found her upon a Couch in a looſe Undreſs. Her Look was ſerious and compoſed; and ſuch as the fineſt Painter in the World would have endeavoured to draw, had he been to paint the Character of Contemplation. She had however nothing in her Air that carried with it either Diſdain or Indifference, nothing affectedly languid, or inſolently reſerved. She had been made acquainted with *Evans*'s Errand; ſhe roſe to meet him with wonderful Affability, and addreſſed him with ſuch inchanting Sweetneſs, that *Evans*, being quite charmed, muttered to himſelf—Ay—this is ſomething now. The Reader will think it, perhaps, ſtrange, when I acquaint him, that this honeſt *Weiſhman* had been ſo much prepoſſeſſed againſt *Henrietta*, for her Ingratitude, as he imagined it to be, that he had not had Command enough of himſelf, to explain to her the particular Circumſtances of his Friend's Innocency; but he did it now in ſo affecting and ſo convincing a Manner, as drew Tears from the Eyes of both

both the Ladies, and he himſelf wept in Sympathy.

Henrietia then put into *Charlotte*'s Hand the Letter ſhe had received from the Priſoner, telling her, ſhe was determined inſtantly to ſet out to comply with its Requeſt. *Charlotte* had no ſooner read the Superſcription of the Letter, than ſhe fetch'd a deep Sigh, and ſhook her Head, as if ſhe had remembred the Loſs of a Friend, whom ſhe wiſhed, to be now alive. But, when ſhe open'd, and began to read it, her Breath grew quick and ſhort, her Colour came and went, her Knees trembled, and her Eyes diſcovered all the wild Emotions of a Heart peirced with a thouſand Agonies of Hope and Fear, Doubt and Deſpair. *Henrietta*, who never had ſeen her ſo before, amidſt all her various Scenes of Sorrow, was ſo amazed, that ſhe had not the Power to aſk what was the Matter; and *Evans*, wiping his Eyes, ſaid, that the beſt-natured Souls were moſt ſubject to thoſe Fits. But *Charlotte*'s admirable Recollection never abandoned her; for when the firſt Shock of Surprize was over, ſhe deſired them to leave the Room, in a manner ſo earneſt, and ſo affecting, that *Henrietta*, though ſhe was not without her Share of female Curioſity, obeyed her without ſpeaking a Word, and was followed by the

Parſon. When they were retired, *Charlotte* flew to a ſmall Cabinet, which ſhe opened, and drew out of it a Bundle of Letters, written by her Father to her Mother, who had carefully concealed them; and, upon comparing the Hands, it appeared, that the unhappy Priſoner, and her unhappy Father, was the ſame Perſon. The Reader may more eaſily figure to himſelf, than I can deſcribe, the Conflict that paſſed within *Charlotte*'s Breaſt upon this Diſcovery. Reſolution, Reflection, Reaſon, and Patience, ſunk under the mighty Shock; it was too great for Woman, nay, for human Nature, to ſuſtain. She had recovered to Life a Parent ſhe had never ſeen; but ſhe had recovered him under the Circumſtance of his being to ſuffer a public and ignominious Death, for the very Humanity that had ſaved her own Life; while ſhe, through Indolence, when ſhe might have ſaved him, had ſuffered him to be condemned. This was proving a Traitor to Gratitude, Humanity, and Religion. Where could ſhe now ſeek for Reſt that would not be haunted by the Ghoſt of her murdered Father? or how could ſhe hope for Mercy, when ſhe had denied it to him who had given her Life? A thouſand other dreadful Reflections ſucceeded in her Mind, till ſhe figured to herſelf the Diſtreſs, and diſmal Condition,

of

of her poor Father, without an Eye to pity, or a Hand to relieve him; his manly Heart, torn with Indignation at the Ingratitude of a Daughter, who, inſtead of bleſſing his Arms, muſt embitter his Miſery! The Name of Murdreſs muſt now mingle with that of Child; the cruel Pang, with the tender Tear, and Bitterneſs of Heart is to ſtifle the Emotions of Nature. With what Face could ſhe bear to ſee the Man whom her Soul deſired more than Life! and what a poor Recompence muſt all ſhe could ſay for herſelf be, for the Miſeries he had undergone, and the Death he muſt ſuffer!

It would not have been in Humanity to have ſupported this Conflict of ſucceeding Paſſions, this Violence of Diſtreſs, which touched every Spring of Life, and tore up every Fountain of Nature, had not *Charlotte* habitually, as it were, returned to the Thoughts of an Almighty Power, to whom nothing was impoſſible. She had ſcarcely indulged this Reflection, when the Tumult ſubſided within her Breaſt; her Soul grew calm, and her Peace of Mind returned, when ſhe addreſſed the Throne, from whence ſhe had ſo often derived Conſolation; ſhe now looked back with Amazement upon the Looſe ſhe had given to her Paſſion; and ſhe found in Religion Com-

forts that ſhe could not find in Nature, or from Philoſophy. She had now Recollection enough to thank God, that her Parent, though unfortunate, was not guilty; that her Conduct, however fatal, had been virtuous; and that ſhe could accuſe herſelf of nought that was intentionally criminal. She fortified herſelf with the further Conſideration of what ſhe owed to the Innocent ſhe was bearing about her; that if ſhe was an unfortunate Daughter, ſhe ought not to be an unnatural Mother; and that, ſhould ſhe ſink into a Lethargy of Sorrow, ſhe might become the worſt of Parricides, and, in ſome meaſure, acceſſary to the Death, both of her Child, and of her Father; and that it was Impiety for her to loſe a ſingle Moment farther in flying to his Deliverance.

She had no ſooner rung the Bell, than *Henrietta* came in to her, with Amazement in her Looks; for the ſtruggles of Nature grew again ſo violent in *Charlotte*, that there appeared in her a ſenſible Abatement of that Compoſure of Mien, that Decency of Geſture, which had always dignified her Actions; ſhe ſeemed to be raiſed above herſelf. *Henrietta*, ſaid ſhe, let me be gone, let me fly: I ſhall be the vileſt of Monſters, ſhould I ſtay one Inſtant to anſwer you a Queſtion, tho' my Life depended upon it. In ſaying this, ſhe ruſhed out of the Room to call if the Chariot

Chariot was ready; and was followed by *Henrietta*, who could account for this ſudden Change of Behaviour, no otherwiſe, than by ſuppoſing, that the Sufferings of her Friend had at laſt touched her Reaſon; and that a little Reſt would ſoon recompoſe her Senſes. Perſuaded of this, ſhe claſped *Charlotte* tenderly in her Arms: She ſaid, ſhe never would leave her till ſhe ſhould put aſide that Unkindneſs for a faithful Friend. Why, my *Charlotte* (continued ſhe) will you ſuffer your Sorrows thus to get the better of your Reaſon? Have I deſerved that you ſhould break my Heart? What has your *Henrietta* done to offend you? *Charlotte* anſwered this only, by again calling for the Chariot, with a Vehemence that far ſurpaſſed her natural Strength; and proteſting, that if it was not inſtantly brought, ſhe would run on Foot, wild, and wandering, to the Place from whence the dear Letter came. This confirmed *Henrietta* in her Suſpicion, that her Friend's Brain was touched: She called out for Help, and fell to the Ground in her Efforts to reſtrain *Charlotte* from breaking from her Arms. All ſhe could ſay was, Unkind *Charlotte!* The Sound with which ſhe pronounced thoſe two Words, like Divinity moving on the Face of diſordered Reaſon, reſtored all the Faculties of *Charlotte*'s Soul to their

Proper Functions. Beſt of Friends, ſaid ſhe, affectionately raiſing and embracing *Henrietta*, I am not diſtracted—Indeed I am not—yet it is no Wonder if I was—ſince the Diſcovery I have made is ſuch as I dare not impart, even to my dear *Henrietta*—But let me be gone: Every Moment I now loſe, adds to the Sum of my Unhappineſs, perhaps my Guilt! In ſaying thoſe Words, ſhe again embraced *Henrietta*; and, without waiting for an Anſwer, ſhe went down Stairs, where, finding the Chariot ready, her Servants had but juſt time to give her her Capuchin; and ſhe ordered the Coachman to make what Haſte he could, without ſtopping till he came to the Gaol.

The Conſternation of *Henrietta* was ſuch, that ſome Minutes paſt before ſhe could recover it; and then ſhe was as much at a Loſs as ſhe was before, to account for her Friend's Conduct. She ordered, however, at all Events, that a Poſt-Chaiſe ſhould be hired, in which ſhe reſolved to follow her, and, by good Fortune, one was found in the Village, and immediately got ready, when ſhe reflected, that Mr. *Evans* was ſtill in the Houſe.

This worthy Man had no ſooner left *Charlotte*'s Room, than one of the Servants called him away to the Footman, whom we

we have already deſcribed to be under ſuch inconceivable Horrors. He found him in that State, and the Fellow, upon Sight of the Clergyman, ſeemed more compoſed, and begged, that *Evans* would have Patience till he heard what he had to ſay. He then told him, that being ſent by his Ladies, with a How d'ye, a little out of the Road, he returned juſt time enough to ſee the Robbery committed: That Fear had hindered him to advance to the Aſſiſtance of his Ladies; and that he had kept at a Diſtance till the Whole was over; and that, ever ſince, he had concealed the Particulars, for fear of loſing his Place; but that hearing an innocent Man was to ſuffer, he could not be in Peace with himſelf till he told the whole Truth. He then repeated the Particulars of the Robbery, and the Deliverance of the Ladies, in the ſame manner as the Priſoner had diſcloſed to *Evans*; who was ſo overjoyed, that in an Ecſtaſy he lifted up his Hands, repeating ſeveral times, God is juſt, God is merciful. He next queſtioned the Footman, why he did not come up to the Aſſiſtance of the Ladies, while the Chariot was overturned, and the Highwayman gone? But the Fellow told him, that the whole Accident was ſo ſudden and rapid, that he could not, had he been willing; and that he was not very willing,

willing, becauſe, at firſt, he apprehended, that the Gentleman might be a Confederate of the Highwayman. He added, that he was ready to make Affidavit upon all the fore-mentioned Particulars; and that, had he known the Danger the poor Gentleman was in, he would have diſcovered the Whole, though to the Danger of his Life.

The Reader who knows human Nature, will not be ſurpriſed at the Inconſiſtency of this poor Fellow's Conduct. While the Affair only concerned a little Money his Miſtreſs was to loſe, he had no Notion of oppoſing his own Life to a Highwayman's Piſtol; and, as he knew the Loſs could not hurt her, he thought there was no Harm in concealing what he knew, leſt his own Cowardice ſhould be expoſed, and he ſhould loſe his Place. The Confeſſion he made was the Effect of the ſame Cowardice, in another Light. He was afraid of being haunted by the Ghoſt of the innocent Man, whom he might have ſaved. His Conſcience, which he would not have felt in the one Caſe, tormented him in the other; and he now thought he could not do enough to expiate his Fault.

Evans returned with infinite Satisfaction in his Face to *Henrietta*, whoſe Concern was ſuch, that ſhe had not once thought of him, and was juſt ſtepping into the Poſt-Chaiſe.

Chaiſe. He told her all he had learned from the Footman's Confeſſion, and, after Conſultation, it was found proper, that *Evans* ſhould go along with *Henrietta*, in the Chaiſe; and that the Footman ſhould ride the Parſon's Horſe to Town, where his Confeſſion was to be reduced to the Form of an Affidavit; which was to be laid before the Judge. When they alighted at the Door of the Gaol, they were informed, that the other Lady had been there for upwards of half an Hour; and that ſhe had earneſtly requeſted, nobody whatſoever ſhould be admitted to him while they were together. But *Evans*, who thought no Time was to be loſt, ſent for an Attorney whom he could truſt, and who carried the Footman before a Juſtice of the Peace, to whom he made Affidavit of all the Circumſtances we have already mentioned. But it is now Time to attend *Charlotte* and the Priſoner.

In ſome Caſes the moſt ſedate are more quick, perhaps more haſty, than the leaſt conſidering. Their Sedateneſs continues only to a certain Depth of Suffering; but, beyond that, they have Senſibilities a thouſand times more exquiſite, and there are Paſſions more ſtrong, than thoſe of a ſlight Compoſition. *Charlotte* had taken the Alarm ſo quick, that ſhe had not given herſelf Leiſure

to

to reflect on a thouſand Improbabilities, with which the Subject of it was attended. She always had underſtood (and nothing had ever happened to contradict it) that the Death of her Father had occaſioned that of her Mother; and ſhe even had in her Poſſeſſion the Letter of Advice concerning it that had come from *Boulogne*. All her dreadful Apprehenſions therefore aroſe from a Similarity of Hand-Writing, without leaving any thing to Accident, or to the Poſſibility of one Hand reſembling another.

The Moment ſhe entered the Gaol ſhe was ſhewn into the Condemned Hole, where the Priſoner had lain ever ſince he had been caſt. There ſhe ſaw him loaded with Irons, ſitting by an earthen Lamp, which gave no more Light than was juſt enough to diſcover the Horrors of the Dungeon. The Gaoler having lock'd the Door upon them, the Priſoner, who recollected where he had ſeen her the Moment ſhe entered the Room, attempted to riſe; but it was with ſuch Difficulty that he could not prevent the Lady from throwing herſelf by him upon the Ground; where, with a trembling Voice, Oh! Sir, ſaid ſhe, is your Name *Townley?* — While ſhe pronounced thoſe Words, ſhe held him by the Knees; her whole Frame appeared to be one Convulſion; and, upon his not immediately

ately anſwering, he ſaw her Face overſpread with a deadly Pale. But Aſtoniſhment had lock'd up his Tongue; he looked, he paus'd, he was ſtagger'd with Compaſſion, and, upon his ſoftly pronouncing the Words "Madam, it is," ſhe recovered to her Knees. "Then," ſaid ſhe, "I am your "Daughter, I am your Daughter *Charlotte*." —"Then" anſwered *Townley*, "I am happy, "but how ſhall I know you do not mock my "Miſery?" Alas! ſaid ſhe, here are the "Proofs left me by my dear Mother; they "are all that, till this melancholy Inſtant, I "ever knew of my Father," producing the Bundle of Letters from him to her Mother. He knew them immediately by the Help of the Lamp, ſuch as it was; and never was there a Scene of Sorrow ſo diverſified, ſo bitterly tender, and ſo mournfully happy. My Daughter, and, My Father, were all the Words that either of them for ſome Minutes could pronounce; and the Heart of poor *Charlotte* muſt have burſt, had it not got Relief by her guſhing into Tears, when ſhe ſurveyed the heavy Chains that loaded, and the diſmal Dungeon that confined her Father. They both at laſt recovered themſelves ſo far as to be able to enter into ſome kind of Converſation together. *Charlotte* bade him hope for the beſt; ſhe told him ſhe had both Fortune and Friends to ſerve him;

him; that the Circumſtances of his Caſe were ſo favourable, and Proofs of his Innocence ſo convincing, that there could be no manner of Doubt of his obtaining Mercy, tho' ſhe ſcarcely could give that Name to what was no more than an Act of Juſtice. It is now, ſaid *Townley*, that I feel the Bitterneſs of Death indeed—To meet with ſuch a Daughter, and to leave her in the manner I dread I muſt; alas! my *Charlotte*, had I not ſeen you, I had been leſs unhappy; you could not have been ſenſible of your Loſs, nor could I have ſo deeply have regretted mine; but I am afraid we may be interrupted:—Have you told any one that you believed me to be your Father? I have, replied *Charlotte*, a Friend, from whom the Secrets of my Heart never were concealed; but I gathered, from ſome Circumſtances of your Letter to her, that this was a Secret I was not at liberty to communicate even to my Friend, becauſe it had been dearer to you than your own Life. I could put no other Conſtruction upon the myſterious Words of your Letter; and I had formerly heard enough of your Misfortunes to be ſenſible, that you had ſome weighty Reaſon for concealing your true Name and Story. *Townley* was aſtoniſhed at the good Senſe and the Prudence that appeared in thoſe Words. Thou beſt, thou deareſt of

Daughters,

Daughters, ſaid he, thou haſt acted like my better Angel: Henceforth I reſign myſelf to your Conduct: If you are ſure of your Friend, you may truſt her with the mighty Secret: Perhaps it may be neceſſary: In the mean while, recompoſe yourſelf, and whatever Concern you take in my Fate, will be juſtified by the Service I was ſo happy to do to you and your Friend. *Charlotte* promiſed ſhe would do her beſt: But, my deareſt Father, ſaid ſhe, how came you to be ſo long dead to me? Why have I not had the Pleaſure to wander over the Face of the Earth to receive your Bleſſing? I, who never have known what a Parent was. — My Story, Child (interpreted *Townley*) requires much longer Time than we can ſpare at preſent: It is ſufficient I inform you, that, underſtanding by your Mother, that the only Obſtacle her Uncle had againſt ſettling his Eſtate upon her, was the Fear leſt I ſhould enjoy it, I embraced an advantageous Offer of going to the *Weſt-Indies*, in the Service of the *French*; but, a Day or two before I ſet out, I contrived a Letter giving an Account of my Death, which was to be delivered to your Grand-Uncle; and I charged the ſame Perſon, one *Meddley*, who was to deliver it, with another Letter to your Mother, privately informing her of my Intention, and directing her how to

write

write to me. *Meddley* was to have delivered this to her ſecretly; but I have had ſince ſome Reaſons to believe that ſhe never received it. All the time I was in *America*, I had no Opportunity of hearing of her and my Family; and when I returned, my Anxiety was ſo great, that I reſolved, be the Conſequence what it would, to come to *England* under a feigned Name. It is not above ten Days ſince I left *France*, where I heard of your Mother's Death, of your Brother's being ſtill abroad, and of your living at *London*, where I intended to have ſeen you, and to have intruſted you, and you alone, with the Secret of my Name and Perſon.

This Converſation was interrupted by *Evans*, who, by this time, was returned with *Henreitta* to the Gaol, and who had loſt all Patience when he underſtood, that his Friend had been double-ironed, and committed to the Condemned Hole. He reproached the Keeper for his Cruelty; and the Fellow underſtanding that the Priſoner, in all Likelihood, would appear to be innocent, that the two Ladies were Perſons of great Faſhion and Conſideration, was, with ſome Difficulty, prevailed upon to conſent, that the Priſoner ſhould be eaſed of half his Irons, and re-committed to the ſame Apartment he had before his Tryal. *Henrietta* and *Evans* immediately repaired to it,

and

and ſoon after they were followed by *Charlotte*, who appeared as eaſy and compoſed as if the above great Event had not happened. But when the Priſoner came in, an Ecſtaſy appeared in his Countenance that ſurprized the whole Company; while *Charlotte* diverted their Amazement by obſerving, that it was no Wonder if he appeared greatly altered from what he was, ſince his Innocency, which was dearer to him than Life, could now admit of no further Doubt; and that they had now nothing to do but to wait the Riſing of the Court, and lay his Caſe before the Judge. While this was preparing, *Charlotte* took an Opportunity to beckon *Henrietta* into another Room, where, tenderly embracing her, Can my deareſt Friend, ſaid ſhe, forgive my Barbarity? — I know ſhe will; for, Oh! *Henrietta*, I have a mighty Secret to impart to you; my Heart is ready to burſt at once with Joy and Concern, till it pours itſelf forth to you. The Diſcovery I made is ſo important, that I am afraid it would be impoſſible for you to diſſemble the Surprize it would give you, ſhould you know it at preſent. In finiſhing thoſe Words, *Charlotte* carried *Henrietta* back to the Company; and juſt as *Evans*'s Friend, the Attorney, had prepared *Townley*'s Caſe in the Form of a Petition to the Judge,

Word

Word came that the Court was broke up; upon which all the Company ſet out to wait upon the Judge.

This Judge happened to be one of thoſe Beings who place Infallibility in the Law, and who ſeem to adopt the *Turkiſh* Maxim, that it was better ten innocent People ſhould be hanged than one guilty ſhould eſcape. The Trade of legal Murder, in which he had been hardened for many Years, had ſteel'd him againſt all Feelings of Humanity; and nothing prepoſſeſſed him ſo ſtrongly againſt a Priſoner as when he dared to offer any thing in his own Defence. In his Charge, he repreſented by the Lump every thing that could ſerve the Priſoner, but weighted every Word, Syllable, and Circumſtance, which he thought could do him Prejudice. When *Townley* offered any thing in his own Defence, his Reply generally was, Friend, you'll do yourſelf no Good by your Chattering; and when he was caſt, I told you, ſaid he, what your Prating would come to. Notwithſtanding all this, the Judge was far from being of a cruel Diſpoſition; he owed his Barbarity not to Nature, but to his Profeſſion; the Law was his Religion; and, like other Enthuſiaſts, he was cruel with a good Meaning, by always eſpouſing the Letter of the Law againſt the Spirit of Juſtice.

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The Character of this Judge was no very favourable Circumſtance for our Petitioners; tho' *Charlotte* rightly obſerved, that the Priſoner's Innocence was now ſo well eſtabliſhed, that if a Judge ſhould venture to refuſe Mercy, they could not miſs to obtain it from a higher Tribunal. She then ordered her Poſt-Chaiſe to be got in Readineſs, declaring that if ſhe ſhould meet with any Difficulty, ſhe was determined not to ſleep till ſhe had got to *London*. All the Company, however, proceeded to the Houſe where the Judge was; and the Priſoner's Caſe being preſented to him, he was, with ſome Difficulty prevailed upon to read it; and then he returned no other Anſwer than by ſhaking his Head, as if they were petitioning for a Thing that could not be granted: At laſt he told them, in the coldeſt, moſt indifferent Manner in the World, that the Man had had a fair Tryal by the Laws of his Country, and that he could not be anſwerable to his Majeſty, at the time when his good Subjects were ſo haraſſed by Highway Robberies, for ſuffering any Example of Juſtice to eſcape. Juſtice! interrupted *Evans*; you ſurely mean Unjuſtice; it would be flat Murder to execute an innocent Man.—Surely, my Lord, you have not read the Footman's Affidavit! Friend, replied the Judge (with a Sneer) I have read the

the Footman's Affidavit! but what is the Footman to me? You ſhould have brought him into Court; there he might have ſaid ſomething! I know very well how thoſe ſort of Affidavits are obtained; I would not give a Farthing for five hundred of them.—As for yourſelf, Friend, you ſeem to be a Clergyman, and I have a Reſpect for the Cloth; otherwiſe I would ſoon teach you better Manners than to charge the Laws of *England* with Injuſtice. Nothing would have prevented *Evans* from making a very rough Reply to his Lordſhip, but the Conſideration of his unhappy Friend's Danger; and ſeeing *Charlotte* faint away at the Words of the Judge, who went into another Room without ſaying another Word, but bidding them take care of the Gentlewoman; and that he was very ſorry he could not oblige her; for the Law muſt have its Courſe.

When *Charlotte* was recovered, the Company returned to the Gaol, where *Evans*, without any Preamble, gave the Priſoner an Account of their ill Succeſs, which he received with great Firmneſs and Compoſure: All his Care was about *Charlette*; a pale Diſtraction was painted in her Look; her Words were broken, and her Motions unſteady; and all they could learn from her diſtinctly was, that ſhe wanted that Inſtant

to

to ſet out for *London*. But the Priſoner begged before ſhe went, that he might ſpeak with her alone: Upon this, the Company withdrew, and *Townley* told his Daughter, that he deſired to ſee her by herſelf, that he might, if poſſible, remove her Diſtraction. He then took her in his Arms, embraced her, and, dropping ſome Tears upon her Cheek, My *Charlotte*, ſaid he, my deareſt Daughter, this Exceſs of Concern will ruin both you and me, and diſable you from ſaving the Life of a Father who deſires to live only for you. But O! my Father, ſays ſhe, how can I get rid of Guilt! how can I clear myſelf of the Crime of Murder!—Murder! that is too ſoft a Term for ſuffering you, when I might have ſaved you—— She was going on in all the Bitterneſs of Grief, when *Townley* again embraced, and conjured her to lay aſide all Thoughts of that kind; to reflect that ſhe had done nothing but what was conſiſtent with the ſtricteſt Rules of Virtue; and that, had ſhe acted otherwiſe than ſhe did, ſhe muſt have gone againſt the Dictates of Religion and Conſcience. Believe me, my *Charlotte*, concluded he, I am better pleaſed to be thus diſtreſs'd by your Caution, than I could have been to have been ſav'd by your Impiety. Tho' you had known me to be your Father, you could not have ſav-

ed me conſidering the Miſtake you was under, without giving a falſe Evidence; and I ſhould have diſdained a Life purchaſed by your Peace of Mind. If you would ſave your Father, you muſt comfort yourſelf with the Thoughts of your own Innocency, and that there is another Place where the Repreſentation of my Caſe cannot fail of the deſired Effect.—

Charlotte was too much diſordered, and the Day was too far advanced, for her to think of ſetting out for *London* that Night. She had not Power to reſiſt *Henrietta*, who partly by Force, and partly by Perſuaſion, put her to Bed; but next Morning about Ten, when ſhe came to ſee her, ſhe was told, that ſhe was gone abroad; and that ſhe begged *Henrietta* to follow her to the Gaol. This Behaviour gave *Henrietta* freſh Matter of Amazement; but nothing all this while paſſed in her Thoughts to the Prejudice of her Friend; and ſhe immediately went to the Gaol, where ſhe was told as before, that Mr. *Truewit* and the other Lady were together in his Room.

Charlotte's extreme Caution and Tenderneſs for her Father was ſuch, that ſhe had delayed, before ſhe ſhould again conſult him, to acquaint *Henrietta* with the Story. They were juſt entering upon the Converſation, when they were interrupted by *Evans*,

Evans, who gave the Door two or three dreadful Thumps, and roaring out, All is our own, all is our own; the Dog is taken! What will Mr. Judge ſay now?—Upon this *Townley* unbolted the Door, and looking through the Window into the Yard, from whence a great Noiſe came, he ſaw the Goalers ironing a Perſon whoſe Face *Townley* thought he had ſeen, but he could not recollect when or where. In fact, this was the very Highwayman for whoſe Crimes *Townley* was to ſuffer.

After he had eſcaped from *Townley*, he had made a Shift to conceal himſelf till it was Night, in the thickeſt of the Wood; and then he walked about five Miles in his Boots to a Village, where he pretended he had been robbed; and that the Highwayman had turned his Horſe looſe, for fear of his purſuing him. As there was nothing uncommon, or unlikely, in all this, and as the Fellow had made up a plauſible Story of his Buſineſs in *London*, the Poſt-maſter of the Village gave him Credit for a few Shillings for his Expences to *London*, and next Morning equipped him with a Horſe, which was to carry him to the next Stage. But he had not been gone five Miles before he ſtruck acroſs the Country into another great Road, where he reigned for a few Days; but at laſt was knocked off his Horſe by a

Fellow on the Top of a Stage-Coach, which he was attempting to rob. The Proof of this Robbery was ſo clear, and a Number of Perſons, whom he had robbed, ſwore ſo directly to his Perſon, that the Highwayman told the Juſtice before whom he was examined, that tho' he did not expect to live, yet he could wiſh to be treated with ſome Degree of Humanity while he was in the World; and that he was therefore ready to draw up an ingenuous Confeſſion of all his Guilt; and the rather, becauſe he hoped it would come time enough to ſave the Life of an innocent Perſon, who he underſtood was under Condemnation for a Crime committed by him. The Juſtice, who (by great Accident) happened to be a Gentleman, and a Man of Senſe, approved of what he propoſed, and gave ſtrict Orders, that the Priſoner ſhould be well treated; and that as much of his Money ſhould be returned as might ſubſiſt him decently.

Next Morning the Highwayman preſented the Juſtice with the Narrative he had promiſed; and amongſt other Things the Particulars of his Adventure with the Ladies and *Townley* were very minutely related, and were confirmed by a Perſon preſent, who, the *Sunday* before, had heard *Townley*'s Horſe, which had been found, cried and deſcribed at the Church-Door; and then the Highwayman, having ſigned his Confeſſion

ſeſſion judicially, was ſent to Gaol. The firſt Queſtion he aſked after he came thither was, Whether one *Townley* was not there under Sentence of Death? And the Jaylor telling him there was no ſuch Perſon in his Cuſtody; Then, replied the Highwayman, I have been miſtaken, or miſinform'd. Upon further Inquiry, however, finding all other Circumſtances agree, he deſired to ſpeak with *Truewit*, who immediately repaired to the Place where he was confined. The Highwayman, the Moment *Townley* entered the Room, attentively fixing his Eyes upon him, ſaid, Surely I cannot be miſtaken; but whether I am or not, is nothing to the Purpoſe. Nothing, Sir, but the Difference of Names, hinders me from believing you to be a Perſon whom I knew ſome Years ago at *Boulogne*. —— *Medley*, interrupts *Townley*—is it you? Good and juſt God! how unſearchable are thy Ways!

The Reader, from the preceding Part of this Narrative, will eaſily form to himſelf a pretty exact Notion of the Converſation which paſſed between the two Priſoners upon the Subject of *Townley*'s late Misfortunes. *Townley* frankly forgave the Highwayman for all that had happened, becauſe he thought that his Confeſſion put his Innocence beyond all Queſtion, and his

Life beyond all Danger. But, ſaid *Medley*, I have one Circumſtance to add to my Confeſſion, for which it is impoſſible you ſhould forgive me: Your Wife, through my Villany, died in the Belief that you was dead; and that Belief undoubtedly ſhortened her Days. When I came over from *Boulogne* to *England*, having neither Money nor Credit, I propoſed to myſelf a Scheme of Fortune-hunting, and I own Mrs. *Townley*'s Perſon touched me. It is true, I had a Wife then living, and I knew that you was alive likewiſe; but neither of theſe Obſtacles would have had any Weight with me, had ſhe lived: I propoſed to have enjoyed her Perſon, and, in caſe of a Diſcovery, to have left her, and to have carried off as much of her Money as I could lay my Hands on: And being vain enough to think my Perſon irreſiſtible, eſpecially by a Woman who was free to diſpoſe of herſelf, I concealed from her your Letter; but the next News I heard of her was, that ſhe was dead. This Relation drew Tears from *Townley*'s Eyes, and even *Medley* was ſo much moved, that he bade *Townley* take Comfort, for he would quickly have his Revenge upon him. *Townley* anſwered this only by a Look full of Diſdain and Grief, and left the Room without making any Reply.

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It happened luckily, that *Medley* knew only Part of *Townley*'s Story, and always thought he had reſided in *France*, on account of his Debts in *England*. When he met him on the Highway, he immediately recollected his Face; and he now imagined, that he had diſguiſed his Name, only to ſave him from the Shame of having it known that he was hanged. In ſhort, as he knew, that the Diſcovery of *Townley*'s true Name could do himſelf no Service, it never entered into his Head to ſtand upon any Terms with him upon account of that Secret; and he was even pleaſed with the Reflection, that by concealing it he made *Townley* ſome kind of amends for the Injury he had done him. But *Townley* was far from being quite eaſy on that Account, tho' he thought the ſafeſt Courſe was, to let the Matter take its Chance, and not to touch upon it, or but very ſlightly. He paid another Viſit to *Medley*, and gave him to underſtand in the way of Diſcourſe, that he was now under no Neceſſity of concealing his true Name but out of Regard to his Family; for he could do more than pay all his Debts. *Medley* aſſured him, that, were it otherwiſe, he need be under no Apprehenſion from him; and he even ſeemed to be rejoiced at *Townley*'s approaching Deliverance. *Townley* was extremely glad to let the Matter

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reſt upon that Footing. Had *Medley* injured him only by the Danger into which he had brought him, he could eaſily have forgot and forgiven it: But he could not bear the Thoughts of expreſſing the ſmalleſt Civility to a Man who had injured him, as *Medley* had done; and he told him, with great ſeeming Indifference at parting, that he intended to reaſſume his true Name the Moment he had received his Pardon, but not before.

Mean while, the indefatigable *Evans* had learned, that the Juſtice who was in poſſeſſion of *Medley*'s Confeſſion, had, from a Principle of Humanity, come to the Town, that he might give it to the Judge before he fixed a Day for the Execution of the Priſoners. Upon this, *Evans* ſummoned the Ladies to attend him to the Inn where the Juſtice was, who received them with great Politeneſs and Good-nature. He was a good deal ſtartled when he underſtood from their Relation, that the Judge had been Proof againſt the Footman's Evidence of *Townley*'s Innocency: But upon his producing *Medley*'s Confeſſion, they all agreed, that it was irreſiſtible. In fact, when they laid it before the Judge, who compared it with the Footman's Evidence, and the other Circumſtances related by the Juſtice, he paus'd a little as if it had been poſſible

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there might have been ſome Miſtake in the Matter; and after a thouſand Doubts, Difficulties, and Reaſonings, he conſented at laſt to reſpite *Townley*'s Execution for three Weeks; and then he left the Town, after fixing a ſhort Day for the Execution of the other Convicts.

The Whole of this Tranſaction was ſo quick, and ſo intereſting, that neither *Townley* nor his Daughter had either Leiſure or Opportunity to inform themſelves of each other's Circumſtances. He was intirely ignorant of *Charlotte*'s Condition, and ſhe had hitherto converſed with him as with one riſen from the Grave, and in Danger of returning thither. The Reſpite of the Sentence, however, gave a Reſpite, tho' it did not put an End, to their mutual Uneaſineſs. It was with ſome Difficulty that they found Means that Afternoon to have another private Conference, in which *Charlotte* propoſed, that ſhe and her Friend ſhould ſet out early next Morning for *London*, that they might loſe no Time in endeavouring to procure her Father a free Pardon. *Townley* had no Objection to this, but the Pain of parting with her ſo ſoon. It brought on, however, a very tender Converſation, in which *Townley* found, that his Daughter, as well as himſelf, had met with Misfortunes, which affected all that was dear to Nature;

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but ſhe had not Leiſure to explain herſelf further, than that ſhe had been privately married; I wiſh, added ſhe, with a Sigh, that I could not ſay unhappily. Then falling down upon her Knees, My deareſt Father, ſaid ſhe, I cannot aſk your Forgiveneſs for what I have done, for I was ignorant that you was alive; but I can aſk your Bleſſing, ſince, whatever my Misfortunes may be, they have been incurr'd by no Conduct of mine that could make you bluſh to own me as a Daughter. But I will not riſe from hence, continued ſhe, (while her Father with great Affection endeavoured to raiſe her), till you promiſe to believe me innocent, and undeſervedly unhappy; and here I ſwear to reveal to you the whole Secret, the Moment I can do it conſiſtently with the moſt inviolable Engagements I am under to conceal it. I never can ſuſpect my Daughter (raiſing her from the Ground) of any thing that is mean or diſhonourable; and yet my Deareſt, continued he, I ſhould deceive you were I to ſay that I can be eaſy till I hear more; but my Uneaſineſs proceeds only from the Deſire I have to ſee you happy, and my Impatience to know whether any thing that is in my Power can make you ſo.— I have not even a Right at preſent to aſk the Reaſons for your concealing Particulars; I will continue to truſt to your Prudence and your

Virtue.

Virtue. Pray, Sir, give me Leave, replied *Charlotte*, in my Turn, in what I can ſerve you before I ſet out. *Townley* interrupted her with a Smile, and gently laying his Hand upon her Arm, as ſhe was about to put her Hand into her Pocket, he told her he knew what ſhe meant, and that he wanted no Aſſiſtance of that kind: But, continued he, this puts me in mind of a particular Engagement I am under to an *Engliſh* Gentleman, whom I love and value, and who charged me to deliver to a Lady in *London* a Packet, which I intruſted, with my Money and other Things of Value I had about me, to my Friend Mr. *Evans*: As I have not been able to make good my Promiſe to him of going directly to *London*, and of delivering the Packet with my own Hand, I will give you the Trouble of inquiring after the Lady, and of delivering it to herſelf.

Townley, upon this, opened the Door to call for *Evans*, who was at the Inn drinking a Bottle with the Juſtice, while *Henrietta*, not knowing what to make of her Friend's Behaviour, notwithſtanding the great Opinion ſhe had of her Prudence and Virtue, had gone to viſit an Acquaintance in Town. *Townley*, however, found the outer Room full of Priſoners, and other People whom Curioſity had drawn thither, and all of them

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in high Titter to ſee the fine Lady who had fallen in Love with the Highwayman. This Report, in fact, had ſpread all over the Town, and had taken Riſe from the particular Attachment which *Charlotte* had diſcovered for *Townley*. *Henrietta* even met with ſome ſly Inſinuations of it in her Viſit, and *Evans* was heard to affirm *(in Verbum Sacerdotis)* that if Mr. *Truewit* was a ſingle Man, he deſerved her if ſhe was worth an hundred thouſand Pounds. Having finiſhed his Bottle, the Curioſity of the Juſtice was rais'd ſo high, that they ſet out together to the Gaol, where they intended to ſpend the Evening with *Townley*. *Henrietta* by this time was returned from her Viſit; but ſo much out of Humour at what ſhe had ſeen and heard ſince ſhe left *Charlotte*, that ſhe appeared extremely reſerved and formal. Her Friend was at no Loſs to gueſs the Reaſon of this; and, taking an Opportunity of calling her aſide, they left the Gaol, and the Gentlemen, who had fallen into a ſerious Diſcourſe upon what had happened.

END *of the* FIRST VOLUME.

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